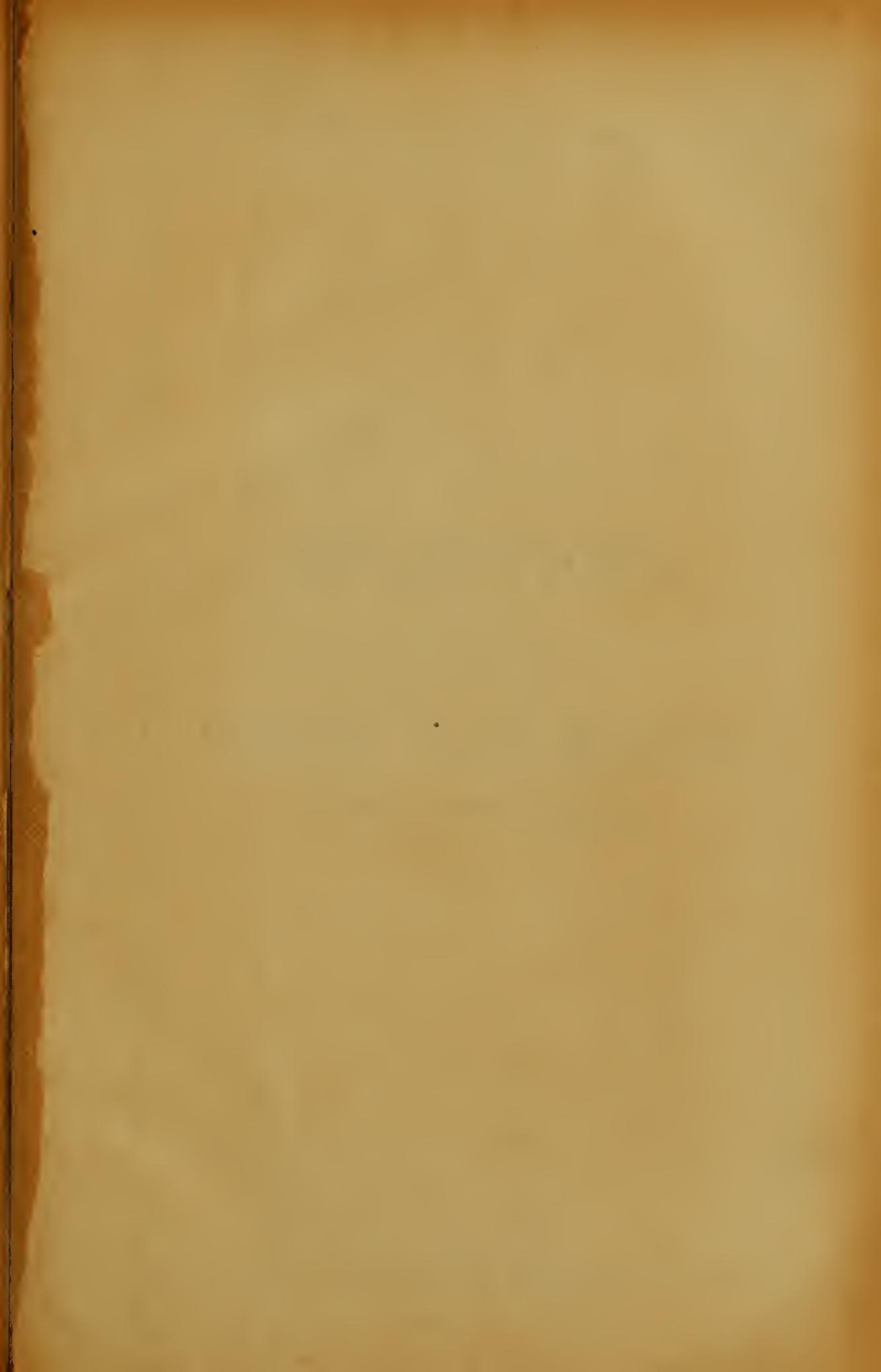


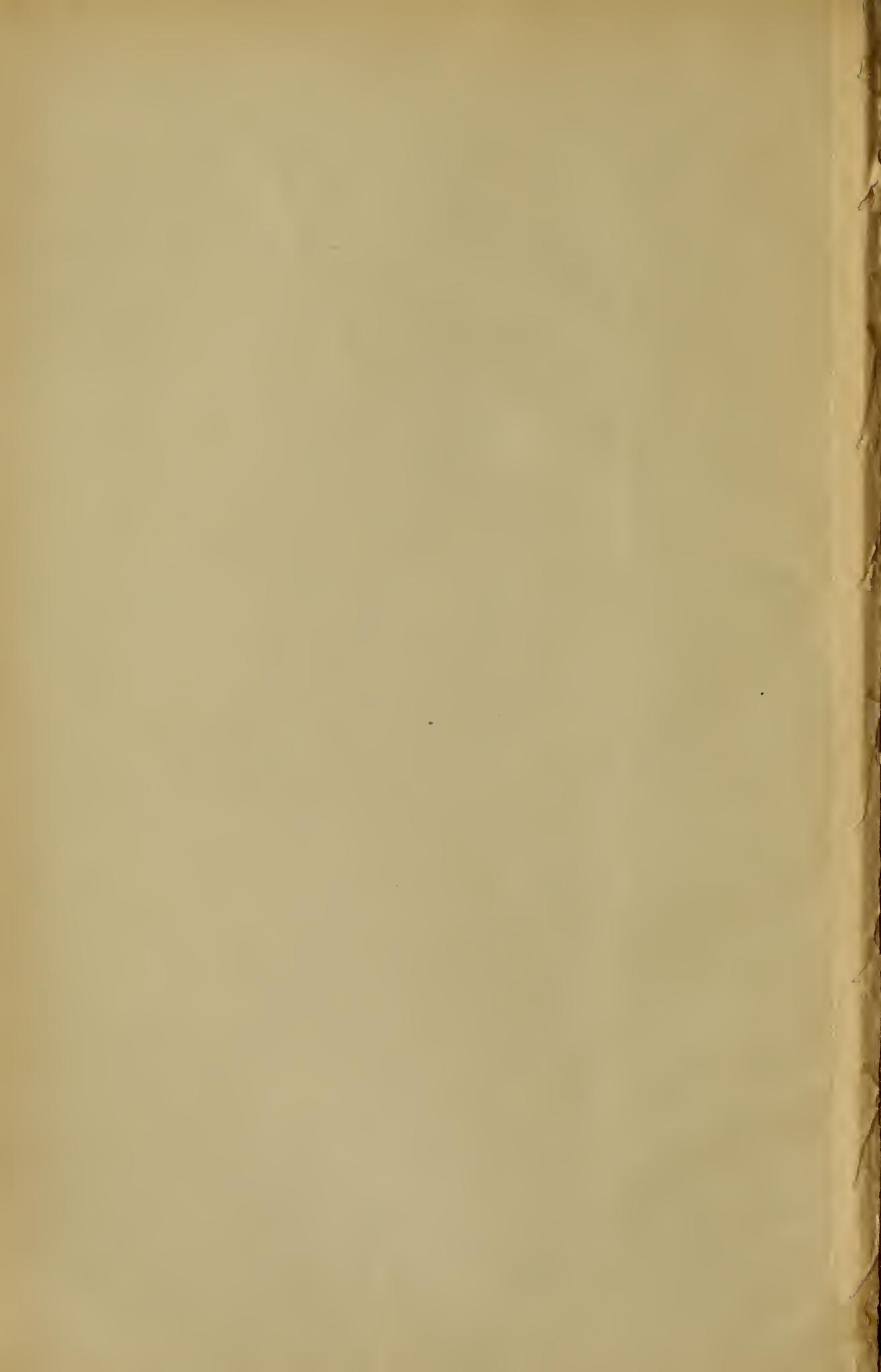
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SPLINTERS

Vol. 13.

DECEMBER, 1912.

No. 1.

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EDITORIAL.

As I walked from the dining room to the schoolroom for my coat, I felt someone dragging on my arm. Looking around I saw it was myself.

"Hurry! help me out of here," she gasped. "I can't stand up much longer!"

Very much concerned, I half carried her to a bench under the lilacs, and begged her to tell me what the matter was.

"Nothing at all," she blurted out at last, "excepting that you are the most inconsiderate mortal I have ever known. I have practically decided to leave you."

"What have I done," I stammered, "I can't lose you, you know, for where would I be?"

"My dear friend," she turned to me solemnly, "do you mean to say that you do not know that though I eat when you eat, I do not consume the same things? I breakfast on remarks,

lunch on observations, and dine on conversation. And you are starving me to death. And I am going to——”

“Please don’t,” I begged. “I’ll talk of anything you wish if you will only stay. But it seems to me that I have talked a great deal lately and you ought to be able to live with me.”

“Oh no, I can’t. Just think a moment. What have you talked about? Now this evening (myself is a great mimic) someone said:

‘I think it is too funny the way Mary says “Hildar” instead of Hilda. Anybody can tell she comes from New England!’

And you said: ‘Yes, isn’t it funny, and yet she says, “Baw Hawbaw,” just exactly like a sheep.’ ”

“Now my dear, that one remark has been the only observation you have made on the subject of the New Englanders’ speech for the last four years. You go back to it like an Englishman to his muttons. It has the same effect on me that a continual diet of dried breakfast foods would have on you. I am dying by inches for lack of nourishment.” Myself looked decidedly ill, and I felt terribly. Suddenly a happy thought struck me.

“But we don’t discuss the same subject all the time,” I suggested.

“Oh no,” myself sighed, a sigh worthy of a moving picture hero. “You change sometimes for the worse. You talked on five other subjects tonight. They were the worst in your repertoire, and that accounts for my collapse. I believe I am strong enough now to repeat them:

Ruth said, ‘My deah, I’m getting so fat that I can’t wear a thing! I’ve gained twenty-two pounds since I came!’

‘That’s nothing, I gained thirty-three and a half two years ago, you boast’ (another one of your pet remarks).

‘Everybody at the table has gained at least five, and they all swear that they shall not eat for a month.’ Alice changes the subject by saying,

‘Well, I had a third cousin who went to Dartmouth and he was on the football team, and the baseball team, and the lacrosse team and he says——’

‘I can’t go any farther there but her cousin was not only extremely lean but very boresome, as I didn’t know him and you

didn't, and we weren't interested in his advice in the least. Besides we had heard it before—hadn't we?" "

"Yes, I know we have," I said sadly, "and the memory is not pleasant. But do you not remember that really bright story Margaret told about making out a check altogether wrongly, and then I said——"

"Yes I remember what you said, and that was the last straw. You said you had seventeen cents left to last you for the rest of the month, and as I knew that you would not be able to talk of anything else until the first of November, I decided to leave you. No, all your pleading will not change me. I am going to start a bureau of 'information' concerning Topics suitable for Table Conversation and I shall send complimentary copies to all boarding schools."

THE LITTLE MAN.

When the news came that his son was at last returning from the far West and that he must travel to New York and live henceforth in a comfortably warm house with plenty of time to himself, the old man was the very happiest he could ever remember having been. Strange that never again as long as he lived would he grope and stumble over rough city pavements or sit motionless for long hours in his tiny bedroom, darkness everywhere, and no one to speak with but pessimistic Mrs. Pinchon, who toiled up three flights of stairs, three times a day, with his unsavory meals. For being only blind, few of the busy people he knew took the trouble to be overly kind or the time to listen to his dreams that lived in the poems he spent long hours in writing, and that he loved so well.

The morning was crisp and clear when he set out, a warm white muffler bundled about his throat, and his shiny black suit immaculate. His long face in its frame of thin grey hair, the questioning mouth, the feebly trembling hands, caused more

than one person hurrying by to catch their breath and wonder. Little Fritz, sturdy and rotund, helped him pick his way across the slippery streets, helped him buy his ticket and saw him safely on the train. Fritz loved him. Not merely because he has been the joyful recipient of countless red apples and sticky lozenges, but because he felt responsible for the welfare of this blind poet, and that he was needed. Fritz believed in him, believed in the beauty of his poems and the sureness of their fame. To be sure Fritz was only ten, yet he had encouraged and cheered the old man for two years that would have been devoid of sympathy, save for that fat little hand, so used to giving pats and awkward caresses. The train puffed slowly out of the dark station, long, snake-like, leaving Fritz very much alone save for a bit of paper in his moist hand. Fritz couldn't read it but he tucked it under his rough, brown coat, choking down a big sob that would stick in his throat, threatening to strangle him, and tried to look very stern and manlike and think of how he was going to follow his friend before so very long if everything went well. The man was not as hopeful as the child. Supposing there should be no one to meet him at his journey's end; or that this was only a wonderful dream. Two years of loneliness is an eternity, and the sightless eyes filled with tears of self-pity, hurridly brushed away. At the second station he felt someone push into the seat and heard a newspaper crackle. This must be a big man. A business man, perhaps, hurrying to his office. A happy man with friends and a large family. He had always longed to talk to such a man as this, so full of life and the joy of living.

"You are perhaps on your way to New York City?" Tom Grogan, saloon keeper and political boss jumped and turned to peer over his newspaper at the owner of this trembling voice. A large, black cigar hung limply from one corner of his thick lipped mouth that smiled pityingly down upon the little man at his side.

"I am," he curtly said, and turned again to the perusal of the athletic news.

"Have you by any chance ever heard of Carle Porter who has but recently returned from the West? He is, I believe, well-known in New York," eagerly questioned the little man. Tom Grogan

was sorry, but he had not, and impatiently scanned the seats in vain search of an empty one where he could, without interruption, read the working news.

"No doubt you are very happy?"

The newspaper dropped from his hands, his big-blue eyes grew larger, he fumbled nervously with his red necktie, and wondered if the man were a minister or just queer.

"Why, yes, I might say that I am," he managed to blurt out. A young girl farther down the car looked curiously at the strangely assorted pair, and wondered if they could possibly be travelling together. A baby cried angrily across the aisle; a portly laundress coughed and sneezed. Still, the little man was silent, and gazed unseeingly out of the window. Mr. Grogan felt extremely uncomfortable and foolish, but sought in vain for some answer to make to this remarkable old person so close to him. And then, after many attempts, he managed to say, "Are you a minister?" He felt relieved and already more at his ease.

"No, I am a poet. Unknown as yet, but I hope, before long, to have my collection published. I have spent a great many years on my poems. If you would care to hear a few, I will recite them"; and, taking his companion's silence for consent, he proceeded to recite poem after poem. Half an hour dragged by and still he kept on. Before he knew what had happened, the dignified Mr. Grogan had fallen fast asleep, his red cheek pillow'd on his still redder hand, his mouth wide open, his massive shoulders crumpled over in a heap. The young lady farther down the car was much amused, and wondered where he had ever purchased such a ghastly checked suit. A sudden lurch, and the train stopped. Tom Grogan awoke, and the old poet ceased. They were pulling into New York, and Tom leaned over to pull his suit case from under the seat. Suddenly he remembered the poet, remembered that he had been reciting his poems to him, and that he had fallen asleep. A feeling of shame, of pity for the blind, old man, crept over him. It was an unusual sensation, and he did not find it greatly to his liking.

"I want you to know I did enjoy those poems of yours. Haven't a doubt but what you'll be famous some fine day,—feel

sure of it! And just you remember me when that day dawns,
Mister—Mister—”

“Porter,” finished the little man, his face alight. “And I will remember you and your kind appreciation of my poems. A silent listener I believe to be the most understanding. You have greatly encouraged me, and I thank you.”

Tom’s red face took on a brighter tinge as he helped the old gentleman down the steps, and through the crowd on the platform. He was surprised when a tall, dark young man grasped the old poet by the shoulders with a “Well, father, this is good!”

Something was expected of him, he knew. Some way, he must meet this importunity. Waiting for no introduction, stumbling, pausing not, he told this straight, young man to be proud of his father.

“Take good care of him, sor, he’s a fine man, and do ye give him the best of things while you can, for he’s desarvin’ of them. And watch him close, for he’s little, and easy lost in a crowd.”

Down the platform strode Tom Grogan, and was lost, check suit and bulging suit case, among the passing crowd.

GERTRUDE HAWXHURST.

ORPHAN VERSUS PIRATE KING.

Billy flattened his little round nose against the window pane, and sighed dismally. Then he squinted one eye, and surveyed it carefully. There was no smudge of black decorating the tip, just as he had expected. He pulled his chubby hands from his pockets, and his frown became blacker. They were so distressingly clean; everything was clean. Billy thought how wonderful it would be if he could change places with that little, yellow dog running past, and just spend his life playing in the mud, with no sisters, no lessons, no prunes. It was very distressing to be an orphan,—especially when one was being punished. He had not meant to say anything rude, but he had been wondering for such a long time why Sister

Doris' eyes rolled in so funny, just like two little, round marbles, and if they ever would come together. Now, he was to stay in the playroom, he shuddered at the name, till he could say he was sorry. Billy rebelled inwardly—he would not, could not, say he was sorry. Suddenly, he had an inspiration! He would run away! Nobody wanted him, nobody ever chose him when picking out an orphan. He would run from the Sisters' and the prunes, out into the country. He would live in a cave, and perhaps—perhaps he might even find a buried treasure or join a band of pirates; here Billy's dreams became too much for him, and he drifted off into a semi-conscious state, from which he was rudely aroused by a knock at the door, and a dish of prunes and a glass of water were thrust in. He got up with an air of injured dignity, and dumped the offending prunes out the window. What use had a pirate king for prunes?

Well, he must be going. Now was a fine time, when they were all at dinner. He hastily gathered a few treasures. His army was too large; he could not take it, so he laid it slowly on Tommy's bed. Tommy had always wanted it. He slipped hastily down stairs, and was soon out and running along the road.

He had walked for some time and was beginning to be a little tired, and had not yet seen anything promising of a cave. He began to think he would have to live in the top of a tree, like Peter Pan, about whom Sister Yvonne had read to them. What if he should meet him! Billy was charmed with the idea, and began inspecting the trees anxiously. Suddenly, he spied a weary looking individual stretched luxuriously under a tree, with a very large sandwich in his hand. He slowly laid it down, and eyed Billy with a great show of surprise.

"Well! Well! The President of the United States out fer a' airin'! Where's yer bodyguard, me lord? Say, pal, you does look hungry! You and me'll go halvers, see!"

And forthwith, he broke his sandwich in two and offered Billy half. Billy squared his small shoulders and sat down carefully. Perhaps this was a pirate! He would soon find out. The tramp continued talking rapidly. He was travelling for his "health!" It had been impaired by too much high living, and he invited Billy to accompany him. They walked all after-

noon, and Billy's chubby legs were aching when Dan said, "Now, old pal, we'll camp fer the night." The fire was soon built, and they were sitting comfortably around it, when suddenly two very salty tears rolled down Billy's cheeks. Dan took no notice, and Billy brushed them indignantly away. But they were followed by more, and soon Billy was sobbing in Dan's arms. It was so dark, and he was so very small. He did not believe he wanted to be a pirate king, after all! He wanted his own little bed next to Tommy's in the big, white room. Dan held him very close, with a queer expression on his face, and, when at last Billy had sobbed himself to sleep, he gathered him up, and walked swiftly back along the road they had come.

Late that night a tall, disreputable looking man, with a small bundle, sprang up the steps of the St. Ursula home for boys. He was received by Sister Doris, whose crossed eyes looked decidedly red. "Oh, how kind you are! We have been so worried! Wait just a second and I will give you something to repay——"

The tramp shifted his miserable hat nervously from one trembling hand to the other. "No,—thank ye, mum. It's all right! Him and me—him and me—we went halvers!" and he escaped into the night.

JOSEPHINE PAINTER.

AT THE RAINBOW.

The little old tavern of Torbay was called "The Rainbow." That was not because of its similiarity to the rainbow, for the tavern was gray and faded as to the outside and brown as to the inside, but because some former landlord had chosen to christen it this flattering name. The once bright sign which overhung the door was mellowed by age and it represented a resplendent rainbow stretched from earth to heaven but not back to earth again. A headless weathercock perched on the top of the fore-

most gable. His head, which had been fastened on in such a way that it would move, had long since been blown off, and it now stood on the front mantelpiece.

Antiquity was the most prominent feature of the inn. The walls inside had once been painted with bright, gaudy colors to represent some men of long ago, sitting about a table spread with meat and ale. Time had affected this also, and the faces could scarcely be distinguished. The dark brown ceiling was unstained, but the rush-strewn floor was scarred with the marks of nailed boots and heavy sticks, probably the relic of an old time wrestling match on a winter's eve. The flickering firelight dimly showed a huge keg of beer in the corner, and rows of drinking mugs shining back at the blaze. Chairs set in a semi-circle surrounded the fireplace where a blackened spit, a huge roasting pan, and a kettle's crane all stood out against the glare of the fire. There were strings of pungent onions and yellow corn hung from the ceiling. Greasy tables and heavy blue plates and platters, and scarred wooden trenchers rested in their racks.

The entire room smelt of stale beer and ale. In the evenings the chairs were occupied by old men, their frosty hair like snow making light patches in the deep settings of the room.

One dreary night, when the wind howled around the inn, threatening to burst open the door, the landlord piled more logs on the fire and stood before it rubbing his hands. He was middle aged and had a fine figure. Broad shoulders, full muscles and a height of six feet gave him a military aspect.

It was time for his usual evening customers to arrive and he stood waiting to greet them. Most of the townsmen went to the inn to gossip and drink their beer after dark. Soon he heard the crunching of the gravel at the threshold and immediately the door was opened and an old man hobbled in. He was bent over with age and his long, white hair fell over his clean smock. Behind him came a younger man dressed also in a smock. He looked very jolly and was as round as an apple. His cheeks had not lost the ruddiness of youth and he bustled in seeming to fill the whole room with cheer, despite the old man's melancholy sigh. They soon sat down before the fire and ordered their little pots of beer.

Another step was heard outside the door and in strode a thin, wiry youth with tow hair, pale blue eyes, and an expression as bland as that of a meek cow. He walked straight to the old man and with a shrill voice piped out, "Good even", Master Carter." Carter was the oldest inhabitant of the village and was much respected by all. Master Carter answered his greeting and after the landlord had put in a word about the weather and filled Benjamin's drinking mug, the old man began the conversation.

"Sam Piper, he's got a fine crop er potatoes, he hes," said he. "Mor'n ever before."

"Well," put in the jolly faced man, "ef he don't put em in soon, the frost 'll get 'em. He's lazy, that he is."

"I'll tell ye about a stranger that I seen t'other day. He come to me whar I was walking down the road," said the old man.

"Hed he a black hat, kinder set ter one side?" asked Benjamin.

"Yas," said Carter.

"Then I seen him near the tannery," remarked Benjamin.

"He stopped me," went on Carter, "and he axed me if I knowed what road led to Thetford. He yelled at me as if he thought I be def. I telled him to turn to the lef' and keep stret on. He thunked me and spoke about the weather. Then jest as he was gwine I sed, 'You've got a mighty strong voice, you hev; you'd make a fine bass singer.'

He grinned and sturted off but when he sed, 'Good-bye,' he didn't shout no more."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the others and they settled down for a long evening's smoke and gossip. EDITH STEVENS.

A POSTPONED VACATION.

Mr. Dyke, a poor chemist who had never met with any great success, died when Marion was only six years old, and after his death, his little widow suddenly found that the whole support of her daughter and herself fell entirely upon her own thin shoulders.

She was small, frail-looking; an unassuming woman; and the thought of such an unusual responsibility for a time bewildered her. But she was not a person who wasted much time on her own misfortunes, and so, within a month after the death of her husband, she cheerfully placed a card, with the modest inscription, "Dressmaking," in one corner of the front window.

Ten years had passed since the death of Mr. Dyke, and Marion, now sixteen, was a vivacious, attractive girl, extremely selfish, and demanding her own way in all things. Not unusual in a spoiled and only child. Her mother struggled cheerfully on, not minding the long days of drudgery as long as she saw her daughter happy and contented.

Now it happened that one day, urged by a solicitous friend, Mrs. Dyke decided to take a short vacation with a small amount of money she had managed to save. She was selfish, she knew, but at the same time excused herself by repeating that on her return she would be better able to work for Marion, who was now demanding almost impossible additions to her wardrobe.

As the time drew near, little Mrs. Dyke became more and more excited to think that at last she was to have a true vacation. Faint traces of a lost color showed in her cheeks, when she bent over some bit of worn clothing which she feverishly darned and pieced in preparation.

Marion took no interest in her mother's coming trip; she was too spoiled to realize how much it would mean to the little widow. And so, careless and unthinking, the night before her mother had planned to go, she made her way tearfully to her mother, and found her, flushed and tired, giving the finishing touches to her packing.

"Mother."

No answer.

"Mother," Marion repeated, impatiently.

"Yes, dear," in a tired voice.

"Mother, you know our High School dance comes a week from tonight."

"How lovely, dear. I'm so glad. You will have something to look forward to while I am gone, won't you?" the mother said, as she placed a toothbrush in its case.

"Mother Dyke, how can you sit there and say that when you know perfectly well I can't go? I suppose you think I could go and have the time of my life, seeing all the other girls in their brand new dresses, while I sit by in my old blue muslin. No, I don't care to go! Besides, I never have anything like other girls, and you know it!"

Color and light slowly faded from the mother's face, as she listened to the thoughtless words. "After all," she thought, "how can I take a vacation? And besides, I guess Marion does need a new dress." With these reflections, still on her knees, she began planning, with Marion, a brand new, really silk, pink dress. An hour later, smiling, she kissed her daughter good night without another thought of her own planned pleasure.

A week later, when the black hands of the clock were nearing twelve, the little widow, her tired eyes half closed, sat waiting for Marion to return. She was thinking of the new dress, just completed in time for the dance—the dress that she had purchased with her vacation fund. Then Marion burst into the room radiant in the pink silk.

"Mother, I've had the most wonderful time—and mother dear, my dress was quite the prettiest there, and just think! I had every dance taken. Aren't you happy?"

And Mrs. Dyke smiled, and her eyes filled as she kissed her daughter.

"Yes, dear, you know I am happiest when you can have a good time."

BEATRICE WALKER.

DANCING SCHOOL DAYS.

A few weeks ago, when I was clearing out my bureau drawers, preparatory to coming to boarding school, I came across one drawerful of things left over from my early childhood days. As I pulled out one article after another, I happened on a faded, pink, paper rose, with a long, green, paper stem. While I gazed at it, visions of dancing school days rushed before my eyes.

I thought of how every Wednesday afternoon, I was cautioned to "hurry right home from school," and of the agony that followed. I no sooner entered the house than I was hurried to the bathroom, and there scrubbed until my face was as shiny as a bright, red apple. Then I was hustled into my own room, where, spread upon the bed, were all my clean stiffly-starched clothes. With deft, but none too gentle fingers, my nurse buttoned me in, and then followed the worst part of the whole proceeding. My curly pate was violently combed, braided into two stiff, skin-tight pigtails, and tied with two great, pink bows. Last of all, I wriggled into a white dress of the balloon type, and a wide, pink sash tied about my waist; then I was ready!

With smarting eyes, I marched down the streets past crowds of comrades playing in the snow, and shouting at the top of their voices. But such misery did not last long, for it was some consolation to see one's best-beloved. Everybody knows how true is the love of the nine-year-old. It was fun to begin with a gay, if somewhat faulty two step around the room, but I was again plunged into the depths of despair when we were obliged to "stand in line," and try to learn the waltz to the dreary "one, two, three" of the squeaky piano. Spirits would again rise when partners for the German were taken, and with what outward calm, but inward fear and trembling, we awaited the choice of the boys; for there was always an extra girl.

All these incidents passed before me as I gazed at the faded treasure in front of me. It must have been carefully saved from one of those selfsame Germans, and I found myself wondering who gave it to me. A wild longing for those old days came over me. To be sure, they had seemed boresome at the time, but think of the happy, care free, forever lost childhood they symbolized!

HILDA SMITH.

THE DIONYSIA.

The Dionysia had begun, and pleasure and merrymaking would fill the whole day. The road from the city to the theatre was crowded with people in chariots and on foot, all dressed in holiday attire, laughing and jesting with each other as they moved

along. Menelaus and I found ourselves pushed to one side of the road with a group of market women, who were gossiping of their betters as only market women can.

"Oh, I know that Sannio is ruining himself on that chorus of his," said one. "They are to wear golden crowns and robes of gold in his play, and they will surely get the prize—"

"There you are, you think everything depends on the looks of the thing," said another. "Now, Pratinas' chorus is different; he is a master of the dance and of music, and his chorus of maidens will surpass all others in grace and beauty. And he feeds them so well! With ells and garlic, and cheese, and bread that he buys from me, I would have you know."

"Are you going to see the plays, mother, and will you tell me of the beautiful maidens who dance when you come back?" asked a young girl, timidly.

"Do you not know that we may not see all of the plays, girl," said the old woman brusquely, "and I, for one, do not care for the tragic ones we may see, but for the comic ones we may not see, and, therefore, I go to none. But the puppet shows and the conjurors that are outside the theatre are what I go to see, and they are more to my taste than all those self-satisfied actors. Here, my man," (as a chariot jostled me against her), "why step on my feet when the whole road lies before you! By Hecate! these Roman strangers think nothing of hurting one's feet and one's feelings—! The blessings of the Gods be on you, noble sir, and may you always prosper, and —"

We heard no more of her thanks for the piece of money I had slipped into her hand, for the crowd separated us.

In the theatre, all was in an uproar. The plays had not yet started, as the sun had not risen, and the audience was amusing itself by cheering their favorite actors, and betting on the most successful play. From our seats near the top of the theatre, we could see the entire place, the rows of seats stretching in narrowing semi-circles below us, the orchestra in the center, with the altar of Dionysus in the center of that, and the narrow stage in the background.

"The first play is to be 'Electra,' written by Sophocles, is it not?" Menelaus asked the man next to him.

"Yes, that is to be the first, as the first scene takes place in the morning," the man answered. "Pratinas has the play under his management, and they say the chorus of maidens is a marvel of beauty and grace. The actress who plays 'Electra' is a great favorite, too, and, as she has played the part before with much success, it will, undoubtedly, be quite successful this time, also."

He was interrupted by a volley of cries and catcalls, as the actors appeared on the stage. The sun had just come up, and shone on the front of the palace of Pelopidæ, which was the background of the stage. Orestes, Pylades and the retainer finished their scene without comment on the part of the populace, but when Electra appeared, she was cheered enthusiastically. So were the chorus, who, dressed in flowing white robes bordered with purple, were, indeed, very graceful. But when Electra began to tell of her father's murder, the crowd of men and boys, who, such a little while before, had been shouting boisterously and indulging in all kinds of rough jokes, sat in complete silence through it and the rest of the play, in fact, breaking it on only two occasions, I believe: Once, to induce the messenger from Phocis to retell his story of the supposed death of Orestes; and again when Electra decides to avenge her father herself, as she is the only one left in the family to do it. The majority of the people seemed to take the same point of view of the play as did the chorus, unconsciously shuddering, as they did, at the cold-blooded remarks of Clytemnestra when she hears of the death of her son, and wild with excitement as to the probable success of the scheme, when Orestes and Electra decide to kill their mother and Ægisthus, her husband, to avenge their own father. After they had succeeded, and Clytemnestra and Ægisthus were dead, the play being ended, we decided to leave before the next one, as our stay in the city was limited. As we pushed through the rougher crowds around the various booths outside the theatre, we saw our friend, the baker, who called down more blessings on our heads, as we turned into the highway which led to Athens.

ETHEL FORBES.

SKETCH DEPARTMENT.

DAVID OF CHOCORUA.

Just under the rocky "horn" of Chocorua, there stands a small, white house, fastened securely with wire ropes, suspended from the roof, and driven into the rocks in order to prevent it from being blown away by the fierce storms of winter. Up there among the rocks, David rules supreme. He is the owner of the small, white house, or he is more grandly known as the proprietor. He is a tall, thin man with bushy gray eyebrows, and eyes that look at you in rather a disapproving manner. What he says goes, and never must you ask for any article in the way of food or drink, that you do not happen to see. I did once,—I never will again. But then, tired, wind-blown climbers are so grateful for shelter and food that they do not mind his eccentricities.

When we asked for rooms he said slowly, "Wal, I kinder haft ter go shy on rooms, cause I'm kinder expectin' a party up this even'." However he managed to give us rooms to our satisfaction, although we had to "sleep double."

That supper of beans and blueberry pie tasted remarkably good, and after we had eaten everything in sight we took the blankets off our beds and proceeded to make ourselves comfortable on the rocks to watch the moon rise. She was slow in getting up beyond the clouds and just as a light spot told us we were to see her in a minute, out came David and ordered us to take the blankets right back, which we reluctantly did.

I was glad when morning dawned, and I saw the sun peeping over the "horn" for I was cold all night, and the wind blew so, that it was impossible to sleep. Soon after breakfast with our packs on our backs, we took one more look at the beautiful view of rocks and woods and the occassional glimmer of a far away lake, and then started down the mountain side. As we came to a turn in the path we looked back and there was David, standing in the door, watching us out of sight. KATHERINE NESMITH.

AN AFTERNOON WALK.

"Study hour's over!" Oh! how good those four words sounded to us all. It was not many minutes before we stood bundled in sweaters, waiting patiently in the hall while Miss MacFarlane read the roll call. Then we were off! It seemed glorious to be out in the wonderful, crisp air again after the afternoon's hard study. We started at a brisk pace for everyone was full of life and good spirits, the right mood for a walk.

We went out Andover Street. Through an opening the river could be seen sparkling in the late afternoon sunlight. On we went, turning to the left and crossing fields, climbing steep hills, breaking our way through old trails. Gay laughter floated through the air and merry voices told of the enjoyment that all were feeling. As we climbed the last hill the sun was sinking lower into the West; the sky beginning to turn a delicate rose, fading slowly into the rainbow hues so lovely that an exclamation of delight arose from everyone. The tall birch trees along the road stood out in bold outlines against their magnificent background.

Soon we came in sight of the school but before we quite reached the end of our walk, the sky had changed again, for the sun—a red gold ball of fire—dropt suddenly from view leaving behind it the reflection of its color to tinge the sky for a few brief moments with red. As we stood in the doorway making our adieux, the first little star of evening appeared in the horizon, shining like a firefly.

MADELINE WHITE.

TWO YEARS IN A GERMAN SCHOOL.

I was taken over to Germany when I was eleven years old and put in a school to learn the German language. The school was a large, gray stone building with vines growing up on the sides. Mother left me with the principal, a portly, motherly looking woman who wore a very queer looking gray dress and glasses with a long, black string hanging down. She soon forgot

me and I found myself in a crowd of girls. I couldn't tell what their dresses were like as they all wore the queerest big sack aprons with about two inches of dress showing at the bottom. They could not speak any English and I wondered how on earth I would get along with my seatmate if she didn't know a few words of English at least. She was about the nicest looking girl in the class even though she did wear things that looked like shoestrings for hair ribbons. She was a very nice girl but I didn't really find out for sure, for over a month, because I was afraid to even try to talk with her. One day she asked me, "Do you speak French?" in English and as it was the first English sentence I had heard from any of the girls I nearly fell over backwards. It seems that that was all she could say but after that I began to try my German on her though it was full of mistakes. We became very good friends and she even divided her lunch of huge slices of black bread with me. At first I didn't like the bread at all and just ate it to be polite but I soon grew to like it better than the white.

My classes were very hard for me at first, as all I could do was to listen. The teacher's desk was the funniest thing I ever saw. It looked more like a box stood on one end than anything. It opened from the top, and the teacher sat on a high stool. I could read a little, but when it came to German arithmetic, history, nature study, and religion, I couldn't do a thing. It took me several weeks to understand what the teacher was saying, but after that, everything began to come easier to me.

My second year, they started a class in English, and I had the time of my life hearing my German friends trying to recite, "Little Jack Horner," "Jack and Jill," and the rest of the nursery rhymes so familiar to me.

RUTH GREEN.

NAPLES AT NIGHT.

The Bay of Naples sparkled with myriad shifting lights. Below me crouched the city herself, not sleeping, but alive with countless voices of the South that called and sang, so that I leaned far out over the railing of my balcony, listening breathlessly, What was she trying to impart? Was it of the misery that crowded

her streets, the downfall of her ancient prestige? I listened, and I knew. She had forgotten all but the silver moon that hung so high, and the soft fragrance of the orange groves. She breathed only love, tinged with a vague regret for a departed sunset that had tinted her hills with purple and deep red, and shaded her sea with green. Dull orange against the inky sky, quivered a line of fire, that swept downward, sinuously, jaggedly. It horrified, while it fascinated, seeming like an evil genii suspended above the world, waiting the moment to swoop down and kill. From a nearby church sounded the low vesper bells, and a gypsy girl danced and sang to the twang of a guitar in the street below. The soul of the city was laid bare before me, and thirstily I drank of the beauty and mystery that shrouded her like the pale mist that had crept across the face of the moon.

GERTRUDE HAWXHURST.

SUNSET ON THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

The big ocean liner, stately and majestic, ploughed its way through the dark blue water, leaving behind it a snow-white, foaming wake. On the right, the chalk cliffs of England loomed, and here and there a number of sailboats tossed and tumbled, their white sails flapping and swinging in the breeze. The big, red sun disappeared slowly below the horizon. The sky was given a brilliant pink glow, which, reflecting on the white cliffs, tinted them to a delicate pink. It painted the white sails of the boats, and changed the wake to an almost transparent fluffiness, and colored the water to a pinkish blue. Then suddenly, as quickly as all this splendor had appeared, it vanished. The sun sank below the horizon. The glow on the cliffs, sails and water gradually grew fainter and fainter, until it was entirely gone, leaving, as a memory, only a delicate afterglow in the sky. The vessel continued its stately way, until it, too, vanished in the far-distant horizon.

ELEANOR BELL.

SCHOOL NEWS.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Dearest Louise:—

Here I am, away at boarding school! I can see your look of surprise. I was astonished myself, when I arrived here, it was all decided upon so quickly.

You surely must have heard of Rogers Hall, but if not, you are doomed to from now on. They say first impressions are lasting, and that certainly has been the case with me, for when the carriage stopped in front of the school, I thought it certainly must be a mistake; that big, white, old-fashioned house, with huge columns in front, shaded by trees, could not be a school, it looked more like a home, and so it is!

When I came down for dinner, there were lots of girls standing around a big, open fire in the parlor; if I could have beaten a hurried retreat, I certainly would have done so; but, luckily for me, I could not, for the minute I had met the girls, I was ashamed of ever having had the desire to run.

We soon went in to dinner, in the most attractive, sunny dining room, and partook of perfectly delicious food. I thought that maybe it was extra good for the first night, but I found myself very much mistaken. Everything seems to get better, or, if the food doesn't, our appetites most assuredly do. Why, Louise, you wouldn't know me, I'm so fat! It is disgraceful, but, if misery loves company, I have enough of it, for everyone gains here!

The next morning, after I unpacked and put away my clothes, I wandered around, with a secret longing in my heart to be an old girl, and greet my late arriving chums with the same joy and mirth as others were doing. They had such a good time running in each other's rooms, talking over old times, and then they would suddenly be seized with a fit of affection and hug each other all over again. But I shall never forget how they all treated me; though I was a new girl, they made me feel anything but an

outsider, invited me into their rooms, and explained some jokes they were telling, which had reference to the previous year. I felt like an old girl when we all hung over the banisters every time the doorbell rang, to see some new girl appearing with her fond parents, and wonder what she would be like, and where she would room.

My roommate did not come until late in the afternoon, and, as you can well imagine, I was in a fever of excitement previous to her arrival. I sat at my desk, trying to write, but not succeeding very well, because every time I'd see a new girl appearing up the steps, I had a wild desire to bolt from the room, and, if the truth must be told, I did twice. When my roommate at last came, I did not have time to fly away. I welcomed her in rather a peculiar way, and was starting in to apologize for being in the room (goodness knows why), when she smiled at me. I loved her from then on. We had such fun together fixing up our rooms. I wish you could have seen my roommate upon the narrow mantelpiece, trying to balance herself with one hand, and hang a banner up with the other, while I nearly expired with laughter—not with work (needless to say).

We have school every day, except Saturday, when we are allowed to go down town, and where we strive our best to ruin our complexions with "goodies."

Every afternoon, we have something planned for us to do up to four o'clock; from then on to half past five, we study in our rooms. After dinner, we have an hour in which to let off steam, and then we study until nine o'clock. After having partaken of our glass of milk and crackers, we tumble off to bed, and I, for one, sleep the sleep of the righteous.

At present, in the afternoons, we play hockey. You never have played it, have you? You don't know what you have missed! The first day, I nearly had a nervous breakdown, or something akin to it, when I saw all the girls charging down my way, with hockey sticks extended after the ball, whose progress I was supposed to stop. Bravely, I made a wild dash at it, hit nothing but the air, and then hastily got to a place of safety. Since then, I have conquered my fear, but have not succeeded in hitting anything but the air.

Oh! There is such a lot to tell you; all about the dance the old girls gave the new ones, the wonderful new gymnasium, and the swimming tank, the bacon bat, and just heaps of other things, but I haven't any more time now.

Do write and tell me that you miss me, whether you do or not, because it sounds cheering, anyway.

Lots of love.

Affectionately,

HANNAH.

THE NEW GIRLS' DANCE.

October First—

We new girls, not having been initiated into the customs and ways of Rogers Hall, were very much surprised and pleased when we were told that a dance was to be given in our honor, so, when the evening of the momentous day arrived, we hustled to our respective rooms, and prinked and fussed for the occasion.

At precisely half past seven, a knock sounded on my door, and in walked my escort and my roommate's; each gave us cute little bouquets of roses; mine were red, some of the others were yellow. This was a great surprise, to me, at least, and I pinned them on happily, and faired forth with my escort, with a feeling in my "bones" that I was going to have a very good time, and so I did, and everyone else, I know.

"May I have this dance? I can't lead, but you don't mind a little thing like that, do you?" I heard time and time again; and, indeed, nobody did mind. A number of us would collide, and, after a few joking remarks, we would start off beautifully again, soon to stop somebody else's progress.

I, for one, decided that if bumping must be done, I preferred to do it myself, so, for the rest of the evening, I did the piloting, and saw to it, that, when a collision was unavoidable, that my partner would reap the full benefit of it.

There were no wall flowers to grace the sides of the rooms and there were only a very few of the teachers who did not participate in the fun. Each girl had to wear a paper pinned some-

where on the front of her dress with her name and home town on it so that we would learn each others names and be able to locate them. Between dances while fanning each other, and after asking where we lived, we would proceed to tell how much superior our own state and city was to any other. I know I talked myself into believing my own home about the only place on the map which had any excuse for being.

In the course of the evening, we repaired to the dining room where our escorts got us sherbet and cake and which, needless to say, we did justice to.

At nine thirty we all bid our hostesses and teachers a good night with many, many thanks for the good time they had given us. And though seven thirty to nine thirty are not the acknowledged hours for a social function, I'm sure we could not have had a better time, and in fact doubt if we would have enjoyed ourselves nearly as much if the dance had begun at a much later hour and lasted until the "wee sma'" hours. As it was I sank into bed very tired but happy, and went to sleep thinking of my first party at Rogers Hall and hoping that all our coming good times would be as enjoyable.

KATHRYN JERGER.

THE DRAG RIDE TO CONCORD.

October Fifth—

It is a yearly custom of the Rogers Hall girls to visit Concord and Lexington. On this occasion three drags, full of girls, set out on the eighteen mile drive.

It was a perfect day. The woods were a glory of color, and the little leaves scampered along the road, as if very anxious to keep ahead.

When we arrived at Concord about noon, the drags drew up to "Ye Wright Tavern,"—a very misleading name, as you shall see—in which we discovered that Washington and Lafayette had once been entertained. The house looked as if it had existed on that prestige ever since.

The dining room was most discouraging. Large placards on the walls proclaimed good cheer and hospitality, while at our table of four, was one small pat of butter and two napkins. The bread

looked as if Colonel Washington had put his foot on it; and the soup plates like ancient wash bowls.

We satisfied our appetites with very little and adjourned to an old grave yard across the street; on the top of which hill, the settlers had built their meeting house in the early days. Upon entering, several amazing facts impressed themselves upon our minds—one that a certain woman “had Lived with Saide Husband for Sixty-Eight Years, and had Gone Upwards in Hopes of a Better Lyfe,” also that one Lieutenant had “Departed this Lyfe, very Suddent and Unexpected, Leaving a Sorrowful Wyfe and Ten Small Children!”

Farther down the same street was a barn with a bullet hole carefully preserved, and a little farther on we came to the “Old North Bridge,” made famous by Paul Revere; and the spot where the first two British soldiers fell, marking the beginning of the war.

Louisa Alcott’s home was to me the most interesting spot. “Jo’s” old desk with scribbled papers still lying on it—covered with glass to keep them from the “prying public”—her books on a shelf, queer old books, all yellowed and torn; a little motto on how “Louisa loved fun” framed and hanging above the desk, and evidently made for her by her sisters; all such personal little things that seem to bring you in touch with her life. The mantles and doors were decorated with “Amy’s” sketches. Their old sofa very lumpy and springless, the same wall paper in “Amy’s” room, with a border around the top which the girls had put on to “brighten it up,” made it seem as if the “Little Women” surely must appear.

We saw the “Old Manse,” and the homes of Hawthorne and Emerson, and last of all visited the “Sleepy Hollow” Cemetery where the Alcotts, Emerson and Thoreau are buried.

JOSEPHINE PAINTER.

OLIVER TWIST.

October Twelfth—

Several of the girls went in to Boston today to see the all star cast in Oliver Twist. It was rather gruesome and horrible, but at the same time exciting and interesting. It will help us very much in our study of Dickens this winter.

THE WALK TO BILLERICA.

October Twelfth—

We Rogers Hall girls went on our yearly excursion over to Billerica and had supper at the Quaint Little Inn. After eating to our fullest capacity we sat around the open fireplace and those who were more energetic, danced. As usual, everyone had a jolly good time and even now when anyone mentions the trip we think of those waffles and sigh.

THE BACON BAT.

October Nineteenth—

Needless to say, we were all in a jolly mood when we started on our picnic, clothed in sweaters, worn out skirts, old hats and storm shoes. In spite of the misty dreariness of the weather our spirits were very high, even more so than usual. There were not many of us, only about ten or eleven. I imagine we made a rather ridiculous picture in Lowell, with our tin cups, shining buckets, also baskets bulging with good things.

After changing cars we rode far out into the country. Then we started to ascend Robins Hill. It seemed like a small mountain. As I have already said, we were heavily loaded with numerous bundles and packages and as we slowly went up it grew excessively hot. Sweaters and coats began to come off and when we were nearing the end of the climb, the girls were puffing pretty hard.

It was a beautiful walk up the hill. The forest trees were exceedingly close together and no path was to be found. The ground underneath our feet was covered by dry, brown leaves and here and there a little splotch of color could be seen, as the crimson berries were very plentiful. Many large rocks added to the picturesqueness, but not to the comfort of our walk.

Several little incidents happened going up the hill, such as a slight spilling of the cream and the displacement of the beef-steak, but they were trivial details. We noticed as we neared the top that it grew cooler. The sweaters were again resumed and we felt as if we lived once more.

Great was our reward when we reached the top of the hill. The rolling country stretched out for miles around, dotted here and there by a shining blue lake or distant church spire. We were so high up that a lumbering farm wagon on the yellow country road below looked no larger than a child's toy.

In the center of the little cleared space at the top of the hill stood a large observatory, commanding a wonderful view of a wide expanse of forest land. The observatory looked like a small box supported by four long, frail iron standards. In the center, stood a shaky looking iron ladder which led up to the bottom of the high chamber in the air. When we had been on the top of Robins Hill about five minutes, a tall man, who kept the observatory, came and helped us start our fires. While this was being done some of the girls wished to see the observatory, so the aforesaid man nimbly climbed the shaking ladder and told us to follow. A few of us did, not without fearful qualms when we looked at the ground beneath us. But when we reached the "box," what a wonderful extent of land lay stretched out before our delighted eyes. Naturally our first question was, "In which direction is Philadelphia, or Detroit or Buffalo?" After all our questions had been duly answered, we looked down at the ground beneath us. To our surprise we saw the rest of the girls rapidly preparing the food, so we were by no means loathe to leave the observatory although the view was marvelous. Our enormous appetites simply had to be satisfied. When we reached the ground, we wondered how we ever had courage enough to have climbed way up there with the wind blowing a gale. We soon lost our wonder, in the enjoyment of the sizzling hot bacon, burnt to a crisp and put in between a fat buttered roll. The odor of delicious coffee, cooking, was very welcome to our nostrils. I imagine we made quite a picture on the top of Robins Hill as we gathered around the crackling fires, toasting marshmallows, drinking hot coffee out of big, shining tin cups and eating pickles. We had beefsteak and sweet potatoes and by the time we had finished eating, none of us were very clean or respectable looking. Our hands and faces were indeed a sight to behold!

After we had all had more than plenty we began to tell fortunes, but not for long because the threatening clouds had at

last turned out to be a real storm. So we hastily gathered together our belongings and started off down the hill. Before we were half way down it began to pour and by the time we reached the car we certainly were a drenched looking bunch of human beings. One of the girls' hats was very amusing. When we started out the feather on it was standing up stiff straight and fluffy; by the time we were in the car it was just about the sickest looking feather I have ever seen.

The ride home was very enjoyable and after some time we again arrived at Rogers Hall rather tired, very dirty, immensely happy and still hungry.

THELMA BERGER.

"ROBIN HOOD."

October Nineteenth—

"Robyn was a proud outlawe
Whyles he walked on ground,
So curtyese an outlawe as he was one
Was never none yfounde."

The ballads of Robin Hood have come down to us from the English for many centuries. Authority differs as to the real century in which Robin Hood lived and some even think that he has never lived at all, except as a hero in the ballads, but it is generally believed that he lived in the time of Richard I or Henry III. The ballads represented the English type of sport, and even today some spirit of it still pervades England's love of sport. Of course all the people of today are not as familiar with Robin Hood as were the people of former times.

Nevertheless, undoubtedly everyone has read a few of the old Robin Hood ballads, and has become acquainted in some way with Little John or Friar Tuck, and it was with a keen sense of pleasure that we heard we were to have the opportunity of seeing the old revised opera, as it has come down to us today. The cast was a splendid one, and the old songs especially pleasing. It was all so different from the usual "same old story" of today in light opera.

On arriving, we were pleasantly surprised to hear that De Koven himself, who had composed this production, was to lead the orchestra. And indeed, we were not disappointed, for everything came up to our expectations. The voices were exceptionally good, and, even though I was a little disappointed at not hearing Bessie Abbot, the woman who took her place was very good.

The ballads are thought to have originated from a few ballads of unknown antiquity. Robin Hood's free life in the woods, his unerring eye, and strong arm, his open hand and love of fair play, his never failing courtesy, his respect for women, form a picture eminently healthful and agreeable to the imagination, and commend him to the hearty favor of all genial minds, so it is to be hoped that his fame will be handed down to the future generations, as it has been in the past.

DOROTHY KESSINGER.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW GYMNASIUM.

October Twenty-second—

Tuesday morning the air breathed holiday. The carpenters and electricians were gone, there were no wagons backed up to the door of the gymnasium, only a few old men, clearing the grass of the few leaves which had fallen during the night, were left. The gymnasium was finished at last, and even the sun helped us to celebrate the occasion.

Some of the guests had arrived the night before, and many came early Tuesday morning, so we were all busy showing them through the gymnasium. We were all of us familiar with the outside appearance of the building, its colonial type of architecture, the cream colored brick and the gray stone, with the big, revolving, green chimney on top; but very few of us had seen the completed interior. On both sides of the door leading to the main floor, we found two small rooms, one Miss Macfarlane's office and the other one a parlor for the girls. The rest of the main floor was the gymnasium proper, the walls of which were covered with apparatus, while swings and ladders were caught up to the beams. The stage took up the far end of the hall, with a small room on each side, which could be used as dressing rooms on occasions, or practice rooms for every day use. The ground

floor was devoted to the swimming pool, the shower baths, dressing rooms and lockers.

By eleven o'clock the people were all seated, and Miss Glorvigan opened the exercises with a piano selection. Mr. Ferrin presided, and after a short prayer, Mr. Whidden, as chairman of the building committee, turned over the keys to the chairman of the board of trustees and made a short speech. He said that the building committee had tried to make a model gymnasium, combining all the good points of those of other schools and colleges, and also making it suitable for the purpose of entertainment. He neglected to say, though, something which we all appreciated; that the result, a gymnasium superior to any to be found in the country, in a school of this size, was due to the generosity of the trustees and the constant supervision and interest of the building committee.

Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, then addressed us, giving a short, but very interesting history of the development of gymnastic work, and also telling us about the games in which we should be able to excel, and why. I think that most of us had always taken our gymnasium work as a long established thing, and were very much surprised to find that it was of comparatively recent origin.

Miss Glorvigan played and Mrs. Sundelius sang, and after they had refused to give any more encores Dr. Grannis led the closing prayer.

Luncheon was served on the ground floor, and later in the day a hockey game was played between the alumnae and the school. The school won the game by an easy margin, but the alumnae are already planning their revenge later in the season. The game served, however, to make the graduates and undergraduates better acquainted, and made a very jolly ending to the day.

ETHEL FORBES.

HARVARD-BROWN GAME.

October Twenty-sixth—

We started out for Cambridge, anticipating a most delightful time, for the clouds, that had filled the sky earlier in the morning, had all disappeared, and every one of us was in the highest of spirits.

A crowd of twenty-five girls is no easy thing to conduct through a city, but, by dividing into two parties, we managed to reach the Stadium safely. It is a wonderful sight, the Stadium, filled to overflowing with bright colors and banners. Our seats were on the Brown side, so that we had all the benefit of Harvard's cheering. Most of us knew enough about football to be able to follow the game, after a fashion, and not a few of us became so excited we could not contain ourselves,—to the discomfort of those below us, who reaped the full benefit of our enthusiasm on their backs. The game started at three o'clock, so that, at the end of the first half, it was beginning to get dark. The score, at this period, was twenty, in Harvard's favor, to the delight of most of us. Brown put up a good fight, but could not come up to Harvard in speed or force. In the second half, Brown scored, and the final score was ten to thirty. It was very nearly dark, as we turned to leave the Stadium, and I have a vivid recollection of the immense structure, a-twinkle with bright lights from the many cigars and cigarettes, and the deep purple of the October sunset in the background. A long to be remembered day, and I could not but hope that it would not be long again before I would be able to see another football game at Harvard.

HELEN TOWLE.

OUR HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

November Fifth—

"Oh, girls! Did you ever see anything so good-looking? Doesn't she look exactly like Donald Brian? Why, Ruth Hulbert, I never saw such a sight in my life! You look like a young hippopotamus. For goodness sakes, who is that policeman? Isn't he a scream?"

These were some of the sounds I heard when I entered the gymnasium the night of the famous vaudeville performance. I saw, scurrying here and there, all sorts of girls, dressed in the queerest, the funniest, the most unique costumes imaginable. There were dainty dolls, gay and gallant gentlemen, misshapen musicians, and fascinating ladies.

But I had hardly time to get my breath before a very long-legged baby girl parted the curtains and announced that the first act would be "McNamara's Band." In the breathless silence which followed, a creature, you could hardly call it a person, walked across the stage, bowing deeply to the audience, and took its seat at the piano. Such a peculiar looking thing it was, dressed in a tight-fitting suit, put on backwards, and a mask on the back of its head, with its hat pulled down low. It looked as though its hands and feet were growing from the wrong side. It proceeded to pound the piano, bowing and grinning idiotically all the while. To the inspiring strains of "rum-tiddle-tum, bum-tiddle-tum," in marched the leader of the band, with his five musicians, all dressed as the first one, and looking as if they were from the land of Mars. The leader, none other than Gertrude Dexter, strutted around in all his pomp and glory, and finally decided it suited his pleasure to begin, which he did in accents loud and strong and decidedly Irish, the band joining in on the chorus, and illustrating it with ridiculous gestures, which were supposed to represent the manipulating of their several instruments; the result simply convulsed the audience.

Before we had recovered from this, "A Rehearsal of Romeo and Juliet" was announced, and the curtain was pulled back, disclosing a vine-covered balcony, which we found, upon closer observation, to be a screen with a few twigs pinned on it, with Juliet, ravishing in a boudoir cap and a dressing sacque and many diamonds, pining within for her Romeo. Soon he sauntered in, remarking, with originality, on the excellence of the evening air, and discovered his sweetheart in her bower. Then we were thrilled by some strenuous love making, which resulted in Romeo's climbing up the rope ladder, notwithstanding his flashy, new suit. Just as Juliet prepares to kiss him a fond farewell beneath his dainty, though crooked mustache, the screen topples over on him, revealing her standing upon a chair in a wondrous yellow and green checked petticoat. She grabs her cap from off her curl papers, and gives a maidenly shriek.

After this highly dramatic act, we had something soothing in the way of a dainty little dance, by "The Twelve Merry Mermaids." The merriment was very contagious, for, when the

audience caught sight of the willowy forms dressed in the charming little pea-green overall bathing suits, they nearly succumbed with laughter. Lydia, the elf, gave forth the orders, and they dove, splashed, and swam in every possible way outside of a swimming tank. This dance was such a howling success, that their act was given again by request.

In the next act, we were brought away from the "bounding main," to the "Winter Garden," where Madeline White, though dressed in a very gentlemanly and immaculate dress suit, looked as though she had seen sunrise for several days. He sat at a table, pondering on the high cost of living, (of course, we do not know his exact thoughts, but they must have been sad, though that might have been caused by his high collar). Anyway, in the midst of his reveries, a very dainty vision came to him. He soon became aware of Thelma, for it was she, and he was so fascinated by her charms, that he could not refrain from doing a very dainty and attractive dance with her.

Little did we think we had a professional acrobat among us, until we saw one of our youngsters perform. It was a very amusing take-off on the real stage acrobats. She was arrayed in a cute little pair of pink tights, and her enormous muscles bulged out in (we must confess), the entirely wrong directions. She lifted huge balls, turned cart wheels, rode a bicycle, and made us fascinating little bows, mopping her perspiring brow the while. And the clown was just as good as a circus, with his antics and capers, falling or bumping into everything.

Next was a little play in pantomime, which called for great dramatic ability. The plot was deeply laid. A nurse is wheeling her young charge along in a baby carriage (we regret to say that it was entirely too small, or the baby entirely too large for it), when along saunters a lovely, stout policeman. Temptation comes to her, and she, poor soul, is too weak to turn it aside, and so she deserts her charge and sits down beside him on a bench and the way in which she googled her eyes and chewed gum was truly interesting. In the meanwhile, a rude little newsboy woke the baby up, and she, poor thing, after being "boo-ed" at by spooks, gave forth sounds so much like a real baby in distress, that I was tempted to run up and put a pacifier in her mouth. The

angry parents then proceeded to discharge the nurse girl, and the policeman dashed off, I hope, to his "beat."

Our dear little baby girl next announced "Mrs. Mutt and Mrs. Jeff, Suffragettes," and onto the stage, with measured tread, marched Lily as Mrs. Jeff, and poor little Mrs. Mutt, who seemed to be weighed down by the cares of the nation, or her hat; I rather think it was the latter. Then followed a very amusing cross-examination, necessary for one contemplating entering the noble order of Suffragettes. This long scroll having been unrolled, Mrs. Mutt was asked several questions of great import, to be answered by "yes" or "no." "Where were you born, if so, why not?" "Yes—yes 'em," was the meek reply. "Do you wear false hair, if so, which?" "Yes 'em." They then went through a drill, and sundry charges and stone throwing exercises, until we were weak with mirth; but a little mouse brought it to an end, and caused the hurried exit of the Suffragettes, which proved they were "only poor, weak mortals, after all."

Our curiosity was next aroused by the announcement of the next act, an illustrated "Pathé's Weekly," given by the day girls. And very clever was the verse which Katherine Redway, the poetess, read us, and very funny were the illustrations, especially when the automobile refused to go and fell apart. There were very good little hits and personals about the school and the girls.

During the next act, I, for one, felt that I was truly seeing a professional vaudeville show, as Aida and Helen went through their singing and dancing act with a great deal of skill. Everyone around me was murmuring, "Aren't they the cutest couple?" or "Did you ever see anything any cuter than Aida as 'Buster Brown,'?" and "Doesn't Helen look sweet enough to kiss as 'Mary Jane'?"

But all good times come to an end sometime, so the last act was announced as, "The Dancing Dolls." The curtain was pulled back; we saw Gertrude, with her fluffy, yellow hair tied with a great, big bow. She was fixed to look like a perfect French doll, still tied in her box, which stood in the centre of the stage. Eight other dollies came on, singing the very appropriate song, "Oh, You Beautiful Doll," accompanied by jerky little doll motions, but finally ending in a graceful, little dance. The next song was

"Doctor Tinkle Tinker from old Toy Town," and each one carried a toy of some sort. Clarice, as an adorable little drummer boy, added the finishing touches, as she marched back and forth, beating her little drum. The footlights then went out, and they ended their act as well as the vaudeville by singing, "Good night, Mister Moon," and turning on the electric flashes they held.

After the show, we had very good eats, and we all danced. It was funny to see the policeman keep the entrance to the ballot box clear, for it was election night, and we all cast our votes; also to see the couples paired off—Romeo and Juliet, the mermaids and the musicians, the nurse and baby, Buster and Mary Jane. It was with many sighs and remonstrances that we were at last persuaded to leave the gym, and our first party in it. But, if that is a forerunner of the following ones, what good times we will have.

MARGARET SHERMAN.

THE FRENCH PLAY.

November Seventh—

One evening in November about ten of us chaperoned by Miss Linthicum, set out for the Opera House. We were going to see L'Abbé Constantin, a French play, given by M. Paul Marcel's Company of French players. We didn't expect to understand a word, but still we hoped it would help us to improve our accent which would, we felt sure, please our French teacher immensely. Therefore, there we were.

Soon the curtain went up, and people rushed about the stage talking so fast and furiously in that beautiful but difficult language, that some of our party could do nothing but giggle. The rest of us attempted to comprehend the situation, and with the aid of our chaperon, who told us what was being said, we managed to enjoy the play immensely. It was really quite humorous when, as two or three times happened, the whole house roared with laughter and the Rogers Hall girls turned to ask their chaperon the meaning of the mirth, then laughing all by themselves about five minutes too late. Of course we fell in love with the hero,

and tried to wish the heroine, and at the end of the play, were glad to see things turn out happily. Then we hastened from the theatre, jumped into our carriages, and before very long were tucked in our downy cots, while the French Play, which all had enjoyed so much, was becoming a thing of the past.

HILDA SMITH.

THE ANDOVER-EXETER GAME.

November Ninth—

Such a crowd! Would I ever get out alive I wondered! But being still some distance from the gateway to the field, I decided to make the best of a bad predicament, clutched my ticket more tightly, and set my hat on straight for the fifth time.

"It's going to be a great game, Mr. Dawson." The voice came from behind me and although I could not see the speaker I listened intently.

"Yes, it will be! Always is, you know! Andover and Exeter being old rivals."

A very stiff feather brushed across my face. I stood on tiptoe to avoid it and remained on tiptoe, for down the street to the left came a great crowd of boys with red banners and megaphones, singing as they came. Exeter had arrived!

An extra hard shove from the rear landed me at the entrance, breathless, slightly crushed, and tremendously excited. But what strange looking girls were these standing in dilapidated groups! Surely not Rogers Hall girls! Was this our Mary, hat askew, collar awry, possessing but one glove? But with a little fixing we acquired our lost dignity, and proceeded to the grand stand, envying those who could bow now and then to some acquaintance in the crowd. Our seats were on Andover's side although not all of us were cheering for her. The game began, and was interesting from start to finish although there was little fine playing and Andover did all the scoring, making a touchdown and a goal in the first quarter. Andover's band, the songs, the cheer leaders, who danced wildly back and forth before the grand stands, were intensely interesting. The snake dance that closed

the day was inspiring and I had a wild desire to get down on the field and jump and run myself. Andover's captain, Gault, borne on the shoulders of four victors, lead the line. Around the field they went stopping from time to time to cheer and sing. It was inspiring! The band played lustily, the people applauded, and I forgot that I had been for Exeter. The spirit of the crowd entered into me and I shouted with the rest of them.

GERTRUDE HAWXHURST.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

EDITORIAL.

The school is very fortunate this year in having such splendid athletic material, and this, combined with the excellent training our new gymnasium affords, should produce strong, healthy girls, and good teams.

We have been playing hockey nearly every afternoon since school opened, and we have some of the best material to work with that the school has ever had, while the number of candidates exceeds any we have had for several years. Since practice has been so regular, and since such good work has been done the game between the Hall and the House promises to be a good, hard fight.

The new gymnasium was dedicated on Tuesday, the twenty-second of October, when a fine address was delivered by Dr. Sargent of Harvard and of the Sargent School in Cambridge. This address should help us a lot in our gymnasium work this year. Ever since the dedication, regular work has been going on with the exception of the swimming. Those classes have been delayed as the white marble for the dressing rooms was late in coming. The gymnasium has been invaluable on the few rainy afternoons we have had of late, when we have played various new games. With the ending of the hockey season begins basket ball, fencing and fancy dancing in the gymnasium, and in the

spring term there will, of course, be baseball, and Field Day, for which we all must work hard.

Following is a program of athletics for the year:—

1. Tuesday.

Morning—Regular gymnasium work.

Afternoon—From 3 to 4—swimming hour for faculty.

“ “ 4 to 5 “ “ “ girls.

2. Wednesday.

Morning—Individual swimming lessons.

Afternoon (fall term)—two periods in hockey.

“ (winter “) “ “ “ dancing.

“ (spring “) “ “ “ baseball.

3. Thursday.

Morning—Regular gymnasium work.

Afternoon—From 3 to 4—swimming hour for girls.

“ “ 4 to 5 “ “ “ alumnae.

4. Friday.

Morning—Individual swimming lessons.

Afternoon (fall term)—two periods in hockey.

“ (winter “) “ “ “ fencing.

“ (spring “) “ “ “ baseball.

It will be seen from the above schedule that we are to have four gymnasium days this year. Last year Miss MacFarlane only came twice a week, but since we have the new building, we are fortunate enough to have her four days instead of two.

An inspiration to good work in both gymnasium and school matters is the new system of winning the R. H. The letters are difficult to win this year, and consequently, will mean a great deal to those who succeed. The requirements for the letters are these:—

| SUBJECT | POINTS |
|----------------------------------|--------|
| Hockey | 5 |
| Basket ball | 5 |
| Baseball | 5 |
| General gymnasium work | 10 |
| Swimming and diving | 3 |
| Field Day | 3 |
| Fencing | 2 |

SPLINTERS

| SUBJECT | POINTS |
|---|--------|
| Dancing | 2 |
| Tennis. | 2 |
| Carriage | 1 |
| Captain of any team | 1 |
| President of Athletic Association | 1 |
| Attitude | 5 |
| Personal appearance | |
| Attendance | |
| Spirit of team play | |
| Generosity toward players | |
| Enthusiasm | |
| Total | 45 |
| Number required for R. H. | 35 |

We must all work to get the very greatest benefits we can out of the new building, and show the trustees that what they have given us is a great factor in our health and happiness.

THE HOCKEY GAME BETWEEN THE HALL AND THE HOUSE.

The date set for the annual hockey game between the Hall and the House was Wednesday, November 20th. The day was beautiful, and promptly at half past two, the rival teams came on to the field.

The ensuing game was hard fought, and, though it ended in a splendid victory for the Hall with a score of 5-1, the House put up an excellent defense.

As soon as the whistle blew, at the beginning, Beatrice Miller got the ball but it was quickly taken and sent toward the goal by the Hall. The House defense was excellent, and saved the goal many times. There was one free shot for the House in the first half, but not much was gained. The ball went back and forth, and finally a goal was made by Aida Hulbert. Then the ball went back to the middle, and with only a few more minutes to play Margaret Sherman made another goal, closing the first half with a score of 2-0.

The House got the ball at the beginning of the second half, and carried it up to the striking circle. There Beatrice Miller drove a hard ball straight through the goal, decidedly surprising the Hall defenders. There were three free hits for the Hall, which, however, didn't gain a great deal. The rest of the game was well played on both sides. Goals were made by Beatrice Walker, Margaret Sherman and Marian Aley, and the game ended with a 5-1 score, amid great cheering.

By far the most brilliant playing on the field was done by Gertrude Dexter, the House full back, and Helen Smith, the House goal. Both teams played a clean, hard game, and all the players deserve commendation for their faithful work this fall. Owing to the illness of Kathryn Jerger and Anita Graf, Lili Lieber and Helen McCorquodale substituted. K. Steen substituted for Helen Towle.

The line up was as follows:

| HALL. | HOUSE. |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| F.—Agnes Kile, Captain | B.—Beatrice Miller, Captain |
| B.—Beatrice Walker | F.—Hilda Smith |
| F.—Marian Aley | F.—Edna Krause |
| F.—Margaret Sherman | F.—Polly Piper |
| H. B.—Dorothy Kessinger | H. B.—Ruth Allen |
| H. B.—Aida Hulbert | H. B.—Helen McCorquodale |
| F. B.—Ruth Hulbert | F. B.—Gertrude Dexter |
| F. B.—Katherine Steen | F. B.—Lili Lieber |
| G.—Lydia Langdon | G.—Helen Smith |

The time was two twenty minute halves.

THE HOCKEY GAME BETWEEN THE DAY GIRLS AND THE HALL.

It is always the custom for the winner of the Hall versus House hockey game to play the Day girls. On Thursday, November 21st, at half past two, the second great game of the season began. When the whistle blew the Day team got the ball, but it was instantly seized by the Hall and carried towards the goal. The Day team seemed a bit dazed at first, and allowed goals by Beatrice Walker and Aida Hulbert. However, it braced up, and goals were speedily made by Ethel Hockmeyer and Edith

Stevens. There were two free hits for the Hall, and the first half ended with a 2—2 score.

The whistle blew for the second half and the Day team got the ball, skillfully carrying it up to the goal. There it fought to get the ball in, finally succeeding; but the bunch around the goal made it impossible to tell the individual who drove it in, in the end. The good playing on both sides continued, growing harder and faster as the game went on. Goals were made by Marian Aley, Ethel Hockmeyer, Beatrice Walker, Ethel Hockmeyer, Ruth Greene, Marian Aley, Beatrice Walker. It was very interesting to note how the ball went from one end of the field to the other, as first the Day team then the Hall made goals. When time was called the score was 6—6, so to fight it out, it became necessary to play twenty-five minutes overtime. The Day team finally secured a goal by Ruth Greene, and the game ended with a 7—6 score for the Day girls.

The most spectacular playing was done by Mary Holden and Ethel Hockmeyer, whose team work was wonderful. Edith Stevens, who substituted for Barbara Brown, also played an excellent game. The ball went outside a good deal, and there were several free hits for the Hall. The passing on the Day team was, in great part, the secret of its success, but the accurate aim and hard strokes of Leslie Hylan and K. Nesmith counted a great deal. The Hall had a good defense, but the opposing team played so fast a game that even the Hall was at times mystified. However, both teams deserve praise, and the fact that the Hall played a hard game the day before, accounts for its slightly inferior work. It was, perhaps, the greater endurance of the Day team that enabled it to make the last goal. Agnes Kile should certainly be as proud of her team as Mary Holden is of hers. In the last few minutes Grace Coleman went in in place of Marian Aley and Genevra Whitmore in place of Beatrice Walker. Maud Hall substituted for Dorothy Kessenger.

The line up was:

DAY.

H. B.—Mary Holden, Captain
F.—Ethel Hockmeyer
F.—Ruth Greene

HALL.

F.—Agnes Kile, Captain
F.—Margaret Sherman
F.—Marian Aley

B.—Leslie Hylan
F.—Edith Stevens
F. B.—Edith Whittier
F. B.—Katherine Nesmith
G.—Madeline White
H. B.—Betty Eastman

B.—Beatrice Walker
H. B.—Aida Hulbert
F. B.—K. Steen
F. B.—Ruth Hulbert
G.—Lydia Langdon
H. B.—Maud Hall

The time was two twenty minute halves.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Cornelia Cooke writes an interesting account of a "Round Up" at Pendleton, Oregon:

"If you are interested in pageants or spectacles of that kind you ought to see it. The wonderful color of the costumes and marvelous regalia of the Indians was worth a trip across the continent to see, and the performance itself was most exciting. I used to think a college football game at the stadium was about the most thrilling thing I could imagine, but none of them could compare with a 'Round Up.'

In a way I couldn't help comparing it with the Passion Play. It seems a queer thing to compare it with but in childlike sincerity of the performers and in perfect setting and the utter appropriateness of the thing they are much alike.

Pendleton is a small town of five thousand people in Eastern Oregon. The country is all brown, barren hills and Pendleton is situated in a narrow valley on the banks of a small river. The rim is bordered by the most graceful, tall alder trees. The grandstand was three sides of a circle, the fourth being the river bank and among the alder trees rose the tall tepees of the Indians.

During the performances that side of the circle was thronged with the cowboys and Indians on their horses—watching. It made a wonderful mass of color in the foreground with the tall alders and the brown hills as a background. I was lucky enough to be asked to sit in one of the boxes for both performances and

was introduced to a good many of the performers and had an altogether interesting time. Outside of the performance itself there is a good deal of fun. Pendleton being so small naturally could not accommodate the forty thousand people who attended. So we from the cities went up in special trains on which we lived during our stay. As the trains were filled with people we knew, we indulged in a little dancing between times. Portland sent six of these trains and Seattle, Spokane, and Laconia were all represented.

The last night was one grand carnival. The main street was filled with howling cowboys and visitors. Several people we knew toured up and every time our automobile passed one of these cars we stopped and had pitched battles with streamers and confetti. Of course we had a howling bunch in our car and with the addition of two or three cowboys, who showed themselves a good time by jumping on the running board, we were a merry crowd.

All good things end and we had to come home, but I came back with a firm determination to repeat the experience next year."

On the 21st of July, Marjorie Stanton (R. H., '10) of Grand Rapids was married to Mr. Chase Salmon Osborne, Jr., the son of Governor Osborne of Michigan. A reception at the Kent Country Club followed the ceremony. Kathryn Dyer was the maid of honor and Mildred Mansfield was one of the bridesmaids. It was a very charming wedding and Marjorie made a lovely bride. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne will be at home after September 23d at 526 Morris Avenue, S. E., Grand Rapids.

Etta Boynton was married on the 20th of June to Mr. William Robert Carlton. Mr. and Mrs. Carlton will reside at 76 Harvard Street, Springfield, Mass.

Hilda Talmage (R. H., '06) was married on June 5th to Mr. Clemens Waldemar Lundoff.

The marriage of Alice Mather (R. H., '02) to the Rev. Harry Oscar Martin took place in Lowell on the 29th of June.

Edna Mills of Pottstown, Pa., was married to Mr. Holland Montague Merrick, Jr., on the 20th of June. Mr. and Mrs. Merrick, Jr., will be at home after the 15th of August, at "Kenilworth," Pottstown, Pa.

Elizabeth Field (R. H., '09) of Berlin, Conn., was married on July 31st to Mr. Arthur Archibald Hadden. A reception followed the ceremony.

The marriage of Agnes Tibbetts of Lowell to the Rev. Thomas Wilson Owens took place on October 7th. Rev. and Mrs. Owens will be at home after December 1st, at Brattleboro, Vt.

Helen Ramage of Munroe Bridge, Mass., was married on October 12th to Mr. Walter Hartwell Harriman of Waterloo, N. H.

Roccena Ashley was married at her home in Wilkes Barre, Pa., on October 23rd to Mr. Walter Arden Wolfe.

Hilda Baxter (R. H., '11) was married on July 11th to Mr. J. Cleminger Thompson of Lima, Ohio. Her address is 611 West Elm Street.

On October 12th, Beatrice Mudgett was married to Mr. Gilbert Oakley. A reception followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Oakley will be at home after November 20th, at 27 Ohio St. Bangor, Maine.

Harriet Parsons (R. H., '05) of Jacksonville, Ill., was married on October 15th, to Mr. Harrison William King. A reception followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. King will be at home after January 1st, at 140 Pine St.

The marriage of Marian Elliott of Haverhill, Mass., took place on October 1st, to Mr. Rhea Kingsley Baker. A reception followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Baker will be at home on Wednesday afternoons, January 8th and 15th, at 35 Avon Place, Springfield, Mass.

Marguerite Baldwin (R. H., '10) of Boston was married on June 19th at "The Somerset," to Mr. Richard Charles Smith of Buffalo. Elizabeth Field was the maid of honor. A reception and dance followed the ceremony, at which Rogers Hall was well represented, and everyone had a wonderful time. Mr. and Mrs. Smith will be at home after September 2d, at 27 Dorchester Road, Buffalo, N. Y.

On June 15th, Marion Kerr of New Bedford, Mass., was married to Mr. Elliott Earle Brownell.

Cynthia Byington was married at the Calvary Episcopal Church on September 19th, in Utica, N. Y., to Mr. Harry William

Head. Dorothy Benton was the maid of honor, and Mildred Creese was one of the bridesmaids. It was a very pretty wedding, and was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, at 40 Prospect St.

The marriage of Esther Loveman (R. H., '11) of Birmingham, Ala., took place on June 19th, to Mr. David Warren Kempner. A reception followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Kempner will be at home after October 15th, at the "Marion Hotel," Little Rock, Arkansas.

Pauline Farrington (R. H., '05) of Lowell was married on October 24th, to Mr. Henry Hood Wilder. The marriage took place at Saint Anne's Church at high noon, and a wedding breakfast was served at the bride's home. Isabel Nesmith and Elizabeth Wilder were the bridesmaids, and the wedding was exceptionally attractive in every way. Mr. and Mrs. Wilder will live in Lowell.

Madge Hockmeyer was married on October 28th, at Saint Anne's Church, to Robert Butcher Parker of Lowell. Ethel Hockmeyer, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, and Gertrude Parker, Eugenia Meigs, Sally Hobson and Helen Nesmith, were the bridesmaids. It was a very lovely wedding, and everyone had a splendid time at the reception and dance, which followed the ceremony, at Colonial Hall.

Stella Fleer (R. H., '07) was married in June, to Mr. Russell Berger of Philadelphia.

An Alumnæ swimming class is to be held on Thursday afternoons. Anyone wishing to join may do so by communicating with Miss Parsons.

We hesitate to mention our Alumnæ-Varsity hockey game, the score being 7—2 in favor of the school varsity, but we are still "game," and will go in the next time with even more vigor. This game was a new venture, but seemed appropriate to the day of the opening of the "New Gym," which Alumnæ as well as undergraduates will be able to enjoy. Our team number had to be filled out with undergraduates, which seems a bit hard when there are so many Alumnæ living in and around Boston, but it was great fun, and we are going to take the next opportunity to show the school that we are not dead yet.

A large tea was given for Leslie Brown of Lexington, on October 25th, at the Old Belfry Club House.

It is interesting to see how many Rogers Hall girls are taking up special courses in Boston.

Rachel Jones is studying at Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School, and living at the Stuart Club.

Pearl Burns, who is also living at the Stuart Club, is studying art at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Evelyn Pike and Julia Edwards are at Simmons College.

Dorothy Benton is home from college on account of illness. She expects to return in about two weeks, and is most enthusiastic about "Smith College."

Ruth Lowell is taking a business course in her home town, Bangor.

Amy Condit is taking up work in connection with the Orange Charities' Bureau.

Elizabeth Bennett, better known to Rogers Hall girls as Betty B., is in the Secretary's office at Wellesley College.

Elizabeth Talbot, a Lowell girl, and a last year's graduate of the school, is at Miss Madiera's School in Washington, D. C.

Susie McEvoy has entered Vassar, and is enjoying college thoroughly

Tracy L'Engle and Helen Munroe are back at Wellesley. Tracy was "up" for a vice president of her class in the fall elections.

Ruth MacCracken expects to spend part of the winter in Phoenix, Arizona, on a ranch.

Mrs. George Goethals (Priscilla Howes) has come up from Panama for a few months, and is staying at Vineyard Haven.

Marion Kennedy has just returned from a western trip.

They say that there are no celebrities any longer at Smith, the "Point System" having, as a basis, equal division of labor and offices, but Alice Cone has lately been elected to the Monthly Board, and made a member of the Alpha Society.

Mrs. Lundoff (Hilda Talmage) is entertaining Betty James in Cleveland, where there seems to be a continual round of festivities.

Florence Harrison spent the summer at Camp Hanoum in Thetford, Vt.

Katharine Carr has been doing a lot of work on the Press Board at college, and her activities seem to be overwhelming.

Leslie Brown and Madeline Smith both visited Helen Gallup in Sandusky this summer, and had the usual good time.

Corinne Dean and Irene Krull have visited Charlotte Allen recently in Westfield.

Ruth Sprague, since her return from Europe, has been visiting Frances Hamilton in New Castle, Pa.

Helen Gallup visited Erla Dorn in Bradford, Pa., this summer.

Mrs. Capt. Dwyer (Ethel Kline) and Anthy Gorton visited us on the day they were in town for Polly Farrington's wedding. The girls at school simply wouldn't believe that Ethel had a daughter nine years old. Ethel is at present visiting her aunt, Mrs. Gen. Miles, at Gloucester.

Dorothea Holland, who was visiting Dorothy Benton a few weeks ago, came out to school for a short call, but received a most hilarious reception. She expects to be in Brookline for a month, at least, later on in the winter.

Mary Walker brought a "new girl" from her home to school this fall, and made us a short visit then on her way back to college, where she is a grave and reverend Senior.

Alice Cone came up from Smith for the opening of the "New Gymnasium."

Virginia Towle and Joanna Carr added spice to our daily lives by coming out to lunch one day in October. They had been visiting in various places.

Eleanor Stevens has just returned from a summer spent in Europe.

Carlotta Heath had a delightful summer in Europe with Miss MacMillan. They travelled in France, Switzerland and England.

Lucretia Walker has been spending some time lately in Canada. She expects to come to Boston, later in the year, to take up some course of study.

Anna Kuttner has spent the summer in England, France and Germany. She has transferred from Bryn Mawr to Barnard College.

Other Rogers Hall girls who have been abroad this summer are Ruth Sprague, Marie Crosby, Ruth Newton, Julia Stevens and Harriet Coburn.

Miriam Pierce spent two months of the summer in Europe. She speaks of having seen Cyrena Case Kellogg lately, and how adorable Cyrena's children are.

At a tea given by her mother, Frances Billings' engagement to Mr. Cyrus Woodman of Cambridge was announced.

Charlotte Allen of Westfield, N. Y., is engaged to Mr. Thayer Fenner of Philadelphia.

The engagement of Sibyl Wright to Mr. Stanley G. Eaton, of Sioux City and Chicago, was announced in July.

Margaret McJimsey of Vincennes, Ind., announced her engagement on October 12th, to Mr. Lawrence Moore Kiplinger. Rebecca Reynolds was visiting her at the time. Margaret expects to be married in the spring.

In June, Natalie Babcock and Sylvia Doutney went to Brunswick, Me., for the announcement of Virginia Woodbury's engagement to Mr. Harrison Chapman.

Mrs. Francis Williams (Beatrice Lyford) has a little daughter, born August 5th. Her name is Beatrice Christy Williams.

Mrs. James F. Syme (Edith Gates) of Saxonville, Mass., has a son, born July 27th.

Mrs. Arthur Corwin (Calla Wilson) has a daughter, born August 10th. Her name is Frances Marion Corwin.

Mrs. Lawrence Purdy (Josephine Howland) has a little girl, born August 10th. Her name is Virginia Howland Purdy.

Mrs. Andrew Marshall (Jessie Ames) has a son, born August 16th. He is named Andrew Marshall, Jr.

Mrs. Stephen Young (Henrietta Hastings) has a daughter, born November 15th.

Mrs. Charles Alfred Sudlow (Margaret Stephenson) has a son born November 12th. His name is Charles Alfred Sudlow.

Gertrude Parker, of Lowell, is at Miss Somer's School in Washington this winter.

Mrs. Frank Torrey (Marion Needham) came down from Groton for the opening of the "New Gym."

The girls who played on the Alumnæ Hockey Team were:

Mildred Moses
Dorothy Downer
Alice Cone
Florence Harrison
Helen Tyler
Alice Faulkner

Margaret Delano of Brookline, Mass., was married on November 25th to Mr. Paul Constantine Varney. Mr. and Mrs. Varney will be "at home" after January 15th, at 50 Peterborough St., Boston.

A NOVEL BY CAROLINE WRIGHT.

The June number of SPLINTERS announced a novel, "The Even Hand," by Quincy Germaine, Caroline Wright (R. H., '03, Radcliff, '07). The novel has now been published, and the editors of SPLINTERS have had the opportunity of reading our first Rogers Hall novel.

"The Even Hand" deals with the labor conditions in one of our modern cotton mills, in a city where the conditions are not unlike those of Lowell or Lawrence. By setting in contrast her hero, John Nelson, the third of that name who has been intimately connected with the mills, and Mr. Marchbank, the new agent, a self-made man and a product of the mills, whose fetish is efficiency of the mechanical order as opposed to John Nelson's interest in the human equation, she seems to find that the solution of the labor question lies in more personal relations of the two classes.

The book is well written, the incidents interesting, and Caroline, although she has a strong leaning towards the working man, still is able to find among the more favored classes some fine, vigorous characters. This, in itself, is something of an achievement.

The book would be interesting simply as a story if one were not looking for a more serious motive for one's reading. SPLINTERS wishes Caroline good luck for the future and extends its congratulations to the author for her present accomplishment.

MAJOR STOTT, 1835-1912.

It is with a very real sense of loss that the old girls heard of Major Stott's death. For years he has been one of the most energetic of our trustees; he has come to see us frequently, and so hearty and sincere was his devotion to the school and to the Rogers Hall girls that we all feel as if we had lost a personal friend.

I remember well the first time I ever saw him. It was a good many years ago, just after I had come to Rogers Hall to "prep" for college. I was out playing tennis in my "gym" suit when the ball went over the fence and I, of course, went after the ball. Suddenly I heard a big bass voice roar out at me,

"Well, well, what are you doing in that costume?" Naturally I was rather upset and retired in as dignified a manner as possible. A minute later the gate opened and a big, jolly looking man came in and chuckling with amusement, said:

"Pretty mad aren't you?" Well, of course, I laughed and from that time on I always felt as if Major Stott was a friend of mine.

He used to appear at school frequently in those days, usually while we were still at breakfast and the first we would know of his coming would be the sound of his voice calling to us.

"Well, well, still at breakfast; when I was young we used to get up earlier!" Privately we considered breakfast none too late, as it was, and we were in a constant state of uneasiness lest his suggestion should be adopted. We did not always realize that he loved to tease us. But he could be very tender-hearted, too, and I know one pretty, blue senior who was mighty miserable on her Commencement day, and who retired behind a door to have her weep out, whom he found and comforted in the most fatherly fashion. She was a westerner, and all the other girls had their families, and she felt pretty badly and very much alone until he asked her to adopt him for the occasion and he was so dear and funny that she could not help cheering up.

We knew, of course, that Major Stott was a busy man, prominent in public affairs and devoted to his civic duty. He always came in on Election Day and gave us his views on politics. Once he came in on Decoration Day and told us about "The War," but somehow I think those of us who knew him will remember the genial, friendly side of the man best.

During these last years Major Stott has not been able to visit us so often. The serious operation he had four years ago made it more difficult for him to come, but he never failed to appear on election days after he had been to the polls. I think all of us felt that there was a good citizen to whom the vote was a responsibility and a privilege to be exercised even though it were more difficult. On these mornings the new girls had a chance to meet Major Stott and hear him talk, sometimes on politics, or the affairs of the day; often he told us of Miss Rogers, the founder of our school.

Only those who are connected with the management of the school could do justice to his efficiency as chairman for many years of the Committee on Repairs; but all of us who have lived here can bear witness to his fine optimism and warm heart.

F. L. H. (R. H., '02)

SPLINTERS

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LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

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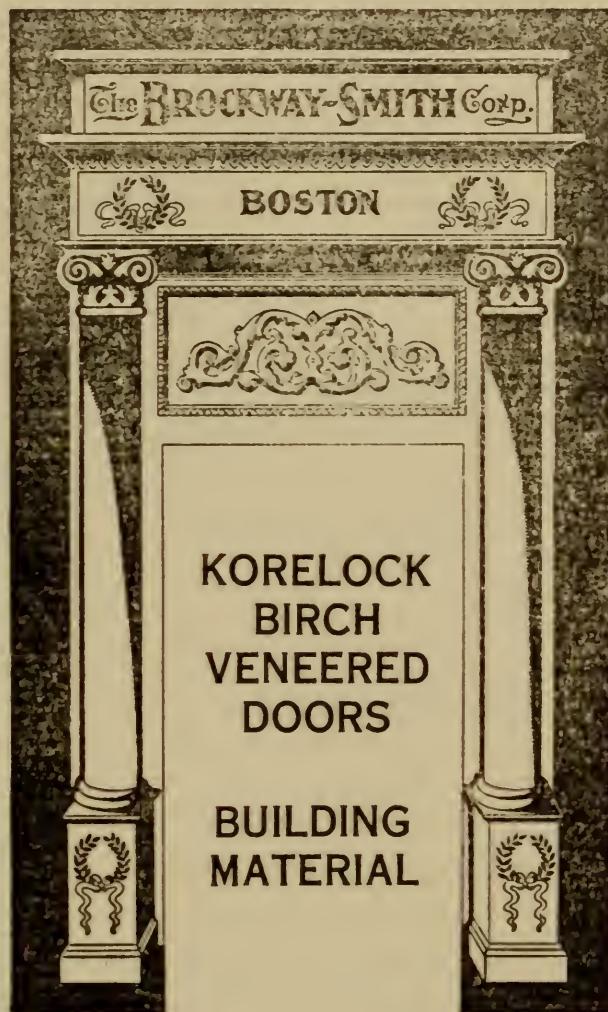
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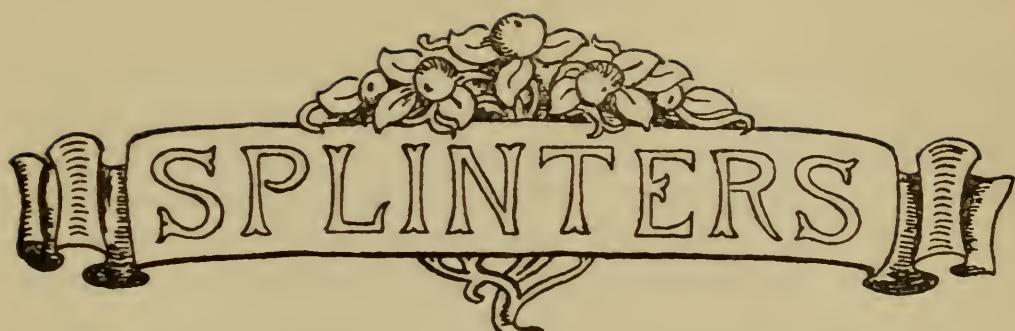


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SPLINTERS

Vol. 13.

FEBRUARY, 1912.

1912
No. 2.

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EDITORIAL.

"NEEDLESS NOISE."

Needless noise is simply a waste of one's energy or if I might say, a waste of the energy of others. Those of us who are by nature quiet, who do not join in the general hubbub about us, often wonder how it is that some people cannot be composed for more than a minute at a time and then seem to be planning new commotions. Perhaps you are trying to study; to rivet your attention on the subject at hand and four different pairs of shoes squeak across the room, someone asks questions in a stage whisper and another is so bold as to slam her desk cover unmercifully. It is all very well to affirm that if your attention is carefully focused these slight interruptions will not annoy. Let this person who

thinks so take his book, one uninteresting and hopelessly dry, and try it. Persons who have no reverence for study hours are but one class. There are those of us who find it extremely difficult to keep our tongues quiet. They are like trip hammers that sound now loud, now soft, but always audible. Whether it be on the way to class, during prayers, at lectures, concerts, recitations or meetings, we cannot lose them, and if we chance to do so we heave a sigh, relieved! I do not mean to insinuate that one should never talk, but there is a time for everything. Happy the man who has never sat through a long opera compelled to listen to a lengthy, detailed discussion of audience, actors, costumes, and stage settings.

Even the best of us will, under strong excitement, so forget ourselves as to shout hilariously; it is only human. There are some persons who are easily excited and often. To these I address my protest.

Scientists have said that noise is a symptom of barbarism. How far we are from civilization!

And so if we feel we must have a racket let us betake ourselves to some desert place where no one will be annoyed and there let us stay until our energy and not our patient friend's is exhausted and we are ready and willing to be calm.

GERTRUDE HAWXHURST.

THE ROAD OF DREAMS.

Miss Wentling finished correcting her last exercise book with a sigh of relief and rose from her desk to get her hat and coat. As she crossed the schoolroom, she stopped to close and lock a half opened window.

Outside the May days had been working miracles with the coal fields. Down the twisted valley the coppery colored sulphur creek ran as swiftly between its black coal dust banks as it had in the earlier spring, but now a few venturesome blades of grass

had crept quite close to the edge of the stream. It was growing in patches in the front yards of the company houses on the hillside and it had even crept to the foot of the big slag dump near the mouth of the mine and between the ties of the single railroad track which led up under the huge skeleton-like tipple. The twilight was falling fast, and the teacher sighed as she thought of the long walk before her to her little home on the other side of the town. At times the thought of the dreariness of that road, the monotony of those dull, red houses on the hillside with the dirty, foreign children squabbling and fighting in the yards, the eternal coming home to an invalid sister to whom one must always speak cheerfully. Fortunately she was endowed with a good stock of patience, but this only benefited other people. It was her imagination upon which she relied to distract her mind from troubles. It may have been childish, but it accomplished her end, so at times her cottage became an Italian palace, the garden a labyrinth of hedges with fountains splashing just around the corner of the next path, and peacocks shrieking on distant terraces. Her schoolroom became a temple, with her desk as an altar and herself as a Chinese god. In fact, so real had this dream once become, that her face seemed frozen, and a great effort on her part was needed to break the spell. The rough coal road took many forms, and romances awaited her around every corner.

As she turned around from locking the schoolhouse door, she thought she saw someone standing by the gate at the end of the path. She drew closer and saw that it was a man standing with his back half to her and whittling a stick. He turned as he heard her coming, and she saw that his hair was dark, and his eyes even darker than his hair, and that his teeth shone white and even, when he smiled.

"You have been dreaming too long, I'm afraid," he said, as he threw away the stick and took her books. "We have only time to get on our road or someone else will have it," he said, drawing her arm through his free one. "And what is your name this evening?"

"Kathleen," she replied, not looking at him but straight ahead, where the road turned into a long, willow shaded drive by a river. "And you shall be Bob."

"Bob?" said the man laughing, "I have never heard of him before. But his name sounds impetuous. I know he would be a good lover, and could swim and row and sing. And since he can row, would you rather go on the river, than by the river, for here is a canoe. But come, to play my part well, I should not ask you," and picking her up, he carried her lightly down the steep bank and placed her in one end of the canoe. He started a song, as he pushed away from the shore through the deep shadows and into the moonlit path beyond. Merely a song of love and roses and they glided down the river with the current.

The last echoes died away. Kathleen trailing her hand in the water and intently watching the receding indulgences was conscious of the compelling power of his gaze. Finally she was forced to raise her eyes.

"Kathleen," he said leaning forward, "when will you marry me? To say I love you again is a useless preface, you have known that much for years. Why, dear, won't you come with me and leave this dreary school teaching, this dull routine? Think—we would go to Paris, to London, Egypt, the land of dead dreams. We could see the land of Kim, where the sun is closest to the earth and then there is Italy, Spain and home—Home, a big, rambling southern home in Maryland, near Baltimore and not too far from Washington——"

"Oh! I can't," she cried, "Amie! have you thought of her? I cannot leave her, helpless, a cripple here. It is my ——"

"I have thought of her," he replied gently, as he helped her from the canoe at the landing, "we will leave her here in charge of the best doctors, and she will be in Maryland, cured, when we come home."

They reached the steps and halted. "Will you marry me?" he asked again.

"Tomorrow," she said turning her face from him and running up the steps, "wait until tomorrow."

"Tomorrow then," and she heard the gate close after him, and the retreating splashes of his paddle in the water as he went back up the river.

A little breeze had sprung up and the swing at the end of the porch creaked noisily. Miss Wentling turned with a sigh, and

shifted the heavy books on her right arm to her left. The moonlit river was fading away and the dull black road took its place. The moon and stars still shone, but on the bare, bleak, coal fields and not on a river in France.

A thin, querulous voice interrupted her reverie.

"Alice ain't you ever comin' in? It's seven o'clock, no tea ready and the lamps ain't lit yet, and here you come pokin' along the road in a dream as though you had the whole day before you and end up by standing on the porch looking into nowhere for ten minutes and me callin' myself hoarse to wake you up."

Alice went in to get the tea.

ETHEL FORBES.

GRETCHEN MESSENER.

Volendam slept! After her long day of net mending, of milking and churning, scrubbing and scouring, she was very tired. In all her stuffy alcoved beds dark skinned fisher folk lay ~~dreaming~~, their children squeezed snugly onto the hard, narrow shelf above; two, three, and sometimes four. In every spotless stable the sleek, flat horned cows, the fluffy well-fed chickens, the over-worked and weary dogs lay quiet. Only in the house of Hans Messener there was one who could not sleep, who lay staring first at the white ceiling, then through the open window that framed a bit of dark, heaving water and a low hung moon. A mouse rattled one of the glistening pans on the shelf as he scampered past; outside, a windmill creaked and groaned as it sung its black, shapeless arms.

Gretchen sighed! A deep, sobbing, stifled sigh and crept out of bed. Quietly, so as not to waken father Hans in the next room, she pattered across the cold, shiny floor and knelt by the low window, her head cupped in her hands. Everything had been so hard today. The girls had been especially cruel,—she hoped they had not meant to be. How long ago it seemed when she first came to know that she, Gretchen Messener, was the homeliest

girl in all of Volendam. That was when she was too young to understand that praying would never make small, greenish eyes brown, or straight, straggling hair, curly and fluffy.

She had heard two old women talking. It was the very day dear father Hans had given her the new embroidered shawl, the day the old windmill had been painted red. How clear it all was!

"Have you noticed the little Gretchen lately, Luisa? She gets homelier and homelier and I verily believe there is not a child in all of Holland with such an ugly face. A shame, too, when her father sets such store by her."

"Yes, I have thought so, Kathe, and her mother was such a beautiful girl! If I had such a child do you know what I would do?"

Their voices died away. How black the words stood out tonight,— and poor father Hans! How she had cried and cried until her poor eyes were all red and her nose swollen to twice its natural size; and the girls had laughed at her crimson face and walked away arm in arm. This was all when she was barely twelve,— now she was old, almost twenty, and things are easier to bear when time has dulled the first sharp pain.

The moon vanished behind a thick bank of clouds and the waves heaved silently, splashing against the fishing smacks on the shore and sliding over the narrow beach like long fingers, always seeking stealthily along the sands for something never found.

Gretchen slipped across the room and curled up on the bed. There was no moon to be seen now, only the row of bright pans on the shelf grew slowly clearer in the growing daylight.

Hans Messener drew his curiously carved meerschaum from between his lips and smiled. The warm sun, the blue, sparkling carpet of the sea, the wooden shoes clattering over the rough pavement, accompanied by the clink of milk pails and the humming of maidens was conducive to peace and sleepiness of mind, and so Hans smiled; his eyes half closed. Today was to be the great day. The day when the artists chose their models from among the quaint fisher folk of Volendam, from among the pretty girls and wrinkled men. Hans' half closed eyes saw a Volendam of long ago—forty years ago this very day. Saw a circle of girls and men,

and in their midst a sunny haired, bowing little maiden whom the great Vodel had chosen to paint. Hans could not forget that day, nor the smile she had thrown his way as he passed by. But this was so long ago! He turned from his dreams to Gretchen seated on a low stool by his side, her head bent down over the potatoes she was peeling into the round, wooden bowl in her lap. Her hair was the same as her mother's, Hans thought as he stroked it tenderly.

"Gretchen child, art not going to the meeting in the square before the Inn, to see who is chosen today? The other girls have all passed by long ago."

"Yes, I saw them pass."

"Who dost think the great man will take? There are so many pretty maids in Volendam it will be hard to choose. Ah, see, there goes Minna now. Fine looking like her mother."

And Hans gave a great puff of smoke as he watched the girl's tall, graceful form swing down the street to the square; a blot of green against the blue water.

A fishing smack, its brown patched sail wide-spread, came gliding into the harbor, where it stopped a moment like some huge bird, and then sped on out into the Zuider Zee and was lost.

"You are quiet today my child. What is it that troubles that strange, little head of yours? Now here comes a great crowd down the street. What a mass of bright colors, and good St. Christopher, how they are laughing!"

They came near, crowding around Gretchen and her father, chattering gaily.

"Oh, it is sure to be Minna that is chosen. She's by far the prettiest girl in Volendam, as you know. Is it not so, Herr Messener?"

"My dear young lady, it is quite impossible for me to say," exclaimed Hans, "when everyone of you outsteps the other in looks. You make it very hard,—very hard. Long before any of you were born, perhaps you have heard, my Gretchen's mother was chosen by the great Vodel. Ah! that was a time!"

"Perhaps it will be Gretchen that will be chosen today. Come, get on your bright shawl and come with us, the potatoes will keep and who can tell what may happen."

The speaker, a short, heavily built, dull faced girl, smiled slyly, enjoying Gretchen's painful blushes. Hans' eyes, half closed, narrowed the fraction of an inch, but he still smiled and smoked as he turned.

"Not a bad plan at all. Come Gretchen, and get the shawl. It is right gay and will outshine any I have seen go past."

Gretchen rose, the potato bowl on one hip and laughed.

"Surely father Hans, you have forgotten the cake I must bake and the cow to be milked—and oh! so much scrubbing to do to keep your house shining like a new florin. They must go without me now, perhaps later I shall come to see the fun." In the doorway she paused and turned, her eyes very bright.

"Tell the great master, the most beautiful girl in all of Volendam is so shy she refused to come to the square. Tell him she is home,—baking cakes." She was gone, only her laugh floated through the window as she rattled the pans in the kitchen.

Hans sat quite alone, smoking. Only the smile was gone and in his eyes was a great pain. The chattering girls disappeared down the street but long after they were lost to sight, he could hear them,—and Gretchen was singing an old song. Hans could not see the tears. And as she sang the hard lines in his face melted away! What did it matter. The child was happy. A flock of sea gulls lighted on the water far out to sea, the sun was warm, and his pipe was good. One was foolish to be sad, to dream was better.

Keller, the great painter, sat in the long, narrow room of the Inn at Volendam, surrounded by his friends, a laughing crowd of men and boys, and carelessly scanned the hundreds of paintings that lined its walls. Here was a scene, cows and a windmill. Here a group of girls in gay costumes; there two boys and an old man. No! None of these satisfied him. He must paint something great,—famous. Something that would live long after he was gone and that the world would stop and marvel over. Nothing simple, nothing ordinary.

"Well, fellows, guess I'll go out and have a look around the town. Hope I'll find something worth while painting; but I doubt it. This place seems to be overrun with dull faced girls,

dull faced women, and placid men. Pretty, to be sure,—but stupid. So depressingly unoriginal."

Keller swung out of the low door leaving a crowd of amused companions. The master was so queer. He sauntered down the street, crowded with red cheeked children and stiffly starched caps. How the people stared! It was most annoying. Thirty years ago, was it thirty, Hoffman had painted in this same town his great picture called the "Fisherman." The model had been one Minna, a pretty, simple faced girl of twenty years. For a time, such a short time, it had been admired and was now almost forgotten.

The master's discouraged eyes strayed down the street. Everywhere were the same sleepy faces.

"They are like their own cattle. I doubt if any of them even have souls. How they can expect me to see any beauty in—but no! that old woman by the door! Here boy, quick, tell me her name."

The full faced youngster stared open mouthed at the strange, young man with the stiff hair and wide tie who held his arm so tight and whose eyes gleamed.

"There boy, that old woman in the doorway peeling potatoes. Her name?"

"That? Oh, that's Gretchen Messener, lives there all alone now. Old Hans died a while ago and she gives us cakes when we want them. Sweet cakes with ——"

But the strange, young man had left him standing alone. He was talking to old Gretchen. Gesticulating, laughing—his hair standing more on end than before and his words came in jerks.

Would she pose for him? Yes, he was the great Keller and he did not want anyone else in all of Volendam to sit for him. If she would stay just so, the bowl between her knees, and look at him. There! He would sketch her hurrily now and later she must come to the Inn. A great crowd had gathered round the painter and old Gretchen. A startled, amazed, unbelieving crowd. Young girls shrugged their shoulders and walked away. It was monstrous, the man was mad!

That evening Keller and his friends sat talking. In the fire-light the artist's thin, boyish face shone exultingly.

"She is wonderful. If you could see her. You will tonight if she comes as she has promised. If you could see her eyes, so calm, so deep. They say she is all of fifty years but she is beautiful! When she smiles your heart contracts, it is so sad. If I can only catch that smile on the canvas! Fellows, I tell you I have found —"

A knock at the door. Keller sprang forward and opened it wide. Such a queer, old woman came in, a bright, embroidered shawl around her stooped shoulders. In the dim light her eyes shone as she courtesied low, first to Keller and then to his astonished friends.

GERTRUDE HAWXHURST.

THE PLIGHT OF THE BEAUTIFUL MAID.

It was a rainy day in May.
The wind, it blew a gale.
It blew among the treetops,
And loud it seemed to wail.

Along there came a blithesome maid,
As fair as any rose;
But when she other maidens met,
Why! up would go her nose.

Carelessly she walked along,
In spite of mud and mire.
And should she chance to meet a man,
Her nose would still go higher.

She looked not where she placed her feet,
Or where her steps she cast,—
Till suddenly she stopped quite still,
The mud—it held her fast.

She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
“What shall I do?” cried she.
“Must I just stick here in the mud?
Will no one help poor me?”

Full many a maiden passed that way,
And men, they saw her there;
But they just turned to laugh at her,
Remembering her snobbish air.

“What shall I do? What shall I do?
What shall I do?” quoth she,
“I will bestow my heart and hand
On him who rescues me!”

Then soon there came a noble lad,
With hair as red as fire.
And when he heard her earnest plea,
He came a little nigher.

Soon did he bare his brawny arm,
And soon he grasped her tight.
And how he worked to set her free!
He pulled with all his might.

When free, she wrung her lily hands,
“What troubles you?” cried he.
But all she had the strength to say
Was, “Bring them back to me!”

In vain he asked her what she meant.
The cause he couldn’t see.
She only wailed, and mourned, and sighed.
“Oh, bring them back to me!”

She gasped, as the color left her cheek,
And she fell with a sickening thud.
“Oh, save them, save them, please, for me—
My rubbers,—still in the mud.”

HELEN M. FOX.

THE CAT AND THE PARROT: A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Once upon a time, there lived a cat noted for his greediness, and whenever he invited his friends in to dinner, he would give them barely enough to eat.

One day he invited his neighbor, the parrot, to his house, and set before him only a tiny dish of burnt baked beans, which was not nearly enough for a perfectly healthy parrot. But the parrot believed in returning good for evil, so the next time the cat took a meal with him, he had a great big fish and cake and pickles and many other things. The cat ate the cake and pickles first, because they were the best, and he was afraid the parrot would get ahead of him, and when he got to the fish, he gobbled it down with two gulps and did not leave a single bit for the poor parrot. Then he looked at his host and said in a cross voice: "Is this all the fish you have? Haven't you anything more to eat?" And when the parrot replied that he had not, the cat sprang at him, saying, "Well, a parrot is better than nothing," and he swallowed the poor parrot whole. Then he left the house and started for his own home.

On the way, he met an old, old woman on her way to market, to sell her jelly rolls. When the cat saw these, he cried: "Old lady, give me your jelly rolls," and when she refused to give them to him, he said, "I've already eaten a parrot, I guess I can stand these," and he snatched her basket and ate every one of her jelly rolls that she was going to sell in the market, and with the money, was going to buy mittens for all her little grandchildren.

Then the wicked cat went on his way and pretty soon he met a man with a cart and a donkey who refused to go. The man hailed the cat and asked him to help him push the donkey up the little hill. But the cat said: "Look here, man, I've eaten a parrot and some jelly rolls and I'm still hungry, so I guess I'll eat you," so he swallowed the man and the cart and the donkey, and then went on down the road.

He had not gone far, when he met a wonderful procession. The herald blew his trumpet to warn him to get out of the way

because the king and queen and all their attendants were coming and they would be very angry if a cat should block their way and stop the procession. But the cat came right on, and when he got opposite the king and queen he said, "I've already eaten a parrot, some jelly rolls, and a man with his cart and donkey, I guess I can swallow a king and queen; so saying, he gave a gulp and swallowed up their majesties and all their attendants, and even the coaches they were in and the horses they were riding behind.

After awhile, the cat saw a tiny little crab, lying by the roadside, so he went up to him and said, "I've already eaten a parrot, some jelly rolls, a man and cart and donkey, and a king and queen with all their attendants and coaches and horses, I might as well finish my meal with a crab." So he ate the poor little crab, and then lay down in the road to take a nap.

Now the harmless little crab was a fresh air fiend and he found it rather stuffy and crowded inside the cat, so he began to gnaw and nibble and scratch, until he made a tiny little hole in the cat's stomach. He kept right at his work, until the hole was big enough for him to crawl through. Then he woke all the others, who were in a kind of stupor on account of the bad air, and showed them the hole he had made. When they saw it, they all clapped their hands, and crowded out into the fresh air, the parrot, the jelly rolls, the man with his cart and donkey, the king and the queen with all their attendants and their coaches and horses, and the little crab, and left the greedy old cat, absolutely empty. And the next morning, the milkman found him, lying there, dead, with a great big hole in the middle of his stomach.

MARGARET SHERMAN.

A LUCKY FIND.

The wind whisked me around the corner and as I turned up my fur collar, I felt my foot brush against something. Looking down I saw what at first glance I thought to be a bundle of clothes, but what on closer observation turned out to be a live bundle. Holding it up under the greasy, flickering street lamp, I beheld a little girl not more than four years old. She was wound up in a ragged, black cape and a dirty white stocking cap was pulled far down over her tawny curls. She was fast asleep and clutched in one tiny hand a broken doll, its face quite featureless. What should I do with her and how did she happen to be lying here asleep on the cold pavement. My curiosity was satisfied, for at that very moment someone came running down an alley behind me calling in a shrill, piping voice, "Nellie, oh, Nellie, where are you?" and seemingly out of the blackness itself there emerged a tiny boy, with a bundle of papers in one hand and drawing with the other a little express wagon, containing an empty clothes basket and hitched on behind, the battered remains of an old sled.

"Nellie," he cried again in a high, piercing voice, trembling with fear.

"Here she is," I replied, "but how on earth did she happen to be here at this time of night."

"Well, you see, sir, I was aridin' her on behind while I took the washin', and she slipped off without my knowin' it till I was way down the alley."

"Well, you had better watch your passengers more carefully next time, sonnie," I said lifting the little bundle into the basket and slipping a bill into the dirty little fist.

"Maybe now you can buy a new sled with sides to it so she won't fall off."

"Thanks," and off he went whistling, the little wagon rumbling on behind and disappeared in the darkness.

DOROTHY KESSINGER.

WHO'S AFRAID?

"No, of course, I'm not one bit afraid, and I certainly am not going to come all the way back. I'm perfectly all right, good-bye!" Speaking thus crossly, I slammed down the telephone receiver and while I took off my gloves, I glowered at my reflection in the mirror. "The very idea of her suggesting my ordering a carriage and coming all the way back to her house just because the maids are away and father won't return until tomorrow!"

"Well, then, why did you telephone her?" I asked my reflection.

"To ask her how her sister was feeling, of course!"

"But wasn't that rather foolish when you had just left; any way you don't have to be so cross about it, you certainly were horrid over the telephone. Naturally there is no reason to be nervous, but you need not fly off the handle just because—oh Lawsy! What was that noise?—nothing but the kitten!"

I then proceeded to chase the poor little thing out of the room, remarking to myself, that cats always got on my nerves, and anyway I hated the beast.

"Why did you beg to keep her?" My reflection in the mirror volunteered no answer, so I proceeded to see that all the windows were locked and I turned out all the lights except the one in the library which I left on at full tilt.

"Now why did I do that I wonder?"

Then I thought, "Naturally enough you wanted to give the house a cheerful aspect to passers-by and make it more pleasant for them." I never knew I had such consideration for other people's feelings before; but when the truth did dawn upon me, I hastened up stairs, anxious to turn on those lights, so that I could live up to the new reputation I had just given myself. The floor squeaked so, "The way houses are built in this generation!" I thought to myself with great scorn, "Why can't they be put together better? It is most annoying to have everything creak so!" After having nearly broken my shins over a chair and having duly voiced my wrath, I managed to turn on the light in

my room. I hastened to prepare for bed and when nearly ready, I discovered that I had left my suit case, containing my toilet articles, downstairs.

"If that isn't like me! Well I won't need them."

"Yes you do need your brush and comb."

"Go down and get it!"

"No! you know I'm too tired to go trotting all the way downstairs —"

"You're scared!"

"Scared? The idea!" So arguing with myself, I started down the steps, candle in hand. First I hummed a tune, but as I never could carry a tune the sound annoyed me and I stopped. I grabbed my satchel and fairly flew upstairs. "My! but it's cold," I thought. "Have to run to keep warm." My other annoying self started to make some remark but did not. I reached my room safely, my teeth chattering—with cold, even after running upstairs; but that was not strange, considering the fact that there was no fire in the furnace.

I got into bed and had my head comfortably under the covers to protect myself from the cold—I hastened to assure my monitor; when suddenly a thought came over me, that I had better be in the room with a telephone in case Louise's sister got any worse and they should call me up, or maybe it would be only civil on my part to find out how she was. Accordingly, I was just moving into mother's room across the hall, when I heard a soft footstep on the vestibule and someone tampering with the lock.

"Now here is your chance to show what a level head you have!" Yes, my head was perfectly all right, but my knees shook so I couldn't move. Anyway, I did not lose my head. On the contrary I wanted to call down and say I'd shoot, but a cold, which I had caught running around the cold halls, settled in my throat and took my voice absolutely away.

I heard the door open and a voice strangely familiar call out, "I'll be dumbfounded! Someone is here! Who is it? Margaret? Jane? Answer! Who's there?"

It was father! And joyfully I ran downstairs.

"It's I, father! I came home a day sooner than I expected," and I hugged him happily, for I had not seen him for over three days!

"How you tremble, dear! What is the matter? No wonder! I scared you, and you, here alone in this big house. My poor child!"

"Trembling?" I drew myself up indignantly, "It's c—cold h—ere, th—at's al—l, w—without a—ny f—fire on!"

"Cold! It's as hot as an oven in this place, with all the windows shut down, you are naturally frightened!"

"N—no! It's c—cold!" and I withdrew to my room with a great deal of righteous indignation.

Now isn't it just like a man, to come tearing into a house at night, when he's supposed to be away on a business trip, and say the house is stuffy? When anyone with any sense knows a house is freezing cold without a fire going in the furnace?

KATHRYN JERGER.

SKETCH DEPARTMENT.

IN THE DAYS OF ROMANCE.

She was a fascinating little old lady, as she sat there at her knitting, chatting so busily, notwithstanding her threadbare dress of black alpaca and her shabby, dingy shoes. She talked of the days gone by, of chivalry and romance and I sat on the very edge of my chair, my legs dangling in midair, and my eyes grew wider and wider and my mouth stood open with astonishment, for she was telling me the strangest things. Was this Miss Susie Newton, whom the neighbors called "queer?"

"Yes, my dear," she said, "those were the very words he used. As he handed me the collar of pearls, he said, 'Richard III, King of England, thus shows his respect and adoration for thee, dear Madam, and hopes that you may honor him by wearing them at the court, this very evening.' And I did wear them and all the great ladies bowed down to me, and the king himself, led me out for the first dance. Oh! I was a proud young thing in those days."

At this, I thrilled all over and delightful shivers ran up and down my back. To think that I, a little girl, only six years old, knew and was actually talking with a person who had really known a king. I was quite overcome. When Miss Susie had secretly wiped a tear out of each eye, she continued:

"And he was not the only king who offered himself to me. There was Edward, the Confessor—I was all broken up for days, when I had to refuse him, for he was so attractive and he seemed to care so much for me, but I simply could not love him. My heart was given to another, who was out on the stormy seas. How well I remember that sunny day in Spain, when Christopher set out on his long journey. I never saw him again, but it seemed as though my heart would burst with joy and pride, when I heard of his wonderful discoveries, and how he overcame the perils of the sea."

Think of it! She might even now have been a queen, if she had not been true to poor Columbus. How proud she must have been of him, when he discovered this new continent! No wonder that I went home to Mother, and told her what a wonderful woman Miss Susie was, and that I hoped I would have as many nice things happen to me, when I grew up, as she had had.

And all this happened in a little Kentucky town on the Ohio River, where the most exciting event of the day was the mail boat, and of the year, the county fair.

MARGARET SHERMAN.

THE LEMON STICK.

A little tawny-haired girl braced herself against the framework of an old, tumble-down doorway. She was a mere baby, but there was defiance in every line of her stiff, little body. Her frock of faded blue had slipped down over one dimpled shoulder and one foot curled over the other, child-fashion, all ten toes wriggling in the dirt. She shook her curls and laughed up through them. It was an elfish face with a huge black spot on one cheek. A lemon stick was clasped tightly in two grimy hands and gradually softening with heat was taking unto itself the same color.

Opposite her a diminutive black browed gypsy stamped her foot and glowered, sending longing glances at the lemon stick and tugging wrathfully at her bright, red skirt. The golden haired girl ran her tongue slowly and lovingly around the candy and glanced at her enemy. Just than a shrill whistle was heard and a boy shot round the corner, leaping and waving his arms. He narrowly escaped the wriggling toes and they were drawn in, fearfully. Reaching over he playfully pulled a black curl and Sally smiled at him. The little girl shook her tawny hair over her face and moved her shoulder impatiently. He had not noticed her. The precious lemon stick was slowly extended.

"Look what I've got. Don't you wish't you had some?"

"Oh, I don't know," with elaborate unconcern, "I have something better than that, besides it looks sort of dirty."

"It's awful good. Say, Dan, you can have half if you want it."

He took it, dividing it in three pieces, and in a moment they were all dancing down the street. A frayed piece of rope around the waist of each girl, the boy driving. JOSEPHINE PAINTER.

ÆSTHETIC DANCING.

"Have the girls gone over to the gym. yet?"

"Yes, and I think the dancing will start in a few minutes."

So, I hurried on, green gym. suit and long legs, making me feel more and more awkward as I neared the gymnasium door. Why did I, fat, ungainly, easily unbalanced and anything but beautiful, have to take æsthetic dancing?

The girls were all in line, when I entered, so I sneaked in and stood in the back row, hoping I would be unobserved. The music started and we began the "May Rose." I tripped over my own feet, bobbed this way and that,—my arms keeping one time, my legs another. But then, I knew that no one could see me, so what difference did it make how clumsy I was? Then we tried pirouettes and arm exercises. While in the act of whirling and turning about and stepping first on one foot and then the other, I discovered an electrician at work just behind me. I had not noticed him before. This was too much! I could do nothing more. Perspiration stood out in great beads upon my forehead, my arms grew so long I could barely see my hands, and my feet—they covered the whole floor! I heard a snicker, I had one arm raised on high, one leg extended backwards, toe supposedly pointed downwards, in a graceful manner, and I collapsed. My arm fell earthward, my knees caved in and I sat, a miserable heap, on the gym. floor.

Everyone laughed, I fully expected that they would, but still, even if I did possess little dignity, I was a senior and it seemed that they might have been a little more considerate.

I arose as unconcernedly as I could, tried vainly to scrape off the rosin from my green bloomers, and started in again with a will, and then I had one of the most horrible shocks imaginable.

"The girls in the back row may come to the front row." I stumbled to the front, feeling as I suppose a soldier feels, when placed in the front ranks, under a deadly fire of cannon balls. How I managed to live through it, I don't know. I expected to drop dead in the midst of every pirouette and every kick. I even prayed that I might.

Then I happened to forget myself for a minute and looked to the side, at the green suit next to me. I looked, and then I looked again. It could not be that I was as awkward as she. I began to think I might even be graceful. Anyway, I wasn't so skinny.

The bell rang and we all flew, the fat, the thin, the graceful, the awkward. Aesthetic dancing was over for one afternoon.

BEATRICE WALKER.

ONE SUMMER EVENING.

The sun had set and long dark shadows lay along the road. The trees stood close together, whispering, and far away the frogs were singing together a discordant, deep song. An old man trudged along the road, followed by a dejected, scrawny collie, whose tail drooped and whose head hung low, as if life held nothing more for him that was worth while. The man stopped by a tree and knocked his pipe against it, sharply scattering the ashes over the grass, and the dog lay down, his head between his paws, his eyes cast upward at his master. Someone not far away was playing on a violin. The song was sad and a weird strain ran through it, that sounded like a voice, sobbing. The man sat down close to the dog, his old pipe between his thin lips, one hand on the collie's shaggy head and listened. The shadows deepened and the first bright stars came out and clustered about the imperfect moon that lay shrouded in mist. The music ceased,



suddenly, in a wild burst of sound that sent a sharp pain through the man. He rose and spoke to the dog.

"A little farther Laddie, only a bit farther now and we'll find a place to rest. An inn, or a farm house must be near. Cheer up Lad."

The dog wagged his tail and frisked for a few moments just to show he understood. They made their way slowly down the road, that was growing white beneath the moon, and disappeared behind a grove of birches that rustled as the wind passed by.

HELEN GREEN.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

TOMMY.

"I am a big, black cat and my name is Tommy. Sometimes, when I want to be left alone, and do not do what my Mistress wants me to do, she gets angry and calls me "Thomas Jefferson."

It is a queer name and I will tell you how I got it. One day the mother of my Mistress read her a book, and as she liked a white rooster in it she named me for it. I would much rather eat that rooster than be named after it.

I was about two months old when the grandmother of my Mistress gave me to her. I was brought upstairs in a big basket with my mother and my brothers and sisters. The reason that my Mistress chose me was because I was the handsomest.

Last winter I got in a fight and hurt my neck, and a doctor came to fix it. I don't think he knew much about it, but it is all right now so I don't care. Sometimes my Mistress takes me up into her room and tries to play with me, but I get under the bed and then she gets under on the other side and makes me get out. I don't mind going up in her room if she puts me on the bed and gives me some catnip.

When my Mistress is in a loving mood she calls me "Tommykins" and kind names like that. Once she called me the "King of Cats." Don't you think that I ought to be proud of my age, for

I am ten years old? Well I am. I want to go to sleep now, so please excuse me from telling you any more as I really am tired. If you happen to see Rudolph tell him I send him my best regards.
—Thomas Jefferson.

ELLEN BURKE.

THE ROSE AND THE MAID.

Ursula was the lovely daughter of King Felto, the most powerful monarch in all Xto Country. He had a wonderful palace of crystal and gold where he lived alone with his beautiful daughter. Its terraces were covered with gardens of roses, tulips, azaleas, forget-me-nots, lilies and every other flower imaginable.

Now Ursula had many suitors, and so many that she decided there was only one thing to do, and that was to consult her father's wise men. The white-haired men put their heads together for twelve days and at last they came to a conclusion.

"The one who finds the favorite flower of the Princess Ursula shall be her prince."

So messengers were sent far and wide to spread the news. Every day more suitors came bringing magnificent trains with them, and staying at King Felto's palace for three days, and the last day they named the flower they thought was the Princess's favorite.

One day, when the first June rose bloomed, a young man minus a magnificent train, came to try his luck, and his sole possession seemed to be a violin.

The first morning he awoke and walked down to the garden where he saw a maiden dressed in green whom he judged to be one of the princess's maidens picking roses. He drew nearer and began to converse with her.

First they talked of the morning and of its freshness and then of the flowers which led the young man to ask, "What is your favorite flower?" The maiden buried her pretty head in the roses and answered, "I love them all." Saying this she crushed the rose stems in her fingers; suddenly she drew her hand away with a cry of pain. The young man immediately saw she had

a thorn in her finger and he asked her if there was an herb garden near. There was, so he gathered some herbs and then tore a piece of linen from his white handkerchief with which, after removing the thorn, he bound her finger. This done he saw she was in great pain and so offered to play on his violin to soothe the pain. For a long time the maiden heard the music as though entranced, then she arose and said she must carry in the roses.

The next morning the youth looked down on the garden and saw the maiden gathering flowers as before; she would stoop over one bed and caress them and so on to the next and next but she stopped the longest at the roses.

"Those flowers are the maiden's favorites," said the youth and he, in his secret heart, wished she were the Princess.

The next day was the day the council met, when all the Princes gave their flower to the Princess to see if it were hers. The youth caught sight, as he entered the room, of the girl whom he knew to be the Princess, sitting on a golden dais. As he caught a glimpse of her face his heart fairly leaped within him, for this was the maiden. After all the Princes had presented what they thought to be her favorite flower, the youth entered. There were sneers of derision on all sides, but the youth did not mind. He walked straight to the dais. "This," he said, laying a rose at her feet, "is your flower."

"So," answered Ursula, "and you," extending her hand, "you are my Prince!"

EVELYN FOWLER.

SCHOOL NEWS.

MADAME BUTTERFLY.

November Eighth—

One evening we had the opportunity of hearing "Madame Butterfly," given by the Aborn English Opera Company, and it was with great pleasure that some twelve of us, chaperoned by

Miss Linthicum, gaily set out for the Opera House. As soon as the curtain rose, we all became interested, and that interest increased, for we soon found out that the first act was the least exciting of the three. From the pretty garden scene, and the marriage of Butterfly, to the tragic moment when the curtain fell on the heartbroken young girl, we realized that we were seeing a terrible and yet beautiful performance, and we all were aroused to the highest pitch of sympathy and emotion.

The singers were all very pleasing, particularly the girl who took the part of Butterfly, for she had an exceptionally good voice, and seemed to be in sympathy with her part. We all were very glad to have gone, and to be able to add "Madame Butterfly" to the list of "the operas I have heard." HILDA SMITH.

FENWAY COURT.

November Twenty-Fifth—

The trip to Fenway Court was much anticipated by all the new and a few of the old girls, so our party was a large one.

The entrance to Fenway Court which is used on exhibition days is not very impressive because of temporary stands and checking rooms, but we quickly passed on to the rooms filled with pen and ink sketches and works of modern artists and then entered a long, rather dark corridor. It was dignified in its furnishings and it proved to be the main entrance of the building. The old wrought iron door at one end led to a beautiful Italian court yard, so lovely that one felt as if transported to sunny Italy. We stood spellbound by its beauty and the soft, balmy air. The high walls, tinted a delicate pink, formed an exquisite background, broken here and there by long Gothic windows overhung with vines. In the very center played a fountain, making faint music. Palms were everywhere and bright flowers. Truly it was a miniature fairyland. Cloisters led along two sides of the court to a majestic marble staircase. After lingering for sometime we ascended to the many interesting rooms above.

The Dutch room with its low, wooden ceiling, its quaint Dutch pictures of dignified burghers and their wives, impressed me most. It seemed as if these stolid Dutchmen must step down from their frames and gather round the low fire which was cheerily burning in the large fireplace.

The other rooms were all interesting and held many beautiful paintings, pieces of old tapestry, pewter, china, and wonderfully carved marbles. An old sedan chair, which dated from 1667, and the painted furniture from the Borghese palace interested me.

A number of us saw Mrs. Gardiner before we left, so we were well satisfied, for it would have been a great disappointment had we not had at least a glimpse of the woman who has been the means of bringing so many of the old world's treasures into Boston.

EDNA KRAUSE.

OUR FIRST SWIM IN THE POOL.

November Twenty-sixth—

Great shouts of glee greeted Miss Parsons' announcement at the luncheon table one day, that that afternoon we would have our first swim in the new pool. For we had long looked forward to the day when we would first go in.

Consequently a great crowd collected in the basement of the gymnasium, not only those who were going in, but the more timid ones and teachers as well, everyone prepared to enjoy themselves. When I came down, the spectators were on one side of the pool in perfect gales of mirth at the sight of the running, jumping, hiding and hilarious crowd of visions in green at the other side. They certainly did look funny, in those cute, little green overall bathing suits with the tight, black rubber caps.

After we had had shower baths we assembled in line and waited our turn to swim or flounder across the pool to prove whether we were qualified to join the swimming club or not. When my turn arrived, my courage failed me for a few minutes, as I looked at the water and especially when I had felt of it, nevertheless, heroically, I plunged in with a mighty splash, and managed

to get across somehow, just as fast as I could. No, it wasn't one bit cold, just exhilarating, remarked someone, but I have been brought up to form opinions of my own and I voiced mine very strenuously.

When the last dash across had been made, the whistle was blown and at once, and from all sides, we dove, jumped or fell in as the case might be. We all splashed around and had a glorious time. I tried to look as though I was swallowing gallons of water to quench my thirst, and not because I could not help myself.

Finally we all got out and managed to get dressed in the make-shift dressing room which was put up until the real ones were finished. I was thankful that the water in my ears dulled sound, because we were all shouting and laughing at once. Wet shoes and stockings added more to the merriment, especially when they belonged to someone else.

I will always have a vivid recollection of that day, laughing until my sides ached, swallowing water until my insides felt queer, shouting until I was hoarse and altogether enjoying myself. Now when I have a tendency to be blue, I think of that day and those bathing suits and I then wear a smile that won't come off.

KATHRYN JERGER.

READINGS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

November Twenty-sixth and December Third—

Mr. Marshall Darrach gave two more of his readings at the Middlesex Women's Club, which we enjoyed quite as much as we have his previous ones. "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet" were the plays which he interpreted for us this time.

THANKSGIVING AT THE HALL.

November Twenty-seventh to December First—

At first we missed the other girls, missed their faces in the dining room and also missed the customary noise in the corridors. But in spite of this emptiness, there was much gaiety among us.

Two of the wittiest girls in school were here, and where they were, it was impossible not to be cheerful.

Thanksgiving morning dawned clear and cold, and as we wished to work up an appetite for dinner, we went to a football game between Lowell and Rock Ridge and as the field was only about two miles away, we walked. The feeling on both sides was very keen, and from time to time lusty cheers rose on the frosty air. Before the game was half over, it began to snow and continued until the field on which they were playing was white under their feet. It was a pretty sight to see them play in the midst of the swirling snow. In the grandstand the people eagerly watched the game and the snow fell unheeded on their heads. After the game, which ended in a tie, we made our way out of the ball grounds and followed Miss Harrison, our chaperone, up the slippery street. It was not long before we reached the Hall and I've really never seen it look prettier. I suppose we seemed to appreciate its beauty more because it was Thanksgiving morning with snow on the ground, for the old Colonial mansion seemed to fairly radiate the spirit of Thanksgiving and of peace.

As soon as we found ourselves inside, we speedily began to think of dinner. It was decreed, however, that there should be no bells during the holidays. It was all very restful not to hear the incessant and ever-reminding bell, but it was not nearly so safe to linger.

Our Thanksgiving dinner came at half past one. The morning's outdoor pleasure and exercise had sharpened our appetites to such a degree that we were not at all loathe to go into the dining room. The small, round tables were arranged so as to form a cross. Dainty, white doilies took the place of the usual white tablecloths. At the table which formed the end of the cross, stood a huge bunch of golden chrysanthemums. In the middle of the other tables reposed little, brown wicker baskets, filled with raisins, nuts and fruit, topped with pretty bows of red ribbon. We had place cards, also, and beautiful old-fashioned candlesticks adorned and lighted the tables. We started the dinner with delicious grapefruit, then course after course followed. It was a pleasing sight when the turkeys came in. There were

four of them, enormous in size, browned to a crisp and garnished with parsley.

After dinner we went over into the gymnasium to dance and felt much better after an hour or so of strenuous exercise.

Thanksgiving evening we had a spread, and Friday evening we ate the remains of all our boxes in one room. During the rest of our vacation, we had a happy care-free time, doing just as we pleased and very little of that, so by the time Sunday night came and all the girls were back again, it did not seem so bad to go back to work, although we longingly thought of those blissful days when we were allowed to sleep late, cook our own breakfasts on our chafing dishes, read and write letters or go down town through the afternoon, and go to bed when it pleased us best. We really had such a good time here Thanksgiving that I almost wish it were Thanksgiving always.

THELMA BERGER.

NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

December Second—

Professor Bliss Perry gave the second lecture in his series before the Women's Club, Monday afternoon, his subject being, "Newspapers and Magazines." Professor Perry had many pleasant things to say in praise of the American newspapers, in particular. He maintained that American journals, though sensational, and in many cases political tools, are cleaner than most foreign papers, and far cleaner than the majority of our own monthly magazines. As to the literary value of the papers, the English used in them is clear, concise and straightforward, an example by which high school and college students might profit decidedly, if they chose to follow the style, alone, and not the material.

He also had a great deal of praise for the illustrated magazines, which have done so much towards developing the artistic sense of the country and its appreciation of the beautiful.

"In spite of their many defects," said Professor Perry, in concluding, "there is one thing which the magazines and newspapers are doing; they are educating the raw material of our body politic, training the mass of immigrant men, women, and children into certain standards of clean living, public thinking, and decent action. The standards are, after all that may be said, pretty high. To my mind the glorious thing about it is the perfectly unconscious faith that the ten cent and the thirty-five cent magazines share in common, that this American life of ours is going forward from good things to even better things in the future."

ETHEL FORBES.

MUSICALE AND DANCE.

December Fourteenth—

We were a little disappointed when Miss Parsons told us that the regular musicale and dance would have to be postponed; but we cheered up considerably when we discovered that everything would be just the same, even the dance cards and refreshments.

In the afternoon we had the musicale in the gymnasium, where Miss Glorvigen played some charming selections, and Miss Ruggles, whom some of us had never had the pleasure of hearing before, sang for us.

The day girls were our guests at supper, which was served in the drawing room. Dorothy Kessinger assisted Miss Parsons, and we all talked over the musicale. Later in the evening we danced in the gymnasium. It was really more exciting than it sounds, for we danced and chatted as fast and furiously as though each new partner were a new acquaintance, instead of just one of the girls. The gymnasium was especially attractive and cozy with its log fire and new settees in front of it.

CHRISTMAS PARTY.

December Seventeenth—

“Heilige Nacht
Stille Nacht.”

We all sang that wonderfully sweet Christmas hymn, as, with joined hands, we marched round and round our Christmas tree. Then we next paid a little tribute to the tree by singing “Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum.” It certainly was a subject for enthusiasm as it stood, tall and straight, in the center of the gymnasium, lighting the room with its many twinkling candles and casting shadows in the corners.

I was standing gazing at it and wondering which of the many, queer packages it held, was mine, when, with the clatter and clang clang of a bell (which by the way, looked sadly like an old dinner bell) in danced, Santa Claus.

“Merry Christmas, girls! Merry Christmas!” and if I had not believed firmly in dear old St. Nick, as I do, I would have thought his voice strangely similar to someone’s in school, but of course that was purely imagination.

“The poor, old gentleman!” I couldn’t help but think to myself, as I watched him, busily sorting out presents, “How sadly in need of some presents you are, but I suppose even a new suit would look as ridiculous after you had gone down some more chimneys.” He was above thinking about such little things, for when his beard would have a tendency toward leaning too much over one side, he would put it back in place with a pat and keep on giving out presents.

How we all enjoyed our funny gifts! And the more appropriate they were, the more we laughed. After we had seen everyone’s present, we drew up benches before the stage and prepared to be entertained by the glee club. A very good entertainment it was and very much appreciated. The selections were good and well sung, and then we had the additional pleasure of hearing Miss Edlefson sing. Indeed, we were so persistent that she was forced to stop because she said she just could not sing any more. So the benches were pushed back, and we finished

the happy time we had been having, in dancing, until we were sent off to bed.

In my dreams, a dinner bell, a Christmas tree, and visions of home on the morrow were mixed in sweet confusion.

KATHRYN JERGER.

HARRY LAUDER.

January Tenth—

One afternoon a large party of the girls went to hear Harry Lauder at the Lowell Opera House. The performance was both funny and interesting and we all enjoyed it. Harry Lauder was just as we thought he would be—fascinating in his Highland costumes, with his curious gnarled stock and bow legs. When he first appeared his eyes were mere slits that opened gradually as he sang, so that at the end of each song they shone and twinkled like round, bright buttons. His costumes were varied and his makeup particularly good. I think we all enjoyed the "Kilty Lads," for here he was attired in the red coat and small hat of a Tommy Atkins, and as he walked back and forth, very stiff and very straight, he was greeted with hearty applause. Among other songs he sang were, "Same as His Faither was Before Him," "She's the Lass for Me," accompanied by sly winks and smiles, "It's Nice When You Love a Wee Lassie," "A Wee Dloch-an-Doris," "A Wee Hoose," "Roamin' in the Gloamin'" and "I love a Lassie." The latter well-known song seemed to please Harry Lauder immensely for at the end of every verse he would go off into spasms of merriment that ended in a deep chuckle. After this, when we hear those quaint Scotch ballads, on the phonograph, they will bring to mind a picture of Harry Lauder in his gay plaids and kilts.

GERTRUDE HAWXHURST.

THE CARD PARTY.

January Eleventh—

The entertainment committee agreed that it was about time they showed us what a really good time they could give us, so one morning, they seemed to be very excited as they hurried here and there, nearly knocking you over with the tables they were carrying. Originally the nature of the entertainment was to be kept a secret, but someone let the cat out of the bag, and we learned it was to be a card party. A few of us groaned inwardly as we beheld visions of ourselves endeavoring to play bridge, but our expressions brightened when we learned that any game could be played at the different tables. The gymnasium looked very pretty that afternoon, with a big, roaring fire in the fireplace, and the little tables all around, each with a dish filled with candy, which soon vanished.

Some played bridge; a select few, auction bridge; five hundred was popular, also rum; at one table they played fan tan, using matches for chips, and at another they sank so low as to play old maid.

Some few of us, who soon tired of cards and who cast appealing glances at the tea table, were given long sticks, on which to toast marshmallows. We scorched our faces and burned the marshmallows, but no matter how black, there was always someone who was only too willing to eat them. Next, we popped corn and then passed the tea and cakes, and no one could be induced to leave until the last crumb had disappeared.

KATHRYN JERGER.

CAPTAIN RAOUL AMUNDSEN.

January Thirteenth—

When Miss Parsons announced in school that we were all going down town that night to hear Captain Amundsen, the discoverer of the South Pole, every one was greatly excited; and he more than fulfilled all our expectations. Captain Amundsen

is a striking looking man and an interesting speaker. He makes things very plain and keeps the audience's attention by his straightforward, direct manner. His lecture was illustrated by pictures taken during the trip.

First a map showing the vicinity of the pole was thrown on the canvas, which he explained, pointing out his route and those taken by previous explorers. Pictures of the stations were shown and the positions of the sub-stations explained. We saw pictures of the hut in which his party lived for six months. At the end of the long winter, all that could be seen of it were two pathetic, little chimneys peering out from a mound of snow. There were moving pictures, also, of the ship's course from Norway until the halt, at the great Barrier, the dash for the pole and the reloading of the "Fram" to sail homeward, victorious. The pictures of the round, curious Esquimaux dogs, like little bear cubs; big, slippery seals, and the funny, lop-sided penguins, making the most ridiculous bows and waving their wings in a vain endeavor to make themselves understood, added a great deal of fun to the otherwise instructive lecture.

JOSEPHINE PAINTER.

THE TRIP TO THE BOSTON MUSEUM.

January Fifteenth—

This was my first trip to the Boston Museum and although some of the girls, who had been there before, grumbled a little at having to go again, the minute I saw the building, all my prejudices, theirs had aroused, fled. The flight of marble steps leading to the main, inside door of the building, in their simplicity, held a mysterious promise. At the top of the stairs was a small marble statue of Adam and Eve—and we were entering.

Of the numerous halls inside, I believe that I liked the hall of the Greek and Roman sculpture the best; although the Egyptian hall, with its massive Lotus tipped columns and its temple wall traced with hieroglyphics, was fascinating.

When I first went into the Greek and Roman hall, I was rather bewildered, there were so many statues and friezes crowded

into such a little space, that it seemed as though I could never see them all. From where I stood, I could see the frieze of the Parthenon which covered three sides of the room, and the pediment Aegina, on the fourth. The floor was entirely covered with statues and busts, with only narrow paths between them, so that in many cases we were not able to get full view of them. In spite of this drawback, they appeared more wonderful to us than the gods and goddesses in the other rooms.

One of my favorite prints of famous statuary is the Hermes and Infant Bacchus, which in the marble, I found, to my delight, to be more beautiful than ever.

We stopped a few minutes in the Chinese room on the way out and saw the wonderful garden, with its green gods staring at each other across the pond, and the water lilies which lay between their two rows. We only stopped a minute and went out past Adam and Eve at the door.

ETHEL FORBES.

THE ANDOVER DANCE.

January Eighteenth—

The Andover Dance was a great success. Thanks to Mr. Stearns, who allowed all the boys of the various clubs to come. We had enough men to go around, with the aid of a few Lowell men. It was the initial, large entertainment in the gymnasium also, which gave an added zest to the affair. The musical numbers on the programme were all excellent, and one very original number, by two mandolin players, was encored again and again.

The real fun, however, began with the dance. When the mysterious "Browns" and "Halls," whom we had drawn for our partners, the night before, began to be realities, great were the surprises that awaited some of us. One man with a name that seemed to suit exactly, a tall, young man with light hair and blue eyes, turned out to be short and dark, much to his partner's disgust, as she was very tall. But in spite of some temporary disappointments, everybody had a splendid time.

During the intermission, we went downstairs and had refreshments at little tables, arranged round the swimming pool,

from which the water had been drained, in order to prevent accidents. So that we had only the lines on the bottom of the pool to gaze at, instead of the shimmering reflection of the electric lights in the water. To testify to the good time that everyone was having, the men decided to stay an hour later than they had, at first intended, and at twelve o'clock the last waltz was danced, with reluctance, by everyone.

ETHEL FORBES.

THE LECTURE ON "COLOR."

January Twentieth—

"I was remarking to a friend of mine who is a doctor," began Mr. Bailey, in his lecture on "Color," "that a friend had inherited tuberculosis."

"But disease cannot be inherited," he assured me.

"Well, anyway, all his family died from it," I argued.

"That may be but he did not inherit it, he inherited a diminished power of resistance to the disease."

"Everyone can appreciate and learn color," Mr. Bailey went on, "but I will admit, some people have a diminished power of resistance for learning."

He took the spectrum as the color unit, and uniting the two end colors of the spectrum, yellow and violet, making a wheel of the colors.

He next talked on values, hues and intensities in color, giving us examples in nature, art in manufacture, and made many applications in dress, house decorations and other problems in daily life. He brightened his talk with a number of anecdotes and quotations, and he ended with a very fitting personal experience of his, illustrating his point that bright colors should be in small quantity. It seems a lady of gigantic proportions, attired in purple and yellow, asked his advice as to what color she should wear.

"My dear madam," he replied, "have you ever noticed that the good Lord does not clothe the elephant as he does the butterfly?"

KATHRYN JERGER.

THE LOWELL CHORAL CLUB.

January Twentieth—

When Miss Parsons announced at the dinner table that we could go and hear The Lowell Choral Club, that evening, it was, indeed, a happy surprise. At a quarter to eight, we were seated in Associate Hall, patiently waiting for the music. Two cantatas were presented, "The Swan and the Skylark," and "The First Walpurgis Night." The first was arranged by Arthur Thomas who has been recognized as, "One of the brightest ornaments of English music." The words consist of Mrs. Heman's poem, "The Swan and the Skylark," and "The Skylark," by Keats. "The First Walpurgis Night" was first given in Berlin, by Mendelssohn, in 1833, and in 1843 in Leipzig. It is based on Goethe's theory that the Celts and Druids celebrated the return of Spring on the first of May and in order not to be interfered with by the Christians, they went up in the mountains dressed as demons, who uttered shrieks and so frightened the Christians.

The solo parts of both cantatas were beautifully rendered by eminent singers from both Boston and New York.

We felt more than repaid for going. KATHERINE STEEN.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

ATHLETIC NEWS.

The Winter Term is rather a "between-times" period as far as athletics are concerned, because we can have no regular outdoor sport like hockey or baseball. All our athletic work is carried on in the gymnasium, and we do not spend our time entirely on one thing. Of course we have the regular gymnasium work in the morning, and in addition, two afternoons a week are given over to fencing and æsthetic dancing, at which times the girls

are divided into two classes of beginners and advanced pupils. We also intend to work up indoor basket ball, and should have some good teams, for we have excellent material. The swimming tank, which has been out of commission for sometime, is now in working order, and we are all enjoying the privilege of swimming in winter in storm or shine. For free afternoons, when there is no skating or coasting, Miss MacFarlane seems to have a never-ending store of athletic games.

Since we came back from our Christmas vacation, we have done comparatively little afternoon gymnasium work, as the skating and coasting has been so good. On several occasions the big bob has been taken out, and a crowd of the girls have amused themselves on Fort Hill. The excellent skating at Shedd Park has been very attractive to many of our number, and some have been up there nearly every afternoon. Thus we have a large store of amusements through the winter months, and always have something to do.

There is an excellent opportunity at Rogers Hall for outdoor sports in winter, as well as in the spring and fall. We have especially appreciated the school's proximity to Shedd Park, for the weather has been so cold that the flooded playground has afforded splendid skating. Nearly every afternoon, many of the girls take advantage of it, and those who are just learning enjoy it almost as much as those who never have to stop to think about their feet. But skating is only one of the various winter sports. During the last week or two, several snow storms have made coasting on Fort Hill, skiing, and snowshoeing constant delights. The fun is doubly fascinating to those girls from the south and warmer parts of the west, to whom snow, and the sport it brings, is new and exciting.

All our fun, however, is not outdoors, for the gymnasium plays an important part in our athletics. Every morning there is regular gymnasium work, and on different afternoons there is æsthetic dancing and fencing. The girls in the advanced fencing class can testify to the excitement of fencing bouts. Two afternoons are given over to those girls who are working hard to make the basket ball teams. The material is excellent, and that, combined with the enthusiasm shown, will certainly result in

good teams. The swimming pool is a never ending source of delight, alike to those girls who are veritable fishes and to others who are just learning to keep their heads above water. The progress the beginners have made is amazing. There is something for everybody at all times and no one ever has a chance to be "bored" at Rogers Hall.

HILDA SMITH.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

The engagement is announced of Lilian Upton Brown (R. H., '10), to Mr. John Sartwell May.

The engagement of Margaret McKindley of Duluth, Minn., to Mr. Walter Gilmore Amundson was announced on December 17th.

On December 21st, Sibyl Wright of Montpelier, Vt., was married to Mr. Stanley Gale Eaton. Mr. and Mrs. Eaton will be at home after February 17th, at 6042 Vincennes Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Cards are out for the marriage of Virginia Woodbury of Brunswick, Me., to Mr. Harrison Carter Chapman. A reception will follow the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman will be at home after June 1st, at 81 Emery St., Portland, Me. Ellen and Sarah Baxter and Sylvia Doutney are to be bridesmaids.

The marriage of Edith Gorham Harris of Providence, R. I., took place on January 29th, to Mr. Charles Carroll de Goey. Mr. and Mrs. de Goey will live at 23 Cleveland St., Arlington, Mass.

Mrs. Lauren Martin (Harriet Greenhalge) has a daughter, Laurine Shirley, born December 17th.

On Saturday, February 1st, Harriet Nesmith of Lowell, sailed for Europe. She expects to spend some time in Italy, and travel in the southern European countries.

Like all the rest of the world, Rogers Hall girls are going down to Panama. Cornelia and Cully Cooke of Portland, Ore., are taking a southern trip including Panama, and Mildred Mansfield expects to start soon.

Carnzu Abbot is sailing soon for South America, via Panama. She will return by way of England.

Dorothy and Mrs. Underhill are going to spend the rest of the winter and the spring travelling in Spain and Egypt, and will visit Palestine and the Holy Land.

Helen Nesmith has been visiting Mrs. Lowell Chapin (Bessie Chalifoux) in Chicago.

Several girls have visited us at the school lately. Sylvia Doutney was here for lunch one day, Julia Edwards for a call, and Dorothy Benton for the week end.

Marjorie Miller of Milwaukee, Wis., came out for lunch not long ago. She was on her way to Buffalo where she will visit Mrs. Richard Smith (Marguerite Baldwin).

Dorothy Benton of Belmont gave a very lovely debutante dance on New Year's Eve. Rogers Hall was represented by Dorothea Holland and Helen Smith.

Carlotta Heath expects to come to Boston and take up courses in the School for Social Workers.

Martha McDowell was married at Otis Orchards, Wash., on December 18th, to Mr. Kenneth Chester Fullerton.

The Editor of the Alumnæ column feels a natural reluctance in reporting the most exciting event of the last week in January, the announcement of her own engagement to Mr. Walter Elbridge Hadley, of Eusley, Alabama, so I ventured to do it for her.

Those of the Alumnæ who live in the vicinity of Lowell or Boston, of course, know all about it, so this report is not for them, but for the unfortunates who live too far away to have received Miss Parsons' invitation for a tea, given January 28th, for Miss Faulkner.

This invitation was received with much excitement; those of us who have known Alice since her days as a scholar at Rogers Hall, and those who have had her as a teacher here, did not find much difficulty in guessing at what the "to meet Miss Faulkner" meant, but the excitement as to who was the lucky man was exceedingly keen and was not gratified until Tuesday arrived and the guests, "old girls" and Lowell friends, were handed cards ornamented with cupids, hearts and other appro-

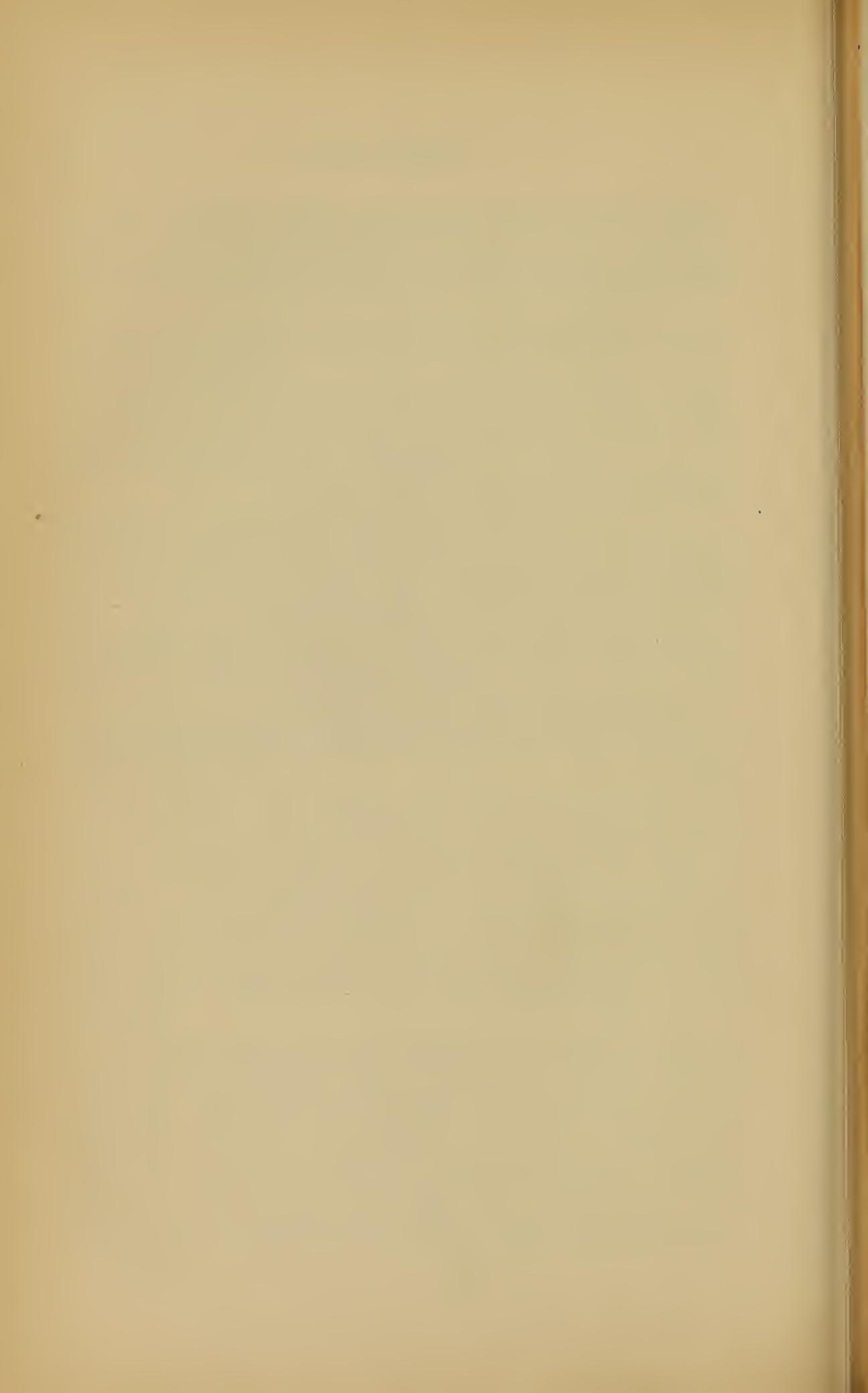
priate symbols bearing the names, "Miss Faulkner" and "Mr. Hadley." That, of course, gave the secret away, and we trooped into the drawing room to wish Miss Parsons good afternoon and "to meet Miss Faulkner."

The drawing room was filled with flowers from friends of Alice's, literally, dozens of wonderful bouquets and pink roses. Tea was served in the back drawing room by the girls and there the "old girls" congregated to exchange all the information they could glean. Again for the benefit of those not present, it may be well to collect and condense the items of news. I suppose everyone wants to know who Mr. Hadley is.

He was graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and is at present with the United States Steel Company in Eusley, Alabama. Last year he was best man at the wedding of Alice's brother and she was maid of honor. These are the facts known to date. For the rest we are dependent on the testimony of an "impartial witness" who leads us to believe that she is the luckiest person in the world.

Knowing her, we feel that it must be a case of good luck on both sides, and extend our best wishes for a long life and a happy one.

F. L. H. (R. H., '02).



SPLINTERS

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LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

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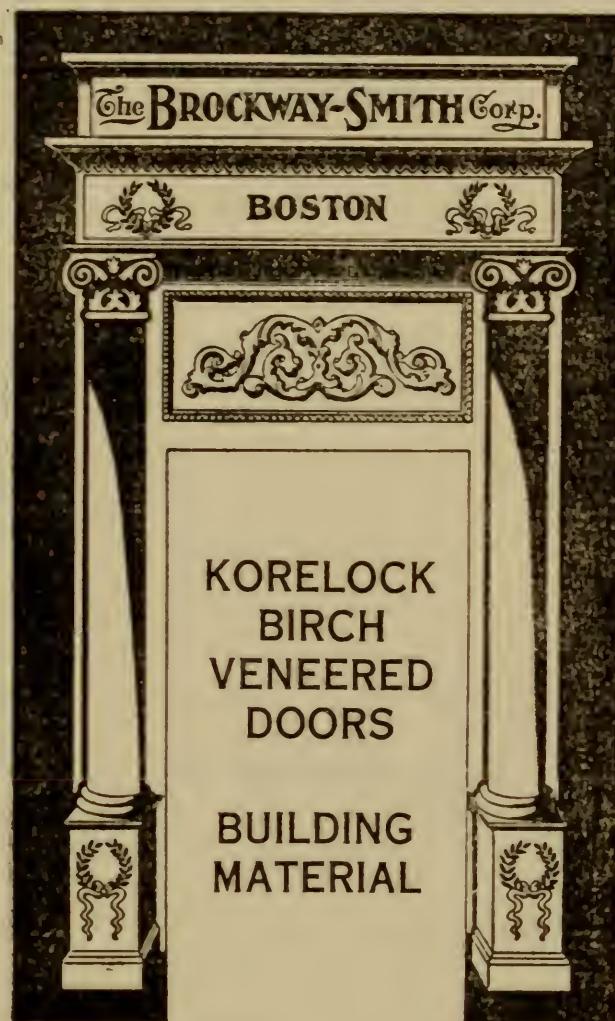
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SPLINTERS

Vol. 13.

APRIL, 1913.

No. 3.

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EDITORIAL.

"PICKING HOLES."

We all like to criticise. We criticise everything from our nearest neighbor to the food set before us, and it is strange how seldom we are critical concerning ourselves. I am using the word in the sense of fault finding, for if we can give a just judgment without partiality, have a knowledge of the subject under discussion and a great breadth of sympathy, nothing can be said against our criticism.

The other day I was introduced to a tall, handsome girl, and the subject of our conversation was a friend of mine whom I knew to be quite perfect.

"Do you know," smiled my new acquaintance, confidentially, "although I have just met her I have a feeling she is an insufferable snob, dreadfully disagreeable, and doesn't she dress queerly"?

Two days later I watched her walking down the street, arm in arm, with the "insufferable snob."

"She certainly is interesting and I know I am going to like her," my tall friend told me that evening.

Some of us take violent dislikes to certain men because they wear button shoes, part their hair in the middle, or wear heavy tortoise shell rimmed glasses. We hear of someone who detests a short, fat, or thin person, for no plausible reason that we are able to discover. Have you noticed that if someone pulls a small thread in a beautiful fabric how quickly a hole grows, how fast the material ravelled until there is at last nothing left but a disreputable rag? So it is with reputations. It would be worth our while to be slow to judge, and to be careful about picking holes.

In criticising the works and accomplishments of others, we need to be broad minded. If we, ourselves, cannot sing or play, have we the right to smile a smile of superiority at those who have not the genius of Paderewski or Mary Garden? They have at least outstripped us. Wordsworth said, "If the quantity of time consumed in criticising the works of others were given to original composition of whatever kind it might be, it would be much better employed; it would make a man find out sooner his own level, and it would do infinitely less mischief. A false or malicious criticism may do much injury, while a stupid invention is quite harmless."

GERTRUDE HAWXHURST.

MOVING PICTURES À LA PRESBYTERIAN.

"Never again! I've had enough Sunday school teaching to last me the rest of my natural existence." Lloyd James settled himself comfortably in my deepest arm chair, which was within a convenient distance of the table, and lighted a long cigar.

"But how on earth did you ever come to get mixed up with the Presbyterian Sunday school?" I questioned, for he wore his "amusing story" look, and I longed to be amused just then.

"Well it was this way." He settled himself more comfortably in the chair. "You know the Reverend and I were pretty good friends in our younger days, and after having tried every other man he could lay his fingers on, to teach that boys' Bible class of his (oh yes, he tried to spare me, bless him!), he decided that I was the only person for the job. He appealed to me through my sympathies, painting desperate pictures of what those boys would be doing if they could not be persuaded to come to Sunday school, and ended up by telling me that here was a splendid opportunity for original psychological experiments. Catch the 'genus puer' in the act of growing, I suppose. I took the job. Those youngsters were perfect imps of Satan, all of them. I started out after half an hour's fight, by sending them all home and telling them that they could come back when they could behave themselves. The next Sunday I communed with my own soul, the following week with two repentant ones (it turned out later that their mothers had paid them a quarter each, to come), and within a month, the whole class was back. Then they decided that the church needed an entertainment, which meant that they wanted to work off some of that surplus energy accumulated on Sundays, and they hit upon a moving picture show. They were to put up the screen and I was to attend to getting the pictures. Well, you know," he continued laughing, "I am not built on grey hound lines, and I must have lost at least fifteen pounds on that last day of preparation. I forgot all about the thing until one of the boys saw me the day before and asked me what the names of the pictures were to be. Then my hustling began. I hated to tell him that I had forgotten about it, so I questioned him sternly about the screen, and tore off to the station. I first made a visit to the City Hall to procure a license, and there my troubles began. They wanted to know if the building had been inspected, and as I didn't know I had to spend my day trailing after a special inspector, whose expenses I paid, and who repaid me by reporting that the place was a fire trap, the doors opened inwards, the window locks were bad, there were not

SPLINTERS.

enough exits, and that every time we even held a church service we were liable to a fine of five hundred dollars. The place needed five thousand dollar repairs which must be done immediately. Of course, when the board of directors heard what the preliminary costs of my entertainment was going to mean to them they almost voted to draw up a bill of thanks to me for my investigations, (in the form of a request for my resignation). Then to add to my good humor I found that I had lost a three thousand dollar contract by not being at the office that morning, so I gave up and went to bed to sleep off my grouch. I went to the moving picture agency in Boston and asked for four pictures, nice ones (the man winked at me when I said this), and an operator to run them off. I took the pictures and tore out home again with the operator. He had a little cage arrangement, which he had to fix up for himself, and we spend about three quarters of an hour hunting for a place to put the thing. When we had it all beautifully planted, we found that it didn't focus on the screen, and after ten minutes of cussing, we decided that it was easier to take down the screen than to move the cage, so we did that, which kept us busy until five o'clock. Then it occurred to me that we had better look over our pictures, so while the operator crawled into his cage and started to grind them out, I collapsed in the front pew. I didn't stay there long."

He paused to throw away his cigar and light another one.

"The first two were French and fierce. I would have been ridden out of town on a rail, by our respected elders, if it became known that they had even been near the church. The third was a suffragette romance, in the middle of which the picture flickered and went out and I heard a smothered yell from the operator. Up in the gallery I ran, to find that the cage was on fire and the poor man was being slowly burned alive. Somehow or other I managed to get him out before he was quite dead and smothered him in my coat. His fingers were terribly burned, so off I hustled him to the doctor's, where they were bandaged up until they were the size of hams. Then weak and worn out, we went back and attempted to reconstruct the cage. I also looked at the title of the remaining drama. It was 'A Parisian Juno.' Leaving the poor operator nursing his aching hands, I took them all under

my arm and made for town, registering a vow to kill the man who had sold them to me. I went to the agency but found it closed, but by dint of hard work and much bribery I managed to find two managers of moving picture shows who exchanged a Pathé weekly, 'Our President at Panama,' a comedy and a Bible picture for my prizes. I got out home at seven forty-five to the minute. The operator managed to run them off all right and we made about seventy-five dollars, while I slept off the sleep of the sleep of the righteous in my Sunday school class room."

He stopped and walked about chuckling to himself.

"But that's a rather tame ending to such an exciting time," I ventured, "isn't there any more?"

"Not much," he laughed again. "The next morning I was as lame as the mischief, and had to ride down to the station. I rode with old Meyers, president of our board of directors."

"Well, James," he said, "it certainly was a good thing that you didn't have a fire there last night. You know our fire insurance policy doesn't cover fires occasioned by stereopticon views, magic lantern exhibitions, or anything of the kind. If we had had a fire the church would have lost five thousand dollars. Very lucky, wasn't it?"

"Oh yes, yes, very lucky," I said, and spent the rest of the time contemplating the scenery.

ETHEL FORBES.

AT THE SUPPER TABLE.

"Good evening, Miss Henley," I said, as a little white haired old lady of, perhaps, sixty-five or seventy years, seated herself at the table, took the evening paper from under her arm, adjusted her glasses and patted the shawl of gray cashmere about her shoulders.

She gave me a rather blank smile in return, coughed, rather "hacked," and proceeded to look over the headings of her beloved newspaper.

"Is your cold any better?" I asked.

"Worse, if anything. The house is not warm enough," came the curt answer from behind the paper.

"Have you ever tried honey, Miss Henley? They say it is very good for a cold."

"It's very bad for the stomach. Sweets of any kind are very indigestible," she gurgled. "I see that quite a number of people have been killed by an explosion of black powder. My! people are so careless nowadays. Those suffragettes are doing a great deal of damage, too. The home of the exchequer of England has been blown up and a great deal of other damage has been done. They are going altogether too far. A stop ought to be put to the whole affair. It's disgraceful!"

"Yes, their conduct is far from what it ought to be, but one can hardly blame them. Promises, made to them, have been broken time and time again and I am not surprised that they are becoming desperate," I said.

"Child, that makes no difference! I say that all should abide by the law and those who violate it should be punished," and her little fist came down on the table so hard that a salt cellar quite tumbled over, and the water in the glasses splashed over the top.

There was a period of silence, finally broken by Miss Ruth, who stated that the day had been unusually warm and bright.

"Well, it's about time," coughed Miss Henley, pulling her shawl closer about her shoulders. "We've had nothing but rain or snow for the past month. What vegetable have you, this evening?" she asked, adjusting her glasses and peering into the dish.

"Nothing but beans," sighed Miss Ruth.

"Well, vegetables should always be cooked until they are soft and tender—all vegetables, no matter what they are—and salt and butter should be added before they are served," she said, looking first at one and then another; and nobody seeming to pay any particular attention to her last statement, she repeated it with much emphasis. Miss Ruth finally volunteered that everybody did not care for quantities of salt and butter and the

safer and wiser way, she thought, was to allow everyone to season his own vegetable.

"But everybody should learn to like them. It is the only healthful way to eat vegetables," she said.

"Will you have some of the green grape marmalade, Miss Henley?" asked Mr. Jones, who saw that the argument was hopeless.

"No, I thank you. I tried it the other day. That is not the real green grape marmalade. The grapes must have been picked a little late."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Henley, I picked the grapes and they were a bright green," said Miss Ruth, angrily.

"Well, they couldn't have been. They are different at any rate. It hasn't the delicate flavor of some I tasted years ago in California and I dare say this is not healthful," she returned.

"A great deal richer, this," chirped her sister.

"Very much coarser, I should say," corrected Miss Henley.

More silence, with the exception of a few "hacks" from Miss Henley.

"By the way—has my trunk come, Mr. Jones?" I asked.

"Yes, it came this morning. I'll have it sent up after dinner."

"How was it sent?" asked Miss Henley.

"By express."

"It would have been much cheaper to have bought a ticket and you could have used the ticket, back," she said.

"That reminds me," said her sister, "when we were travelling in the West (and visiting a great many places of interest) we had three trunks and we didn't pay one cent excess baggage until we reached a little country town in California, where we had to ride by coach, and we were allowed only sixty pounds apiece, and we had six hundred. I think we paid thirteen dollars."

"Fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents," corrected the elder Miss Henley, with great assurance, "I remember dis——"

"Have you seen the town report for this month?" asked Miss Ruth, hoping to change the subject. "There are a great many misprints. I am sure Mr. Dale's expenses were \$20.50 and the report has it \$2.08."

"Well, I noticed a rather funny article," said the younger Miss Henley. "The poor little Macy boy died of bronco-pneumonia."

"How very funny," laughed Miss Henley, (it was really the first time I'd seen her smile for a week). Then, looking straight at me, "You know a bronco is a horse. They really meant bronchial-pneumonia."

"It is really too bad, however. I'm sure his death is the result of going to the school banquet that stormy night. I say children of that age should be in bed by seven o'clock and not be allowed to run the streets after dark. Parents of this generation are so entirely taken up with the suffrage question, that their children are woefully neglected. No wonder so many of them grow up to be only a menace to the country. I say again that the laws——" And we all quietly arose and left the room, leaving poor Miss Henley to the only great pleasure she enjoys in life—hearing herself talk.

GERTRUDE DEXTER.

THE NEWS OF THE SEWING CIRCLE.

Molly Perkins was making lemonade, for the Greenville Sewing Circle was to meet at her house that afternoon, and a sewing circle without lemonade was an unheard of thing. Already she had placed heaping plates of sugar cookies and layer cake on her dining room table, covering them with napkins "so's them horrid flies won't eat 'em all up." When the lemonade was mixed and placed on the ice to cool, Miss Perkins sat down in her big rocker to see if she had forgotten anything, and to think over her guests of the afternoon.

"Now I s'pose that Mira Hingham 'll wear that green silk of hers, for she wore her black cashmere last time. She's worn them two dresses fur these last fifteen years and probably will for the next fifteen. Poor thing! I wonder if the minister's wife 'll wear her new gown. It hooks up the back and folks say that

that wuz why Parson Jones wuz late to church last Sunday, just 'cause of them hooks. 'Tis a pity she's so high notioned. Well, I must go and git a bite to eat, so I'll have time enough to curl my front locks. I'm glad my blue silk hooks up the front." Then rising from her chair, which took some minutes, as Molly Perkins was a stout spinster with rheumatic joints, she went out to get her "bite to eat."

At two o'clock Miss Perkins was arrayed in her best gown, and frantically fanning herself with a huge palm leaf.

"I hope Sara Dunn 'll know better'n set in my best chair," she thought. "It's pretty weak," looking quizzically at the small gilt chair which her niece in Boston had sent her. "I'm thinking little Miss Price will have to set there."

Then there was a bustling noise on the porch and a sharp knock, and Miss Perkins went to welcome her first arrivals.

"Good afternoon, Molly," said Glennie Mason. "Ma an' I come early to see if you needed any help."

"'Afternoon," replied Molly. "No, I don't need no help, but I'm right glad to see you both. Come right in, Mrs. Mason."

"Right warm, ain't it?" panted Mrs. Mason. "I wish I'd worn one of them thin waists, Glennie."

"I seen Mrs. Burns' boarder today," ventured Glennie, seating herself in a comfortable chair. "He's just grand! Mamie and Ellen both are settin' their caps fer him. But I wouldn't chase after no man." And, with this remark, she settled back in her chair with the air of a person propounding something remarkable.

For the next fifteen minutes, the members of the sewing circle arrived continually, until Miss Perkins' parlor was full of chattering women, all arrayed in their best, for those meetings were important events in Greenville, as they occurred only once in a month, and each member always had some choice bit of gossip to relate.

"I've been and lost my needle," suddenly announced Miss Dunn, in a flutter, "and it was one of them new ones that Niece Jane sent me from Dover, and they're powerful expensive—fifteen cents a package!" And she dropped on one knee to look over the carpet.

"Why, Sara, it's right in your waist," exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "Such a stir over nothing!"

"Has any one seen Mrs. Burns' boarder?" asked Glennie Mason.

"Oh, yes," answered a chorus of voices. "He's been to call on my Ellen," finished Mrs. Snodd.

"And my Mamie," triumphantly cried Mrs. Boster.

"Well," said Mrs. Whipple, "I know something that there ain't no one else knows," and she tossed her head exasperatingly. All members of the circle stopped and looked at her inquiringly. "Yes," she said, "I do."

"Then why on earth ain't you tellin' it?" inquired Miss Price sharply.

"Well, I reckon I'll take all the time I want, Sally Price," retorted Mrs. Whipple. "But to get to it, ladies, Mrs. Burns boarder—has—a—wife—who—divorced—him!" There was an impressive silence.

Then—"No! No! No!" came from all corners.

"Yes," she said firmly. "Mrs. Burns told me so, herself!" And she leaned back with a satisfied air.

"Now, I ain't agoin' to believe a word of it," cried Mrs. Snodd, with a very red face, "and I'm sure that there be plenty of interesting things fur us all to talk about without picking that poor man to pieces."

"So do I," declared Mrs. Boster, and the subject was dismissed for the time being, but not forgotten.

The church fair was talked over, and every new gown commented upon, to the entire satisfaction of its possessor.

Then Miss Perkins invited her guests out into her dining room for refreshments. When the last crumb was gone, and the lemonade had entirely disappeared, an astonishing thing happened. Miss Perkins' door bell rang, and there, on her steps, stood Mrs. Burns' boarder with a pretty lady beside him.

"Miss Perkins," he said, "I have brought my wife here today because I knew that all the ladies of Greenville would be here, and I want her to meet them, for we expect to spend the next few months here."

"I am glad to make Mrs. Gordon's acquaintance," said Miss Perkins, very much flustered, "and do come right in."

Of course they came in, and were introduced to all present, and everyone thought both Mr. and Mrs. Gordon "just splendid." Soon after they left, the sewing circle adjourned, but not before Mrs. Snodd and Mrs. Boster explained guiltily that when Mr. Gordon had called at their houses it was to inquire whether or not they kept boarders.

Mrs. Whipple hurried away without explaining her story, but, anyway, the ladies knew that she was a "great talker."

CAROL HEATH.

THE GYPSY WAGON.

"I'd love to know what that wagon is doing over there in Mr. Simpson's vacant lot," Mrs. Jones said contemplatively to Mrs. Smith over the back fence. "It's been there all morning, in fact, ever since I've been up and around, and a little while ago an awful looking man was hanging around it. I think it's that Italian who kidnapped little Johnny Aimes over in Washington County. You know some foreigner did it, and they say he is still hiding around here."

"Here he comes again, and I do believe he's coming over here!" cried Mrs. Smith excitedly. "No, he's stopping to smoke a cigarette. Well, I know what I'll do—I can just go down to pick some flowers, and accidentally ask him where he's been. If he's been through Washington County, he is guilty, for they say criminals are the most brazen lot about telling the truth nowadays."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that, Mrs. Smith. You know, the papers said he was a desperate character, and this man certainly looks like a bandit. I wouldn't speak to him if you paid me to. A

man who wears earrings is sure to be a murderer, anyway. And the nerve of him, drawing right up here in front of our houses! I'm going in the house, and lock every door and window, and stay there and watch you being assassinated!" And Mrs. Jones flounced off, leaving Mrs. Smith torn between fear and curiosity. The curiosity triumphed, however, though fear kept her from getting less than fifteen feet away from him.

"You travel quite a great deal?" she commenced in a strategic way.

"Oh, yes, Madam," the man exclaimed, throwing away his cigarette, and seemingly delighted with having a chance to talk. "We have been to Washington, Richmond, Milwaukee, and Chicago, and now we are here. We are traveled people."

"And did you happen to pass through Washington County on your way here?" asked Mrs. Smith, edging away from him, for he had taken several steps forward while speaking to her.

"Oh, of course one cannot remember each little place one passes through," the man answered nonchalantly, "but it seems to me that, yes, we have come through there."

Mrs. Smith gasped with terror. The brazen impudence of the man! And to allude to the little boy that way, too, as "we"! She felt her life was no longer safe where she was, and, with a trembling excuse of "I smell something burning," she rushed into the house to a telephone. She was sure of the man's guilt now. All that remained was for her to call the police.

"Yes, he is short, and has dark, curly hair, wears gold hoop earrings, and lisps a little," she panted to the police department. "Yes, please come up right away, we're all scared to death." Then she departed for the parlor, where she could watch from a crack in the blind.

A crowd had been slowly gathering around the wagon by this time, and the man, evidently frightened, had gone inside. The arrival of the police wagon drew more people, and they all were breathless with expectation, as the police sergeant mounted the steps and knocked on the door. A minute's wait, then the whole side of the wagon let down, and a beautiful, but rather stout lady was discovered, posing on an Oriental couch, with imitation Turkish rugs, brass lamps, Armenian laces, and

embroideries surrounding her. Above her head hung a placard with

Big sale this afternoon!
Bargains in everything
Oriental!

Representative of I. Cooper,
Oriental Novelties.
Chicago, Ill.

The lady rose gracefully from her couch and approached the policeman.

"Is there anything you care to buy, Sir?" she said sweetly.
ANITA GRAF.

THE BOGIES.

I.

I hate to go to bed at night,
For then they take away the light;
They tuck me in and go away:
I am supposed to sleep till day.

II.

During the day, I do not fear,
Or think that something may appear;
But when night comes, my courage goes,
I hide my head beneath the clothes.

III.

It seems to me, that everywhere
About my room, there creeps a bear,
Or lion, or perhaps a rat;
Now wouldn't you be 'fraid of that?

IV.

I get to sleep at last, and then
When early morning comes again,
The beasts that seemed so real at night
Have vanished in the broad daylight.

But Mother says I would not see
The things, if I had less for tea.

EDITH STEVENS.

IN BROOME STREET.

Broome Street hummed! From early morning until late at night, rest was a stranger, carefully avoided. Rest is expensive and totally unnecessary, while constant, unceasing labor is a sure source of wealth. Here in Broome Street, if one is quick, he may earn from three to four dollars a week, providing his whole family, a wife and two children, toil, scarcely stopping to straighten tired backs or to rest worn, dull eyes. And when work is very brisk, fifteen dollars is not unknown.

Isaac Levy, weazened, dry, and bent far over from much stooping, looked up from the pair of "knee pants" he was pressing, and rubbed his hands gloatingly.

"Three and a half cents they are paying me now for the cutting, and one dollar and a half for the finishing. It is very good. Fine!"

In one corner of the dimly lighted room, a girl's quick fingers finished the button holes. She sighed as she stooped still lower.

"Rachel, dear, you are sighing," murmured her mother, a short, stout woman, whose low, hopeless voice told of the sorrow that lay in her dark eyes, although she did not raise them from her work.

"Mother, I cannot wait until the night comes. Tell me I can stop early and take little Jacob out to walk. In here it is hard to breathe," and she bit her lips to keep back the tears.

The mother turned a startled face towards her daughter, and, seeing the white, sunken cheeks, the thin, narrow shoulders, the tears, she dropped her work for an instant and whispered, "Isaac, did you hear the child? I am so afraid, so afraid." The soft Hebrew sounds trailed off into silence, as if they had not life to go on.

Huddled on the grimy, disreputable lounge, littered with half sewed garments, was a little boy, such a little boy, and his face shone white and still against the dark wall. Two tears dropped on the "knee pants" he feverishly stitched. Rachel saw them fall.

Slowly the September twilight drew on, and the room grew dusky. Isaac lit the flaring gas jet. The air grew stifling, and the stove shone red in the corner. No one spoke, only from time to time, the young girl, who might have been beautiful, but for the weariness of her face and body, sighed brokenly. Suddenly she arose, and her sewing slid to the floor. She stretched her arms high above her head to rest them, and slowly shook out the folds of her dark skirt.

"Father Isaac, I can see the moon through the window. Think how she shines through the trees and casts a white carpet on the grass. Oh, Father Isaac, I am so tired." Stooping, she took the needle from the boy's hot hand, not daring to meet her father's eyes. "So is little Jacob. I heard him sob. We will go out for a very little while, just to breathe and rest our bodies, then we will be back."

They passed out of the door. Isaac turned to his wife who did not raise her head, and shrugged his lean shoulders, dispairingly. "So foolish! It only means extra work tomorrow or we shall lose. So foolish!"

Rachel wondered as she stumbled down the long, dark flight of stairs, little Jacob's warm hand, in her own, if she had meant what she said. Would she ever go back? Would it not be better just to slip out and never return? There could be nothing worse than the monotony of "knee pants," nothing worse than seeing Jacob's face grow whiter, thinner, sadder, as the days dragged on. A gust of cool air brushed against her, as she stepped out into the dark street, and she laughed aloud as she breathed

deep of its freshness; but Jacob shivered and stole closer to her side.

"Jacob love, you are cold? Come, I will put my arm about you—so, and we will run fast to the corner."

The corner reached, they stopped, panting for breath, leaning against the window of old Matthew Yetts' clock shop. The street was no longer silent. Every doorway swarmed with tired men and women. Children, half naked, covered the sidewalks, fighting and screaming, or curled themselves up in out-of-the-way corners to sleep. It irritated Rachel. This summer she had learned there was something different and better than this noise and filth and sordidness. Since then, she had been smothered and cramped. She had come to realize how miserable she was. The others—they knew of nothing beyond Broome Street and the corner saloon. And she knew that when next summer came with its breathless heat, its disease, its misery, little Jacob must be the one to go. The settlement had promised that he, too, should have a week of blue sky and green hills. And after that,—only a dream of something lost. As she leaned against the cool glass next summer seemed very far away. What if she went now. Surely if one walked far and fast enough one could find it all again.

The door of the shop opened and old Matthew stepped out, his long hair shining white in the dusk.

"Ah, Rachel, it is thou and little Jacob?" He joined them, patted Jacob's brown curls and smiled at the tall, slender girl.

"Today, how has it gone? Has thy father forgotten that young people must not work too hard?"

Lifting Jacob's white face in his large, bony hand, he looked sadly at the dark lines under his eyes and the hollowed cheeks. Rachel did not answer. She clasped and unclasped her thin fingers and her lips worked anxiously. What should she do? Go or stay? Matthew watched her closely as he stroked the boy's curls, and his wise, unwavering eyes saw and understood.

"Let us go inside," he said. "I have a queer, old clock to show. It came today to be repaired."

Rachel felt like a bird that struggled, dispairingly, in a net set for it, and from which there was no escape as she followed the

old man into the musty shop and closed the door behind her. After they were seated and the clock had been examined and exclaimed over and put away again, Matthew Yetts sat down opposite the young girl and smiled.

"To tell the truth, it was because I had a story to tell thee that I asked thee to come in. It is about thy Mother. You will care to hear it, perhaps?"

Rachel nodded her head. She felt as though she were choking and she could not utter a word. Jacob, tired out, had curled up on the worn rug like a little brown dog and was fast asleep.

"It is a short story and sad. She was as you are, young and pretty. She worked hard always, even as you. Then Isaac came and married her."

The old man stopped, cleared his throat and sighed.

"I will not say she did not love him, for I do not know. But I do know she found her husband harder than her father, and she has had no rest. When you were born, she said to me, 'Ah, Matthew, she will help me. Things will not seem so hard now that she has come.' And I can remember how she smiled. Your mother has a beautiful smile."

Matthew leaned back in the old rocking chair and stroked his beard,—dreaming. Across from him Rachel pressed her hands together, fearfully, and her eyes shone. There was no escape now.

"You knew all the time. How did you know?" she whispered.

But Matthew only stroked his long, white beard and did not speak.

"You have shown me what I must do. I would not mind if it were not for little Jacob."

Great sobs shook her small body and she rose to leave. The old man rose, too, and there were tears in his eyes.

"I will tell thee what to do. Leave Jacob here with me for a time and we shall see if we cannot bring the roses back into his cheeks and teach him how to laugh. I will speak to thy Father tomorrow about it.. Now it is late ——"

He could not finish for Rachel had thrown her two arms about his neck and kissed him. Then she was gone, and it was

dark in the shop. The old man turned wearily to where the little boy lay asleep on the thin rug. For a long time he looked at him, then, suddenly, brushed his hand across his eyes and murmured something about her smile.

Rachel ran. It seemed as though she would never reach home. The moon sailed high in the pale purple heavens, lighting up the dark street, alive with laughing men and boys. As she hurried past, Mark, tall and handsome, smiled and called her name. Upstairs at last, she burst into the hot, musty room and laughed to see her father's amazement and her mother's smile. They were surprised to hear of Jacob,—and glad.

"Now, Mother, stop stitching so hard and go out for a while where it is cool. I shall work twice as fast as you. Just see!"

Rachel kissed her mother as she took the "knee pants" and bent over them. Her eyes were bright and she worked fast. Why had Mark called to her, she wondered.

"Tomorrow, there will be much work to be done. Now that Jacob is gone things will be harder. But business is good. This week—twelve dollars. Fine!"

Isaac Levy rubbed his hands together slowly, and took a hot iron from the stove.

GERTRUDE HAWXHURST.

SKETCH DEPARTMENT.

EASTER DAY.

In April, the Spanish sun is sweet. Flowers festoon themselves over balconies and high walls,—red flowers that match the lips of the smiling señoritas who watch beneath their shuttered windows the crimson-coated soldiers pass. The narrow, winding streets are still at noonday and steeped in the mystery of centuries. Easter day is different. It is a gala day, a fête day, the day of the bull fight. Señoritas walk arm in arm, bright in their heavy, fringed shawls and full skirts, dark curls peeping from beneath

mantillas which have been carefully kept for such occasions as these; and eyes, darker than the curls, casting sidelong glances from beneath their heavy lashes.

By four o'clock the streets and squares are deserted. If one does not know, one wonders where all the people are. The Arena is full to overflowing and no one is sparing of his wit or voice. Dark mustachioed soldiers, smooth-faced English boys, tanned by the strange southern sun, drinking deep of chianti; Italians, gesticulating with spirit; Americans, quiet for once, lost in wonder of the spectacle swimming before them, tier upon tier. Swaying masses of yellow and red, murmur of strange tongues mingled with the slumberous fragrance of the East. The water carriers wander here and there calling in shrill, discordant tones, carrying beneath each ragged arm a long, brown water jug. Venders of fans, peanuts, fruit and wines are everywhere. Then suddenly silence! Throbbing, intense, expectant silence! The great gates swing wide. The bull fight is about to begin. Somewhere in the vast audience a woman laughs, hysterically, and all eyes turn to where a dark beauty sits indolently in the box of honor. Was it the matador's wife whose high strangled voice broke the deep silence? She, who far below, sits wrapped in her rich embroidered shawl, heavily fringed, a rose nestling in her dark curls? But her voice is drowned abruptly by the shouts and cheers of the multitude as they stand to welcome the immense black bull that dashes into the Arena.

GERTRUDE HAWXHURST.

A PESSIMIST.

"Good morning! Mrs. Brown, how are you this morning? Well, I am glad you think you feel better. I am sure you don't look that way, but then I won't say anything, because you are almost always complaining of not feeling well. What! You say you have been getting better for the last two weeks! Why I never would have believed it. According to what the neighbors have been telling me, I never expected to see you among us again. I was talking to Mrs. Jones the other day, and she says she has

heard of several people dying from the same complaint you have, but then you never can tell how long anything like that will last. Oh! did you hear about the eldest Jones boy being expelled from college? Yes, it happened only last week, and I just thought at the time, how dreadful it would be if anything like that should happen to your son, when you are feeling so bad. Oh, yes, I know Robert is a good boy, but you never can tell how long it will last. I have had a great deal of experience, and I know boys are not to be depended on. I really do not believe, Mrs. Brown, that you had better be out in the air any more, for you know someone told me only the other day, that the shortest way to a sure death was to stay in the sun when suffering from your disease—and speaking of diseases, my poor aunt had the same symptoms that you have now a few weeks before she died. She grew lots better for a few days, but then the poor dear went off in a decline, and died—and it had such an awful effect on her that we couldn't even see her after she died. Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Coleman, hurry up! Come here! Poor Mrs. Brown is about to die, for she's lying there all white and still just like my poor first husband when he—— Go home? Never, ladies! I feel that my place is by our poor friend, and I will do all I can to ease her last moments. Oh, well, seeing she only fainted, I guess I will, as Jim is due home this very minute, and I have to get his supper."

LORENA DE VERE.

HIS FIRST TRIP TO THE CITY.

"Wal, you know, after that ingine got inside a big covered place, we all got out, an' the first thing I knew, a nigger-man grabbed my sachel an' started off with it. The impudence! I wasn't goin' to let no man, white nor black, run off with my sachel, right under my nose, so I piked after him, yelling, 'stop thief,' but nobody did nothin' but turn around an' laugh, an' I had to get it away from him by myself; he didn't seem to mind

givin' it up, either. Wal, I guess those er city ways, but I did think it was kind of quare, not settin' the constable on him.

"When I got into the depot, by my chin whiskers, if some little boy, who was sellin' newspapers, didn't point his fingers at me an' yell, 'Oh look! the hay's still stickin' on him.' Now I can't see why he said that, 'cause I had on my Sunday suit, an' sealskin cap, that uster belong to Pa, an' Mirandy had been over particular bout brushin' me off, though as I tell her, I didn't see no cause, since I was just makin' a business trip an' didn't know no people in the city, anyhow.

"I asked a big man with a blue coat on, standin' out in front of the depot (he seemed to be waitin' for someone), if he wouldn't tell me how to get to the Royal Hotele, an' he says to go up some stairs an' take a street car up there, or else go downstairs, under the ground, an' take one down there. But I ain't never had so much faith in Providence as to think I'd be safe up there in the air like a bird, or down under the ground like a—I don't know what, so I says to myself, 'Si Longnecker, ef you're ever hopin' to get to the Royal Hotele alive, you'll walk,' so walk, I did, an' I thought I never was goin' to stop walkin'. Why, I reckon I walked as fur as from the village out to Ez White's an' back agin.

"But finally, I got there, an' I walked in at the openin' in the front. Wal, I swan, I never heard tell of such a funny door. It went round. An' just as soon as I thought I was in, I found myself out on the sidewalk agin, an' then, 'fore I knew it, I'd be almost inside agin. Wal, I kept goin' round an' round until another man in blue, who was standin' around there (probably one of them idle rich, everybody's talkin' about so), he pulled me in. By that time, I was so het up, I couldn't hardly stand up alone, so they took me into a little room to lay down in, and after awhile I got my breath back again. But I know one thing, an that's that I couldn't stand the strain of city life very long, no how. It's the country for me, every time."

MARGARET SHERMAN.

THE LAND OF MY DESIRE.

There is a feeling of relief after riding through the mountains for a long distance, to be on the last range, and to look for miles and miles into the rolling plains, which grow dimmer and dimmer, until they finally fade into the horizon. The wind plays checkers with the clouds, shifting them back and forth. He seems to be jealous of the wonderful beauty for he places his men on the prettiest parts. Then, for an instant, when he thinks no one is looking, he leaves them perfectly quiet as he deliberates over his next move. But this appears to be well thought out, for there are always numerous beautiful spots hidden from view. One can trace the courses of the streams by their green outlines on the yellow plains, snake-like they writhe and twist. The bright sunlight makes all things glisten, and changes the rivers and streams into threads of gold, and transforms distant ponds into tiny bits of glass. To the north lie the Wolf Mountains, with their indefinable colors, that change from purple to red, and then to a strange shade of yellow. One or two grey specks in the distance denote the locations of the very few towns. Their size can be determined only by the quantity of the dull, grey smoke that curls into the calm, blue sky and slowly vanishes.

DOROTHY BURNS.

"ON THE TRAIL OF A CRACKER" OR
"BETWEEN NINE AND NINE-THIRTY P. M."

The bell rang and a general commotion followed. I sauntered slowly down the hall, but by the time I arrived, not a single cracker remained on the plate, so I started forth, a Sherlock Holmes, on the trail of a cracker. What a host of boudoir caps, curl papers, kimonos, and bed room slippers I encountered. I ventured to stick my head into Beatrice's room, but meeting with a very frigid reception and preparations for retiring, I timidly said good night and withdrew, not daring to inquire for a cracker. Thus my search continued through all the rooms and such scenes

I saw! In some rooms girls were in bed and a chilly blast blew me out, others were studying, some gathered to talk and others for general "rough-housing." Meeting with no success, as it was now ten o'clock, I, being much disheartened, decided to return to my roommate. Now I would never get fat, because if I missed drinking my glass of milk one night—well, it was all over. Marian had suggested that I drink it without the cracker, but how utterly ridiculous, why, I would as soon take cod liver oil without a lemon! I opened the door, cautiously, and there sat Lydia, chewing.

"What are you eating?" I demanded, (I'm afraid, rather abruptly).

"Just finished a box of crackers," she announced, eating, "tried to save you one, but there were too many people in here. Besides, if you had come home at a respectable hour, and not wandered all over the house and kept me up, you would have had one."

With a forced smile on my lips, and a strong grip on my temper, I put my glass of milk carefully on my desk, and prepared to retire.

DOROTHY KESSINGER.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE SANDMAN'S FAIRY.

One night, about twelve o'clock, Dorothy Brown was awakened by a scraping sound outside her window. Dorothy was five years old, and was considered a very bright child. She was always up to mischief, and kept the neighbors amused from morning until night with her pranks and her constant chatter. So it was, that, when Dottie awoke, she thought she would see what the sound was, because she had a queer fancy that at midnight a little fairy came and took the sand out of little children's eyes, that he had put in, so that they could wake up in the morning;

and she wanted very much to see the fairy, so she jumped out of bed and ran to the window. At first, she saw nothing, and then she made out two men at the baby's window, one below the other on a ladder. She heard them talking, and listened long enough to find out that they were going to steal Bobbie, the baby.

Dottie listened for a while, with much interest, and, as they were talking, she crept into the baby's room. She saw a big hat pin on the dresser, and picked it up. Then she went to the window, just as the first man put his hand on the window sill. She thought it would be funny to make him fall down, so she jabbed the hat pin into his arm, and cried, "You will not get my baby brother, so there, you bad man."

The man gave a scream, and let go the window sill to get the hat pin out of his arm, and, of course, he fell down, and brought the other man with him.

Now, it happened that the Brown's faithful old dog, Rex, was asleep in the hall, and heard the great racket which the men made as they fell. The dog woke up with a howl, and, before the men had recovered, he had awakened Mr. Brown, who came out with his pistols to see what the matter was, and when he saw the men, he took their guns, and when they came to their senses, he had them safely covered.

His wife wondered at his absence, and came to the window. When she saw him, she quickly telephoned for two policemen, and, when they came, they were very glad to get the two men, as they were bad characters, and the police had been after them for a month. Dottie told her story, and her mother and father were so pleased with her, that they gave her a party as a reward.

ETHEL DEMPSEY.

SCHOOL NEWS.

PRESENTATION OF DR. GREENE'S PORTRAIT.

January 24th—

Dr. Greene's portrait hangs in the drawing room, carefully covered by a green silk curtain. We knew, of course, that the Trustees had voted to secure an oil painting of Dr. Greene, the first President of our Board of Trustees, and that Mrs. Mary Earle Wood of Lowell had been selected as the artist, so we were very anxious to pull aside a little corner of the curtain, but we were forced to wait until the afternoon.

At four o'clock, our guests, many of whom have had the honor of knowing Dr. Greene, assembled in the drawing room. Miss Robbins, in presenting the portrait for the Trustees, said:

"When Miss Elizabeth Rogers conceived the idea of establishing a school for girls in this house and on these grounds, she applied for assistance and advice to the man who had been the guiding spirit in the founding of another educational institution, Smith College, at Northampton. He was interested at once, and promised to aid, which, in Dr. Greene's case, meant every effort of which he was capable, for its success. The work of planning and organizing was one involving great responsibility, thought and labor. Difficulties were met and overcome, differences of views arose and were reconciled. Most of this early work was done by Dr. Greene single handed. Later, he invited others to co-operate with him, and when the school was opened, he had Mrs. Underhill's invaluable aid. Her brilliant mind, fine scholarship, combined with executive ability of a very high order, gave him the assistance he needed, and shaped the course of Miss Rogers' project to the success that the school has since achieved. It goes without saying that intelligence and scholarship were needed in this work, and Dr. Greene had these and gave of them freely; but of more worth still, we think, was the influence

of his high character, and his rare consecration to the service of God and man. And yet, we are not here to do him honor, nor to offer a memorial, for it is we who have been honored by our association with him; and this school is a memorial to him as well as to Miss Rogers. As long as Rogers Hall stands, tradition will carry down and repeat the record of Dr. Greene's splendid service in its behalf. Our present object is to do what tradition cannot do, for, while future attendants here will know what Dr. Greene was and what he did for this school, they will be denied the great privilege which has been ours, of knowing him and looking upon his face, a face so full of strength and gentleness, of purity and refinement, and, above all, of goodness, that, even on canvas, it cannot fail to be an inspiration to all who come to the school. In that belief, your committee takes great pleasure in delivering to you the portrait of the Rev. Dr. John M. Greene, a man who has loved and labored for this school beyond our words to measure, and who still regards it with tender affection and unabated interest. May he long be spared to us."

At the close of Miss Robbins' address, Ruth Greene, a granddaughter of Dr. Greene, drew back the curtain, and revealed the picture. A little ripple of surprise and pleasure ran through the room, as the noble face, full of gentle understanding and love, looked down at us. Mrs. Wood had given us a perfect likeness. Mr. Ferrin then spoke of Dr. Greene's influence in founding and establishing the school, and said that the Trustees hoped that the portrait would have the same influence in the future which the man had had in the past,—“the influence of a Christian atmosphere.”

Unfortunately, Dr. Greene was not able to be present, but he sent a note expressing his regret, and his best wishes for the future of the school. The Rogers Hall girls do, indeed, appreciate having the portrait, and Dr. Greene's splendid personality is felt by us all; as one of the girls said, “When we go through the drawing room now, we feel that we want to wish ‘good morning’ to Dr. Greene, as well as to Miss Parsons.”

KATHARINE NESMITH.

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH.

January 25th—

I had been most anxious to see "The Garden of Allah" because I had heard so much controversy about it; some people said the play was poor, others, that it was poorly acted; but all agreed that the scenery was magnificent. So I desired to judge for myself. Accordingly, I was very much pleased when I learned that I could be one of the group of girls who were to see it. We reached the theatre very early—because to watch the people is half the fun.

There was no orchestra; the lights, all over the theatre, went out very gradually, and the curtain rose. A long drawn, "Oh!" greeted the wonderful scene. We saw a wide expanse of desert with the sun slowly rising; at first it was almost dark but became lighter and lighter. A caravan was slowly winding its way along. One man dismounted from his camel and going upon a rising bit of land, he removed his sandals and fell prostrate, his face toward the east, in worship of Allah; the sun still rising in a glory of red, shone on him. It was well called "The Spirit of the Desert," for it carried us from the theatre far across the seas to the great Sahara, but when the lights went on again, as they did after each scene, the exclamations which were heard on all sides, quickly brought us back to the theatre.

Each scene seemed to grow more and more wonderful; "The Garden of Count Anteoni," was more exquisite than any fairyland I had ever pictured in my imagination; the street scenes were very interesting—but the most remarkable of all, to my thinking, was the sand storm on the desert. The staging of that was superb! It was a glorious starlight night at first; the hills of the desert really gave one the feeling of infinite space. Then the sand storm arose—with it came a wind which blew the sides of the tent, on the stage, in a very realistic manner. As quickly as the storm had come, it passed away, leaving everything thick with a coating of sand.

But my interest was not held alone by the setting but by the play, itself, on the whole, which I liked very much and thought

forceful and well acted. Especially well done is the scene in the desert when Domini Enfilden's husband finally confesses to her that he is a priest, and after a struggle she tells him he must return to the monastery. A few of us caused great amusement to the party because of the tears we let fall; but the epilogue helped to dry them a little. We saw the wife watching the sunset, six years later—the hour she and her husband had set aside in which to be together in spirit. Her little son stood watching her, for a minute, then sprang into her arms. Whereupon we wept a little more, but they were happy tears. Although the play had not ended "right," still it was the way we wanted it to end—we had enjoyed it greatly and were sorry our happy day was ended. I think it will be a long time before we forget "The Garden of Allah."

KATHRYN JERGER.

THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA.

January 25th—

The plot of "The Jewels of the Madonna" centers around three characters, Gennaro, the blacksmith, who is desperately in love with his foster sister, Maliella, and Rafaele, captain of a band of smugglers, with whom Maliella is in love. She loves him partly for his handsome air and partly on account of the gay life which he offers her, while Gennaro has only his love and a quiet home. In an idle moment Rafaele swears that he loves Maliella well enough to steal the jewels of the Madonna for her, if a proof were needed as to his passion. Maliella taunts Gennaro with this when he declares his love for her, and Gennaro, driven mad at her disdain of him, steals the jewels. Coming back with them, he finds Maliella in the garden where she has just been serenaded by Rafaele, and presents them to her. She puts them on, they seem to have a hypnotic effect on her, and she dreams that it is still Rafaele whom she has decked herself out for, and not Gennaro. Coming to herself, she rushes to the cave of the

smugglers and implores Rafaële to avenge her. When Rafaële learns that she has yielded to Gennaro, he casts her off and sends some of his men to bring Gennaro to him. When Maliella sees Gennaro, she spurns him in her turn, and rushes wildly out into the storm, crying, "To the sea!" The smugglers draw back, one by one, from Gennaro on account of his sacrilege. Left alone, he finds a knife dropped by one of the band, and kills himself, before the rude altar of the Madonna, just as the officers from the city come to arrest him for his theft.

Through the entire opera there did not seem to be any great music, but the second intermezzo and the serenade in the second act, were both very beautiful. The scenery was picturesque and the acting was good throughout it all.

The opera was written by E. Wolf-Ferrari, a comparatively young composer, and was produced first in London.

ETHEL FORBES.

MISS MARY KELLOGG'S DANCING CLASS.

January 31st and February 19th—

Twice this Spring Miss Parsons has arranged to have Miss Kellogg come out from Boston to give us dancing lessons. With so many new dances, it is hard to know just what to censure and what to dance. This is what she undertook to explain to us. First, she told us that many of the dances which have caused so much adverse criticism of late, originated in the forms of dancing, indulged in by Spanish peasants.

Miss Kellogg is an old Rogers Hall girl and we felt that she had an interest in helping us to understand and interpret correct dancing. She helped us to see the matter in a new and sane light, and I am sure we are all very grateful for the opportunity Miss Parsons has given us, and I think Miss Kellogg would realize she has not labored in vain, if she could know the effect her talks and teaching have had on all.

JOSEPHINE PAINTER.

THE MID-YEAR DANCE.

February 1st—

The evening of the great day arrived,—confusion reigned; there was a perpetual hurry and bustle, and opening of boxes of flowers in preparation for the great event of the season—the first mid-year dance in the new gymnasium!

The decorating committee, Eileen Patterson, Helen Green, Edna Krause and Grace Coleman, with Helen Smith as chairman, had worked very hard all day, and well deserved the praise they received when the rest of us hurried over early that evening, to view their handiwork. The gymnasium had been made very attractive; very many colleges and schools were represented by either banners or pennants arranged on the walls; a merry fire crackled in the fireplace; the different pieces of apparatus were skillfully concealed by rugs, and heaped high with pillows until they had been transformed into comfortable resting places; the stage, where the orchestra sat, was banked with palms,—altogether the aspect was very festive.

Soon the guests began to arrive. Helen Smith was assisted in the ushering by Beatrice Walker, Elizabeth Huston, Harriet Hasty, Mary Holden, Leslie Hylan and Dorothy Bramhall.

The dancing began soon after all the guests had arrived. The music was exceptionally good throughout the entire evening. The dance orders were of a rough buff-colored leather, with the Rogers' seal done in gold. We were glad they could be useful as card cases later, instead of being hung on a bureau to collect the dust, or pasted away in a "memory book."

Supper was served downstairs, around the swimming pool. The room had been transformed into a very alluring summer garden; palms bordered the pool, and Japanese lanterns were strung around it—casting a soft, mellow light, and reflecting, glistening and shimmering, here and there in the pool. In the centre floated our canoe, all bedecked for the occasion with cushions and lanterns, tempting us to go out for a paddle. Little tables for two and four were scattered around, each with its candles, twinkling, and adding their light to the merry party.

We danced and danced, but the strains of "Home, sweet home," came entirely too soon; but good times cannot last forever, we thought, with a sigh, as we bade the departing guests good bye.

KATHRYN H. JERGER.

THE TRIP TO JAFFREY.

February 14th to 18th—

On Valentine's Day, some of us started with Miss McMillan for Jaffrey, New Hampshire, to enjoy a week end in the mountains. It was a lovely, warm day, almost too warm, we thought, as we carried our heavy coats and extra wraps. The ride on the train was lovely, and for some distance we followed the winding valley of the Merrimac River, white with the heavy snowfall of the night before. Beyond, we had our first glimpse of the glittering snow-capped mountains. Thick forests of fir trees covered their sides, and extended to the edge of the railroad. Birch trees were there, and made a pretty contrast with the dark green of the pines.

Upon our arrival at Jaffrey, we found a large sleigh awaiting us, and we were soon started on the three mile drive to the Inn. The sleigh bells sounded merrily, as they rang out on the crisp air, and everywhere was an odor of pine. The golden red sky made a beautiful setting for the rugged snow of the country side.

A hearty welcome awaited us at the "Ark," a rambling New England farmhouse, over a hundred years old, and furnished throughout with rare antiques.

During our stay, we spent our time in coasting, riding, walking, and last, but not least, in eating! One morning we joined a party and went half way up the mountain, taking "the brook trail." It was a lonely path, leading through dense pine woods, still, save for the murmur of the brook under its covering of ice and snow. Along its edges, the ice was broken, and one could see the black, rushing water of a mountain torrent. At intervals,

were waterfalls, now frozen into great icicles that pointed downward, as ghost-like fingers. The occasional chirp of a bird could be heard, as it fluttered about among the ground pines and laurel bushes. We saw several trails that made us feel that any minute we might come face to face with a real live fox.

Monday morning, we arose at five o'clock, and made preparations to leave. It was a bitter morning; the wind blew around the corners of the house. We ate a hurried breakfast, got into a wagon and started for the station, just as the first suggestion of dawn was appearing in the east. As we drove along, the wheels made a shrill, crunching sound, and the wind blew clouds of snow across our numb faces. When we arrived at the station, we were a rather disheveled looking party. A few hours found us back in school, with a few trinkets and pleasant memories of our mountain expedition.

FRANCES DANA.

THE THEATRE PARTY FOR THE HALL.

February 15th—

The girls of the House and of the Cottage entertained the girls of the Hall with a theatre party at the Playhouse. A special car took us to the theatre and we all enjoyed very much, the play, "Her Lord and Master."

THE GERMAN PLAY.

February 20th—

Of course, some of us could not understand any word of German, whatsoever. Nevertheless, it was in a great state of expectation that we all hurried over to the gymnasium that evening to see the German play.

Our German evening began most appropriately with music. All the members of the German classes, who could at least carry a tune, sang several well loved German songs, among them, "Die Lorelei," "Muss I Denn," and "Treue Liebe."

After Marjorie Stover had recited a poem, Miss Hochdörfer gave us a short synopsis of the play in English, after which we were all able to, at least, look intelligent during the entire performance.

The scene was laid in the breakfast room of a bride and groom, Alfred and Emma. What a changed Alfred! One could hardly have recognized Anita in the handsome, young German student, and immediately all hearts in the audience were lost. Complications arise at the beginning between the butler and maid, Heinrich and Lisbeth, all because Lisbeth refuses to say, "Gott sei dank, der Tisch ist gedeckt!" This ends in a quarrel which spreads to Alfred and Emma and finally to the mother and father of the bride, Ausdorf and Katharina.

Such a typical handsome, portly waiter as Heinrich made and it was no wonder he fell in love with that sweet little saucy German maid.

The quarrel proceeds, tears are shed and a final separation almost ensued; finally, however, the question is settled by the sensible father, who advises Alfred to turn the matter into a joke. Alfred has an inspiration; he presents Emma with a handsome scarf and peace is restored.

The play certainly was a great success, and I only wish that I, too, had taken German. Then I might have been able to speak it as fluently as did the girls in the play.

DOROTHY KESSINGER.

HOLIDAYS.

February 21st to 24th—

George Washington's birthday came and all of us felt like celebrating. There was relaxation in the very air and everyone seemed to have that, "Oh, I'll do it tomorrow," feeling. Our

vacation started Friday noon and many of the girls went home. Many house parties were going on at this time and many humorous stories have been told us of the events that happened on these same house parties.

Several of our girls were lucky enough to be invited to the dance at Andover. They started off, chaperoned by Miss Parsons, on Saturday morning. Of course they were clad in their very best and they all wore beautiful flowers. They must have had a glorious time, if one may judge from their glowing accounts.

Then we girls who stayed home had a very good time because there were so many little things to do, and then time has a habit of flying during the Holidays and even on school days, at Rogers Hall.

Dorothea Holland, one of the old girls, came to visit us for a while, too, and there was a tea given for her. We all went and ate more than was polite. The last night of our holidays we gathered in one room, and as we were feeling silly we all tried to be acrobats. The results were rather painful but we got a lot of fun out of it, because everyone enjoys being foolish once in awhile. By Monday noon all the girls returned and our vacation was ended. I'm sure one and all of us would say, "Here's to Washington's Birthday and the Holidays!"

THELMA BERGER.

MILESTONES.

February 27th—

Among the plays of this season are many which possess unique characteristics: "Fanny's First Play," "The Yellow Jacket," and particularly "Milestones," by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch.

"Milestones" is somewhat suggestive of the old Greek trilogy. Each act is complete in itself and in each the action centers about a later generation. To me, this proved rather monotonous, as there was a repetition of the marriage difficulties causing, in each

case, a struggle between the conservative age and progressive, enthusiastic youth. The curtains at the end of the first and second acts were very weak and no climax was reached throughout the entire play. The exposition of facts, necessary, in order to understand the action, was cleverly introduced. For instance, between acts two and three Emily has married Lord Monkurst, they have two children, a son and daughter, both grown to marriageable age and their father has died. This information has to be given to us in some way. The complicating difficulty is, of course, that both mother and son are fully aware of these facts and would have no occasion to tell them to one another nor discuss them with the butler, although an old servant. The authors cut the knot by putting into Lord Monkurst's mouth a jesting summary of the situation thrown into biblical language.

There was good character drawing in Gertrude, the maiden aunt, who was consistent throughout and in kind big-hearted Nancy who tried to adapt herself to the class into which she married. The character of Rose did not seem entirely consistent. Is it likely that a woman, after being submissive and governed by her husband's opinion in the important things of her life, for so many years, would be strong enough to stand out against him as Rose does in the last act?

The variations of setting added considerably to the interest of the play. Redecoration and refurnishing appeared in each act, according to the times. A clever detail which helped to fix the time of the third act was the open window, letting in twentieth century fresh air. The Golden Wedding Celebration, moreover, seemed a very fitting occasion for the last act as it emphasized the passing of time and provided a common interest which brought the widely scattered family together.

EDNA L. KRAUSE.

TALK ON "BLUE FOREST" AND "THE SECRET OF SUSANNA."

February 28th—

Mr. Hubbard of the Boston Opera Company gave the last of a series of lectures on, "The Blue Forest" and "The Secret of Susanna," at Colonial Hall, but when we took our seats there and saw on the stage something that resembled a pulpit, we hardly knew what to expect. We knew, though, that some opera singers were to be there, so that was a consoling thought. The plans had evidently been changed a good deal, for first the so-called pulpit was taken away, and then Mr. Hubbard came out, and announced that his accompanist and singers had failed him, so he would try to make the talk as interesting as possible without music. He certainly did, right from the beginning, for who could help but be interested when he began thus:

"Close your eyes, use your imagination and summon the right mood: Then listen to a tale of, 'Red Riding Hood,' 'Hop-o-my thumb,' and the wonderful 'Prince Charming.' "

The little stage faded away, the people in the audience, and we were in fairyland, where everything begins with "Once upon a time," and ends, "They lived happily ever after."

The scene is a small village composed of several small houses, a tavern, and in the distance lies the big forest.

Red Riding Hood lives in one house, and Hop-o-my-thumb, in the other. He has caught for her a little Tom Tit which she has always wanted, and this he presents to her, before she starts for her grandmother's for the first time. He goes back to his hut where his mother and father are discussing the necessity of food, and he overhears that he and his brothers are going to be led into the forest and left, and so when Red Riding Hood offers him a cake, he scatters the crumbs along the path so he will be able to find the way out, but, of course, the birds eat the crumbs, and the children are left deserted. Then night comes on, and they become afraid. So does Red Riding Hood who has lost her way, but she finds Hop-o-my-thumb and they decide to spend the night there. While they sleep, the Queen of the fairies comes and spreads flowers over them.

In the meantime, Prince Charming has fallen in love with a beautiful princess; he had only seen her once in a small town procession. He determines to find her, and he, too, comes into the Blue Forest; finds the children, and tells them his quest. They tell him to pray to the fairies, and immediately a big castle appears. Here lives the beautiful Princess who has pricked her finger and who has to sleep until a Prince comes and kisses her. Of course, the Prince loses no time and rushes to the castle where he finds the Princess and "they live happily ever after."

"The Secret of Susanna," is a story of the present rather than the past. An American girl marries a Count, the only secret she has from him is that she smokes. He has a very jealous disposition, and thinks while he is away some other man comes in to see her, for he smells the smoke. He resolves to find out, so when he is supposed to be out, he suddenly enters the room and finds her there alone, smoking. He is so pleased that she is alone that he embraces her and says they will smoke together.

"Why shouldn't operas be given in English?" Mr. Hubbard next asked. "How much more interesting it would be for hundreds of people. They would go to the opera and understand while now they go, and do not even know what language the opera is being sung in." Eventually, he thinks, America will have it so, and why not?

KATHARINE KIDDER.

THE PARTY GIVEN BY THE HALL TO THE HOUSE.

March 1st—

"Greatest feature of season.
Hall's world renowned circus.
Saturday night."

This startling news was conveyed to us as we entered the schoolroom, Friday morning, by the poster on which an elephant delicately balanced a red ball on the end of his trunk. Visions of tents, pink lemonade and monkeys floated before our eyes all day.

At last the anticipated hour arrived. A few minutes after the bell rang, I innocently entered the door of the gymnasium to find myself in the merciless clutches of a fat, red-faced policeman who firmly and not very gently conducted me to a seat in the first row, when I recovered from my fright sufficiently to recognize that the big "cop" was our own Madeline White.

When everyone had at last arrived, ring-master Towle appeared on the platform and announced:

"This way for the side shows. This way everybody. Step right up to the front." There was a mad rush, up to the stage where tents were pitched,—but our friend in the blue suit and brass buttons managed to keep very good order.

In the first booth was "The only Penguin in captivity, presented by Captain Amunsden." While I was examining this queer creature and recognized Thelma through some of its queer antics, I heard shrieks of laughter from the next booth. Tacked to the front of this tent was the following, "Fattest lady in existence. Mellin's food product." Oh, Lydia, we always knew you were fat but it must have taken many blankets and pillows to make you look like that." From the next tent, Josephine not recognizable, as the bearded lady, smiled sweetly at us as she twirled her mustache. Next came "The inseparables," posing as the two-headed girl. There beside them our demure little Kitty Kidder exhibiting two faces.

Maud and Susie blackened up and dressed as children amused us, by singing and playing a mandolin in a very funny manner, shuffling in time with their music.

Then came the ring parade before the regular performance began, and we laughed till the tears rolled down our cheeks. Ring master Towle cracked his whip and announced that "La petite Coleman, the famous bareback rider would be the first on the programme.

"La Petite" entered on the back of a shiny, yellow horse, propelled not by four legs, but by two husky clowns, a property man, and our old friend, "Moyke," the Policeman. The dexterity and grace with which she did her various skillful stunts on the (gymnasium) horse was remarkable; during her last mad gallop round the ring, "La Petite" jumped, caught a swinging rope,

hung suspended in mid-air, then slid gracefully to the ground, threw kisses to the audience, and ran out.

"The next will be the trained elephants!" In they came, swinging their trunks,—I'm afraid the ones at the zoos would refuse to own them for brothers, if, indeed, they could first recognize them—and keeping time to the music; one even tried a few fancy steps. They walked stools, and when the hind legs of one of them refused to mount, the audience could hardly contain their mirth. They were followed by a trained monkey, who did many marvelous tricks, but balked at climbing the ropes, as a real good and obedient circus monkey should not do. Really, Josephine, you must learn to climb them before the next performance. A troop of pretty girls next entertained us with somersaults, and Genevra and Thelma did some very good ring stunts.

The peanut and popcorn boy was very much in evidence, and very popular—not merely because he was such a cute little fellow, but also because of his wares.

The two headed lady, bereft of her other head, was kept very busy pouring pink lemonades, while the separated member attended to the good ham sandwiches.

Oh! I nearly forgot "Dumps" and Gertrude, as Cy and Mary Ann. I am sure you know that lovely couple from way out in the country. They stand around, gaping at everything, their mouths open and their eyes all but popping out of their heads at the wonders of the circus. Cy, in his wide straw hat "Sunday go to meetin'" overalls; Mary Ann in a crisp, dotted alpaca, worn only for such state occasions.

We all enjoyed the circus immensely, and hated to say good night.

DOROTHY SCOTT.

March 10th—

CHRISTINE MILLER.

On the tenth of March, those of the girls who were interested in music, were fortunate in having the opportunity of hearing Christine Miller sing, in concert, at the Women's Club.

Christine Miller is a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, and, aside from having a splendid voice, has a charming and attractive personality. Her programme was exceptionally well chosen. Several of the numbers were especially interesting, as they were written and dedicated to her. There were several songs by Shubert, and a number of darky selections. One cycle of songs was imitative of the music of the natives of the Azores, and we were able to appreciate them to a greater extent, as she had a description of the islands printed on the programme, and, with a little imagination, we were able to forget our presence in Middlesex Hall and enter into the very atmosphere of the Azores Islands. Her expressive voice helped us to imagine the whispering winds, as they blew from the Atlantic through the tree-tops.

BEATRICE WALKER.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

THE BASKET BALL GAME BETWEEN THE ALUMNÆ AND SCHOOL TEAM.

The basket ball game between the Alumnae and school team took place Saturday, March 15th. Many of the Alumnae were able to return for the game. Although the Alumnae won with a large score, such an excellent defense was put up by our team that we should be exceptionally proud of it.

Promptly at half past two, the whistle blew. The Alumnae quickly seized upon the ball, and carried it to their end of the floor, but our guards were too swift for them, and immediately sent it back to the centre. Then was seen some excellent passing, in which Mary Holden and Leslie Hylan played the leading parts. The ball again was carried down to the Alumnae's side, and Miss Harrison made a goal. Our team saw with what they had to contend, so acted accordingly, and such a fight ensued that even the Alumnae at times seemed doubtful of victory. Shortly afterwards, Miss Faulkner made a goal, which was quickly

followed by a goal made by Thelma Berger. The ball, from that time, was carried back and forth over the floor, and several goals were made, making a score, at the end of the first half, of 15—7 in favor of the Alumnæ.

Fifteen minutes later, the whistle blew again, and both teams prepared for a hard fight. The Alumnæ again took the ball, but were unable to make a basket. It was quickly carried back to our side, where Thelma Berger made a goal. After that, the game was well played on both sides, and the second half ended with a final score of 28—10, in favor of the Alumnæ.

The team work of Aida Hulbert and Hilda Smith was excellent, undoubtedly surpassing that of any on the field. On the Alumnæ team, Carlotta Heath and Frances Billings played an unusually brilliant game, while Miss Faulkner and Miss Harrison proved their usual efficiency.

Points were made by

| | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Thelma Berger, 7 | Miss Harrison, 11 |
| Kathryn Jerger, 3 | Miss Faulkner, 17 |

The lineup was as follows:

SCHOOL.

| | |
|-------|----------------|
| F. | Thelma Berger |
| F. | Kathryn Jerger |
| (†) | Aida Hulbert |
| G. | Hilda Smith |
| C. | Agnes Kile |
| C. | Mary Holden |
| T. C. | Leslie Hyland |

ALUMNÆ.

| | |
|-------|------------------|
| F. | Miss Harrison |
| F. | Miss Faulkner |
| G. | Frances Billings |
| G. | Carlotta Heath |
| C. | Helen Edlefson |
| C. | Miss Orcutt |
| T. C. | Mrs. Sawyer |

After the game, the Alumnæ took possession of our bathing suits and the swimming pool, and splashed around for an hour to their hearts' content.

THE GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION.

Tuesday, the 18th of March, was Visitors' Day in the gymnasium. We then had an opportunity to display all our athletic

work of the year to a large number of enthusiastic parents and friends. The following very attractive programme, covering our work in all lines, had been arranged, and it was obvious that "what the girls had done, they had done well."

PROGRAMME.

1. Free Movements.
2. Parallel Bars.
3. Link Tag.
4. 1st Year Dancing.
 - Dainty Step.
 - Dancing Topsy.
 - Varsovienne.
 - Board Walk.
 - Eloise Gavotte.
5. Ladders.
6. Basket Goal Race.
7. Bounding Balls.
8. Horse.
9. Giant Stride.
10. 2nd Year Dancing.
 - Snap Dragon.
 - May Rose.
11. Party Football.
12. 1st and 2nd Year Fencing.

All the numbers were interesting, but some, particularly, seemed to delight the audience. The performance on the parallel bars was excellent, and showed the result of long practice, in the good form that the girls kept. The younger girls did well on the ladders and the giant stride; the latter, particularly, excited amusement when the performers ran and swung far off the floor. The various games served to show how we had spent our stormy winter afternoons; the vaulting on the horse deserves commendation, and last, but not least, mention must be made of the fencing. The second year girls indulged in a fencing bout, which proved quite exciting.

After the exhibition, everyone rushed downstairs to the pool, and enjoyed a good, long swim. Some of the guests stayed to watch this, and, from appearances, they must have wished for their raincoats.

In ending, the editor wishes to say a word of appreciation to Miss MacFarlane. Certainly, we could not have a more efficient, and more graceful teacher. She has inspired us with a desire to work hard, and I feel sure that she felt her efforts to be amply repaid on Tuesday afternoon.

HILDA SMITH.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Mrs. Samuel Hale Pillsbury (Helen Watters) of Boston has a son, born March 1st.

On March 2nd, a son was born to Mrs. Norman Spencer (Hazelle Sleeper). His name is Norman Calvert Spencer, Jr.

Mrs. Ruel Pope (Ruth Griffin) of Beverly, Mass., has a little girl, Ruth, born March 7th.

Prudence Robinson has been spending a few weeks in Florida at Ormond and Palm Beaches.

Grace Lambden has been staying at Melbourne, Florida.

Rachel Morehead has been at Camden, South Carolina, for several weeks.

Meta Jefferson has spent the past two weeks in New York and Washington.

Edith Gates Syme speaks of a visit which she has had from Nell Steel Plumley.

Ethel Kline Dwyer has been entertaining Elsie Boutwell Tompkins for a few days.

Gladys Lawrence has been visiting Grace Smith in Rutherford, N. J.

Natalie Conant is visiting in Washington, D. C.

Ethel Merriam Van Horn of Springfield, Mass., writes of having seen Marian Chandler Galey and Stella Fleer Berger in Philadelphia not long ago. The R. H. colony at Springfield seems to have very jolly times.

Rebecca Reynolds and her sister came out to the school and took luncheon with us not long ago.

Louis Ellingwood Swan attended a bridge party in Philadelphia, at which Marian Chandler Galey and Elise Gardiner Hume were present.

In the cast of "Fauchon or the Cricket," which the Class of 1915 at Wellesley gave on the 22nd of February, Tracy L'Engle had one of the leading rôles. Bonney Lilley also took part in this play, which was a great success.

Gwendolen Perry writes interesting accounts of her studies and activities at Chicago University, and expects to take a class at "Hull House" in the Spring.

Cards are out for the wedding of Helen Huffman to Mr. John Meredith Miller, to take place on Wednesday, April 2nd, at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J. A reception will follow the ceremony. It is an evening wedding, and several Rogers Hall girls are anticipating a wonderful time.

The Alumnæ Basket Ball Game and Swimming Party, which Miss Parsons so kindly gave the old girls, was a great success, and so much fun that numerous appeals were made for another, or even a series of such good times.

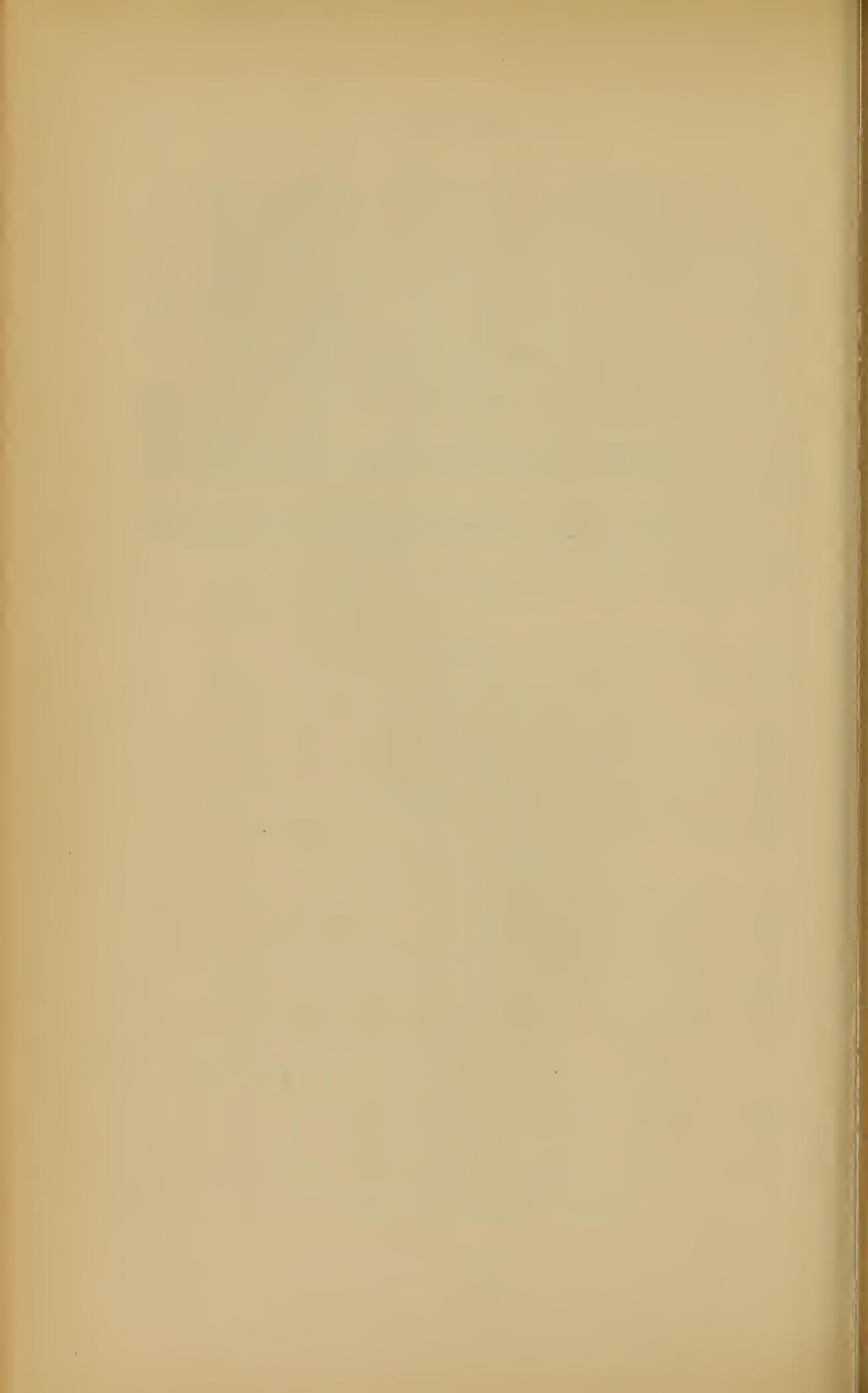
The game came out 28—10, in favor of the Alumnæ, who put up a truly magnificent game against the School Varsity Team. Marian Coburn Sawyer played jumping center with Helen Edlefson and Eleanor Orcutt, one of the faculty, who was made an Alumna for the occasion. For side centers, Carlotta Heath and Frances Billings were a splendid team of guards, and Florence Harrison and Alice Faulkner played basket.

After the game, an informal meeting was held at one end of the "Gym," when the Alumnæ were asked to make a special effort to get their friends back for the June reunion, that we may have enough girls from each class to make a special feature of class costumes and class stunts for our parade.

Nothing daunted, the Alumnæ bravely donned our regulation swimming suits and plunged into the pool, some coming down the chute at one end, and others diving from the spring-board at the other. Josephine Morse and Molly Beach were especially proficient, and Carlotta Heath and Tracy L'Engle did some team work on the chute, which was worthy of a Keith circuit. The canoe was launched, and duly upset with a crowd in it.

Altogether, it was a very merry party. The guests were entertained further at a supper, served at five o'clock. The three Wellesley girls, Helen Munroe, Tracy L'Engle and Bonney Lilley, spent Sunday at the school, as did Dorothea Holland and Pearl Burns.

Gladys Brown announces her engagement to Nathan Bourne Hartford, jr., of Watertown.



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LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

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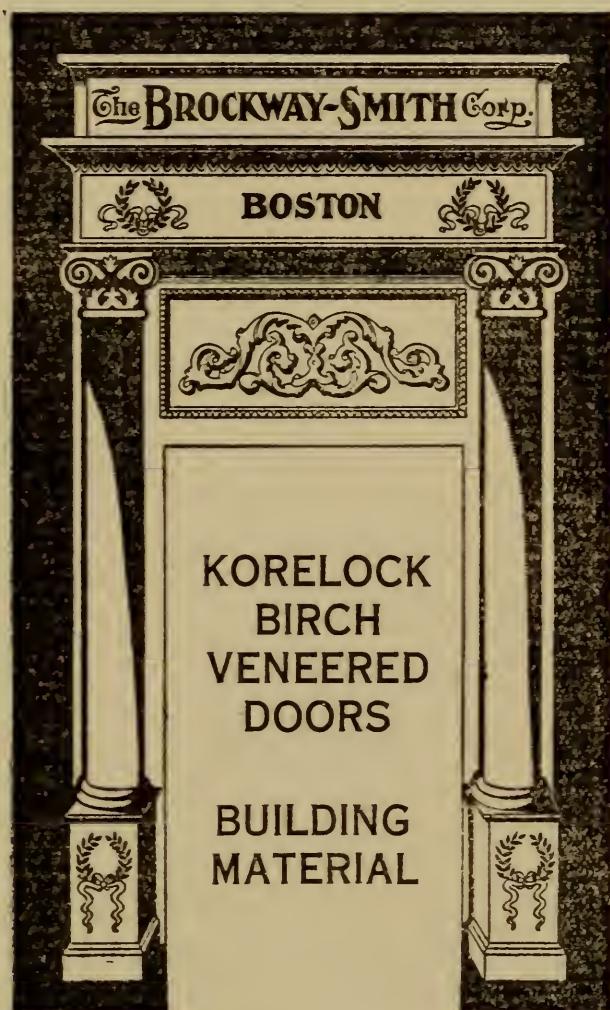
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Vol. 13.

JUNE, 1913.

No. 4.

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EDITORIAL.

In college to have your marks, good, bad or indifferent, revealed to you in deepest secrecy once every six months or so, is a small matter. If they are not satisfactory, a little hard work for a month or two may bring up your average sufficiently and the next girl need know nothing of your difficulties. But in Rogers Hall, under the new rules, it is different. Every Friday, excuses or no, your marks are read out for the benefit of the school, and you are either "above, 'not mentioned,' or below." The first means above eighty-five, the second above seventy-five, and the third, below the last mentioned mark. If you have neglected your algebra for a novel, everyone knows that you are below, there is no soothing veil of secrecy flung over the disgrace.

And the new order has brought really wonderful results. Those below disliked their humiliating position, while those above became so in love with their exalted one, that they tried their best to stay there, not only for the sake of leading the school, but also for the privilege of studying in the garden on these beautiful spring days. And now three of the wise, the clever and the good are to be selected and given a pin.

One is to be given to the girl having the best grades in all her studies for the year. The second goes for good scholarship and originality, and last but not least, the third is given for scholarship plus character and influence in the school.

We hope that in years to come these three honors will be the governing note of the school. The announcement of them came too late in the school year to judge definitely of their effect upon work, but from the great improvement of marks in general under the weekly mark system, this added incentive to excellence in studies should bring up the averages proportionately.

We consider that the three winners of these pins have received the greatest honor that Rogers Hall has to bestow and so it is that we extend heartiest congratulations to the winners.

THE UNDERHILL HONORS.

It is most appropriate that the new honors to be given at the end of the year should be connected with the name of the first principal of Rogers Hall. All those who were here during the period that Mrs. Underhill was in charge know how deeply she was concerned in the life of the girls in its various aspects, the athletic, social, and above all the intellectual. No one taught more untiringly than she, no one believed more absolutely in the capacity of those who really work. It is proper that there should be in this school, which she so largely shaped and made successful, some one thing in our present life to bear her name and we know that this new honor is one of which she will heartily approve, with which she will be glad to be connected.

The Underhill honors are to be given at the end of the year by the principal and the faculty to the three girls, who in their

judgment have done the most for the school on the intellectual side. The first will be given to the girl who represents, in their minds, the type which they believe to be the best that school develops. Scholarship is a necessary requirement in awarding this first prize; character and positive influence for good in our school has been made the special qualification.

The girl who wins this honor this year is Dorothy Kessinger, of Vincennes, Indiana. She is a Senior, President of the Hall, and her scholarship during the whole of her two years in the school has been consistently high. She has taken a good place in athletics and has been "leading man" in the *SPLINTERS*' play, both last year and this. No girl in the school stands higher in the respect of both girls and faculty.

The second honor, to be given to the girl who best combines scholarship with originality and productiveness, is awarded to Gertrude Hawxhurst of Evanston, Illinois. Gertrude is President of the Senior Class and has been a constant and dependable contributor to *SPLINTERS* for the last two years. This year, as Editor in Chief, her work has been of conspicuously high character, showing above all else that most desirable intellectual quality, the power of sympathetic and discriminating observation. Her classroom work, too, has shown her capacity, not only to absorb information but to reproduce that information in an interesting and individual manner.

The third honor to be awarded for the highest scholarship has been earned by Genevra Whitmore, of Ridgway, Pennsylvania, who has led the school all the year. She is the only new girl to win one of the Underhill Honors. She is a thoroughly good athlete, interested in all branches of sport, especially swimming and basket ball. Genevra is taking the college preparatory course and has two more years in which to further distinguish herself.

The winners of the Underhill Honors have a right to feel proud of their accomplishments, for in the eyes of the school and faculty they have carried off the chief honor of the year. And yet the winning of this honor carries with it too, its sense of obligation, for they now carry with them the reputation of the school which has selected them as the representatives of its best intellectual life.

F. L. H., R. H., '02.

THE SAILOR.

Try as he would Pietro could not keep his mind on the tiny colored squares scattered over the low table before him, and his eyes were so unutterably weary of dancing girls, grinning masques and leering fauns that it was restful to let them wander now and then out of the window, down the green slopes, splotched with the purple of plum blossoms, to the sea. And did it really matter, after all, that he had finished but one box today? Matino would, no doubt, be angry and threaten lower wages. Maria would weep and the old mother scold. But after all, what did anything matter. He knew the breeze that blew against his hot forehead had wandered first over the waves and rested in the cool rocks along the shore, and from far away came the drone of the fishers as they pulled in the heavy nets, hand over hand. How long had he been sitting in this musty shop, littered with its inlaid tables, chairs and boxes? Was it really but a few days or was it years? Why had he promised to leave the sea forever, the ships and the strange ports? Was he mad? Maria was only Maria, and the sea was happiness. Perhaps because, his mother, who was old, had pleaded with tears, for him to give up the old roving life and forget it, he has promised to work at a trade. Forget! Pietro laughed to himself and his strong fingers almost crushed the fragile box he held. It was only natural that a boy with good eyes and a love of the sea should know how to blend colors. There was nothing strange in that! And Pietro cursed the day his mother had found him sitting in the sun with a half-finished box in his hands, of his own making. That day the dream ship that was to have been all his own sailed far off and had forgotten to return.

The men in the shop began to put away their sheets of wood, laughing among themselves and wondering why Pietro was such a queer, quiet fellow. So glum, too, when the prettiest girl in Sorrento had promised to marry him. It was not to be understood. One by one, they left the shop and Pietro sat watching

the shadows fall over the olive trees and the crimson sea grow cold.

Martino entered the room and stopped, surprised.

"Not gone yet? Come it is high time to put up your work and stop dreaming. And if I am not mistaken," here Matino winked and stroked his short black beard, "there will be someone waiting anxiously for you to come."

A shadow passed across the boy's face and was gone.

"But perhaps there was something you wished to speak about?" questioned Matino, impatiently seeing that Pietro made no move to go.

"Yes. I wish to say I am not coming back any more to your shop to sit all day in the heat. I shall not be here tomorrow."

"Oh, so it is higher wages my fine young sailor wishes! I thought as much. But I cannot——"

"My wages are sufficient! My wages have nothing to do with it. I must be going now. Good-bye, Signor Matino."

Pietro's eyes burned and flashed in the dusk of the little room and after he had gone Signor Matino came close to the window and inspected his small hand to see that no bones had been broken.

Outside, the street was hushed. Slowly, and with bent head, the boy walked down the narrow path to the sea where the waves pounded angrily against the rocky cliffs. Across the bay flickered the lights of Naples and to the right crouched Vesuvius, gloomy, impenetrable. For a long time Pietro lay on the smooth, cool sand and watched the dark waves rearing themselves in the dusk like huge tameless beasts. And in the distance the swift music of the tarantella paused and died.

* * * *

Old Maria sat in the sun, listlessly watching the brown, half-naked children playing in the sandy street. Around the fountain in the square the donkeys pushed and jostled each other and in the shade of a nearby porch their driver lay dozing, unaware of the disturbance they were creating, at peace with himself and with the world.

Across the road flew a pair of dark, sturdy legs and before she knew it Maria almost fell from the doorstep, knocked by the

impact of a little body. Dimpled arms stole about her neck and drew her brown seamed face down to meet a pair of rosy, panting lips.

"The Saints have pity! And where have you dropped from, my Mitta?"

"I did not drop. I ran. I have been down by the waves, watching the ships. You should see them, Maria. They have great white wings. Sometimes they are red or patched but I love the white ones best. And the sailors sing songs as they pass, all about—. But Maria, why do you not like to hear of the white birds and the songs? You are not listening!"

Two black eyes grew moist but Maria did not answer nor look at her. Only her mouth grew firmer and thinner as she watched the children playing in the street. So the child stopped her chatter and hurried away to watch the donkeys in the square.

That evening after Father Paolo, in his black robes and wide brimmed hat, had patted her on the head and entered the low kitchen where her mother sat paring potatoes, Mitta sat in the gathering darkness and watched the stars blink.

"She is a thoughtful little body," smiled the Father as he helped himself to the dark bread on the table.

"Yes, today. Maria has hurt the child. You know how fond she is of Maria. A strange friendship!"

"And how has she hurt our Mitta? Maria is not usually so harsh."

"No, but you see the foolish baby spoke to her of the ships and the sea. No one has ever whispered to her of them since Pietro left so long ago. Such a woman! She should have married and forgotten him."

Outside, the child stood up and brushed her small brown fist across her eyes for she had heard. She was a foolish baby, and had hurt her Maria.

Down on the sands the fishers pulled in their heavy nets, singing, and a warm, wet wind blew in from the sea.

GERTRUDE HAWXHURST.

THE SQUAW MAN.

Jack and the Brooks boys had sheared Miss Aliner's beautiful white angora kittens. I told my husband, Mr. Laurence, that I simply did not see how I could stand it if Jack was continually in trouble. Miss Aliner came over to see if I knew who did it, and the boys were playing in the yard. I called them to me and asked them about it. The Brooks boys hung their heads in shame as they should have done, but my boy looked me straight in the face and told about the new shearing plant he had made. He said to me, "Mother, I went all over the neighborhood to try and find some sheep to shear, but I could not find any, so I decided that cats would do almost as well. And the hair will grow out quicker on them than wool would on the sheep."

As a punishment, I told Miss Aliner, that I would make him take care of the kittens for the next month. She thought this a splendid idea. I told Jack, sternly, that he must care for the kittens, without doing any harm whatever to them. I was amazed to find that he raised no objection to this, but he loves animals. He trained them to do tricks that I never dreamed a cat could do. One of them could ride on our Newfoundland dog's back around an improvised circus ring. He borrowed his friend, Alice's, and the clothes and furniture of his sister's doll. Then he had a school for the cats. They did almost everything. After watching him one afternoon, I told my husband that our boy must be a genius or he could not have trained the kittens so easily. Everyone came to Jack's cat shows. When the month was up he returned the kittens to Miss Aliner but they would not stay with her and came back and followed him around.

He made all sorts of machinery. He constructed an automobile, out of a baby carriage, so that it could run by its own power. Where or when he got his ideas I do not know, because he never asked either his father or me about anything of that sort. He was certainly a bright boy. He arranged a washing machine by means of a belt, attached to the wheel on the machine and

propelled by a water wheel, which he had placed in the ditch in the back yard. The laundress thought him a wonder, and she never complained about any extra washing made by him. He was always making something more convenient about the house for me.

When he grew older, my husband sent him away to school to study engineering. There, he finished his course in a much shorter time than any of his fellow students. Through the school he procured a position in the West as a mining engineer. He was to commence work the latter part of August. How I hated to see my boy go away, but I realized that it was for his own good. If he was ever to become a great man I must let him have his chance in life. However, I thought that he would succeed in a few years, and would probably come back and marry his friend, Alice Reynolds. They had been friends since they were children. I wondered if they were engaged. It had been rumored that they were, but he never told me about his affairs as my daughter did. There seemed to be something they were trying to decide. I hoped he would tell me before he left. Alice appeared reluctant to have him go, but he was very anxious to leave.

I dreaded more and more the time when he would have to go, but my husband assured me that it was only for a little while, as Jack could not stay away from Alice very long. Secretly I wished that he would not stay away from me that long. But a mother always has to take second place. Finally the day came for Jack's departure. Before leaving, he took me into the parlor and said, with tears in his eyes, "You have always had faith in me, mother, and please keep on hoping and praying for me when I am out there. I will come back when I have succeeded." Then he kissed me and walked out of the room. The click of the door as he closed it sounded like a death knell to me.

The first year he wrote long and interesting letters about the West. Then the mine, in which he worked, proved worthless and he was left without work. His letters stopped and we lost all trace of him. Years afterward a missionary, who was relating his experiences of the West, told me this story.

Jack had secured a job freighting across the mountains into the Basin. On his trips to and from there, he had to pass through an Indian Reservation. He stayed over night each time at Chief

Bald Eagle's camp to feed and rest his horses. He had not written home about his work as he was ashamed to tell his mother that he could not get work as an engineer, because he was afraid she would not understand.

Chief Bald Eagle's daughter, White Wing, was a tall, slender Indian girl with a dark brown skin; the blackest hair which she braided in two long braids; her teeth were very white and even; and her black eyes twinkled when anything pleased her. When Jack stopped there over night, she would do everything to please him. She made moccasins, trimmed in elk teeth, for him. But he did not pay any attention to her. One night she dressed in a dark red velvet dress, which was covered with elk teeth from head to foot. Her moccasins were also trimmed with them. A richly colored red blanket was around her shoulders. Her dusky hair seemed to make her teeth whiter, and she wore her carnival smile. Even this did not seem to affect him. He always stopped on Friday nights, and she would wait and watch for him. One night he did not come. She waited long after the sun had disappeared behind the mountains, but he failed to appear. She grew terrified. When the moon came up, she slipped out of her tepee and caught her pinto horse. She rode away, silently, in the direction from which Jack always came. When she was out of hearing distance of the camp, she started her horse on the run. Finally, in the distance, she saw a broken down freight wagon. The runaway horses were farther down the road. The moon threw weird and ghastly shadows over the scene of the runaway. She shuddered when she thought Jack might be under the wagon. She crept up nearer and called, but there was no answer, only a deathlike silence. As she was about to pry up the wagon, she saw a dark shadow on the ground a short distance from the wagon. She slid off her horse and ran to it. There she found Jack with a rattler coiled beside him. He had either been thrown from the wagon or the teams had dragged him.

She killed the snake, and then tied a strong cord above the place on his arm where he had been bitten. His heart was still beating, but very weakly. So she cut the snake open and bound some of the hot meat on his arm. As fast as it turned green, she put fresh pieces on the bite. When she had used the snake up,

she put Jack on her pinto pony, and walked beside the horse until she reached camp. Then the old Chief doctored the snake bite on Jack's arm. When he recovered consciousness, he found White Wing washing and dressing his arm. Her eyes shone with delight as he regained his senses. He smiled at her and then fell asleep.

When he regained his strength, he went to freighting again. He took up a homestead on a beautiful valley, and bought a few cattle. His visits to Bald Eagle's camp were very frequent now, and even after he stopped freighting, he kept on going to see White Wing. About two years later when Jack and White Wing were about to be married, they came to the missionary. He took him aside and asked, "Jack, why do you want to marry that Indian? You have a good education, and you must have a good mother. Would she want to see you become a Squaw Man?" He replied to the missionary, "It is just this way, I love White Wing, and I would not be alive today if it had not been for her. I am sure I could make mother understand it, as I look at it. I don't see any harm."

Then Jack told him the story of the freight runaway and the snake and everything, as I have told it. When the missionary heard it, he was willing to marry them. After they were married, they went to Jack's ranch, where he had a comfortable home for her. They were very happy, and White Wing was as neat as a pin about the house and cooked, white man's fashion. Even after years of married life, they did not tire of each other. They had two children, a boy and a girl. The girl had all the treachery of an Indian, but the boy had the bravery of his mother and the honor of his father.

After telling me this story he said, "This is just one case in a hundred where the man had enough honor." I replied, "But he could not have been from a very good family. What was his name, and how old was he?" He answered, "Jack Laurence, and he was twenty-eight years old." I turned pale and gave a stifled sob. I bit my lip and asked, "What is his address?"

The missionary gave it to me, and he seemed to wonder what I wanted it for, but he asked no questions and left. For a long while after he had told me the story, I sat in silence. Then I

commenced to sob as if my heart would break. How could my son have married a Squaw? The idea was impossible, but the name and age were the same. I tried to write to him, but I could not. Then I called my daughter and told her we were going West to find Jack. She could not believe me when I told her the story. My husband just laughed at the story, but said we could go if we wanted to.

The journey was a long and tiresome one. When we got to the little western town, the missionary had told me about, I inquired where Jack Laurence lived. They told me about forty miles from there. We hired a man to take us.

I went to the door and knocked. A Squaw dressed in Indian fashion came to the door. She asked me in a few words what I wanted. I told her that I wished to see Mr. Laurence. She explained that he would be back about supper time, and asked me to come in and wait. I went back to the wagon and told my daughter, and we went into the house. It was very neat and comfortable, but how could any man live with an Indian? A tall, black haired Indian girl came in and the Squaw introduced her to us as, "My daughter, Miss Laurence." I could not realize that before me stood my own granddaughter, a half breed. When Jack came in, he recognized us instantly. He seemed so glad that we had come. After he had greeted us, he said to me, "Mother, I want you to meet my wife, White Wing." It took all my self-control to shake her outstretched hand. He noticed my displeasure with a hurt look. I know I must have turned pale for the old Squaw grunted and brought me a glass of water. He said to me, "Mother, you and sister must stay and visit us for a long time." I told him that we intended to go back that evening. But he said, "It is too far to drive the horses after they have been going all day." There was nothing to do but stay. My daughter and I talked it over together, and we decided to persuade Jack to return with us. First his sister talked to him, but she was unable to change his views. Then I said to him, "Come back with us to the old life. You do not want to live here with a Squaw do you?" He said to me, "Mother, do not call White Wing a Squaw, she is my wife." I asked, "Why did you ever marry her?" He replied, "I loved her and I would be dead

today, if it had not been for White Wing. I married her when there was not a white woman in this part of the country. She was good enough for me then, and she is good enough for me now. Before I left home, Alice said she would not 'bury herself in such a place as the West,' so I made up my mind that we did not care enough for each other to marry. My wife is the only woman I ever truly loved. Now even that there are white women in this part of the country, I will not leave her. Neither will I sacrifice her and return home. It would be unjust to her, and to my children. My place is here and since I have chosen this life, I am going to live it to the end. Mother, I am not a quitter. The old life would not be the same." I said to him, "I don't see how you can endure this life, you, my son. Tomorrow I leave for home and this is the last time I will ever ask you to return home." He replied, "Mother, you have my answer." I looked at him in silence.

Early the next morning, after a hasty good-bye to Jack, we started on our return trip home. I felt ten years older.

My son still lives happily with his Squaw, and once in a while he writes me a letter. But what a bitter disappointment after my strong belief in him and his ability to accomplish great things.

DOROTHY BURNS.

DIAMOND DICK.

Scratch! Scratch!—the unvarying sound of an unceasing pen was the only sound heard in the lonely little room, where an old man sat bending over a table. Presently writing "Finis," with a trembling hand, he folded his manuscript and rose. Well it was done; he had thought it would be a relief, but he was not sure—it seemed something had gone out of his life, leaving it dull and void. He passed his hand in a dazed way across his brow, and his lips twitched, as if feebly questioning. What had he done? "Diamond Dick, the Reckless Cove," had been brought

to an untimely end, and by this very hand. The hand shook a little. Diamond Dick had supported him for many years, and he had led him on from one hair-breadth escape to another. He might even say Diamond Dick was his only friend. But he was dead. The illustrious Richard had risked his fate once too often, and had at last gone to a watery grave in the wilds of Africa, clutching his incomparable Helene bravely to the last; and they had perished in the death-dealing whirlpool. But it had to be so. He realized that Dick did not have the "snap" he had had about a year before, and it was best to stop before the interest of the public had dwindled. Besides—Dick had done his work.

The old man tottered across the room, and lifting an old tin box from its place of concealment in the mantle, plunged his withered hand in to feel the bills, with which it was filled. Yes, he need work no longer. He had enough to keep him the rest of his days, and he could pass those in peace. Not that he would not miss Diamond Dick, for he seemed almost alive to his fading vision; but he had worked hard. He deserved his reward. His hands shook as he gathered up the manuscript. Then placing his battered, soft hat unsteadily on his head, he picked up his cane, and, softly closing his door, passed down the creaking, lumpy staircase, with blind, faltering steps.

What was that! Just as he reached the fourth floor, he heard a low wail. It meant distress, surely; agony, sorrow and despair were blended in that one soft cry. He hesitated fearfully. He knew whose rooms those were. The little woman with the sweet face, whom he saw with two little children going to meet the stalwart father as he came home from work every evening. Should he go in? Why not! She was in distress, and it might be he could do something for her. He knocked at the door and opened it gently. There by the bedside knelt the woman, bending over a long, dark form, very still; while the only sounds were low, choking sobs, which started the children, huddled in a corner of the room, to whimpering.

"Accident at the Mill," whispered a woman, with pitying eyes, standing by the door. "Sure, and he didn't lave her a mite o' money, and the little uns cryin' for food, they be; and, what with the rint fallin' due, 'tis my own heart that's pityin' the purty

critur." She lifted the corner of her apron to her eyes, and murmured, "Hush, laddie," to the baby she held.

The old man stole quietly away, and when he returned, slipped a small roll of bills into the woman's hand, looking around stealthily.

"It's just a little somat to help her out," he explained apologetically. "Say it came from a friend, if you will. It is all right. I have plenty more."

Ten minutes later, Diamond Dick was swimming valiently for shore, the entrancing Helene under one arm; and the old man's eyes were very bright.

JOSEPHINE PAINTER.

THROUGH THE ORIENT.

A few steps from your hotel, just around the corner, and you are instantly in the land across the seas. The land of the mysterious, pungent, spicy atmosphere, the land of the yellow sun.

It is night, and an Oriental, mystic glamour pervades the city. Under the soft glow of fantastic paper lanterns, and through the gloom of unlighted alleys weave an Oriental throng. Thickly robed women flitting back and forth, like so many butterflies, clothed in their marvelously red, green, yellow and blue embroidered kimonos. Huddled now in some diminutive doorway are groups of little children, who, as you gaze up at you bashfully out of their little slant eyes. At one corner, you pass a barber with marvelous instruments; his patron sits in the uncomfortable attitude of a victim, meekly holding the tray. In front of their shops sit the merchants, crosslegged, displaying examples of their stock inside—curious trinkets, elaborate, costly wares, and magnificent old mandarin coats, which make you catch your breath from astonishment and wonder. The hideous red and yellow temples you look at with awe and disgust; they are hung with ponderous gilded carvings, and costly draperies

embroidered with hideous figures, which writhe and twist in a very fearsome and lifelike manner.

The Deities are awful conceptions, and you wonder with horror how people can worship such disgusting freaks of wood and bronze. They have ferocious countenances, and are decked with tinsiled robes. Near them, to one side, a small vestal flame burns dimly, by which is a huge gong. When anyone wants the help of the god, an attendant, who is always there, strikes the gong vigorously to arouse the god. The Petitioner then prostrates himself before the altar, making three Salaams.

You continue up the narrow and fantastic lighted street, crowded with a Celestial throng. Now and then there comes to you from some narrow alley, the sickening fumes from an opium den, and you hurry your steps a trifle, with a shudder.

Soon the Oriental, mysterious atmosphere has left you, and, unconsciously, you draw a breath of relief on gaining again the streets of the Occident.

ELEANOR BELL.

TOURING IN 1898.*

Dear James:

Find enclosed the extracts from my diary containing a full account of my first automobile trip. Hope your article on the "Improvement of Roads in U. S." will be a success and that my small contribution will be of assistance to you.

Sincerely yours,

J. Harding.

GREENSBURG, PA.

June 4, 1898—

We are all ready for the trip tomorrow. We leave at three A. M., and Banks has already gone to bed, though it's only seven o'clock. Our wives left this afternoon for Bedford Springs, where

*Editor's Note.—By permission, Miss Forbes published the diary, in its original form, as a short story. For the serious use of the material see, "The Improvement of U. S. Roads," published by Blank and Blank.

we hope to join them tomorrow evening, barring accidents. The Winton is in fine shape. Made a last examination today, the cylinder is absolutely clean, the gasoline tank is full, and as the two gallons it holds will not take us very far, Banks and I are taking twenty quart bottles with us in a hamper. From experience I've found that the quality of gasoline bought in drug stores is not any good for power. It may be fine for cleaning gloves and stoves, but it takes an infernal lot of it to make our Winton go. High grade, 76 degree stuff is what she takes, and then some.

I hope the tires don't give out, though Mr. Winton showed me how to put a tire on when he brought the car. I have as yet had no real experience with them. I believe I am a little excited so will join Banks.

GREENSBURG, PA.

June 5, 3 A. M.—

Raining hard, so will not be able to start for a short time. Looks like only a shower, but the clay roads to Blairsville will be fiendish.

EBENSBURG, PA.

June 5, 10 P. M.—

Must jot down the happenings of the day before I forget any. Roads to Blairsville worse than I thought. Would like to have had spiked tires. Our only chance of getting to the bottom of the hills in safety was to come down at full speed. We skidded a good deal in the hollows, but got over the twenty miles to Blairsville at last. Hunted up a hardware store and filled our tank and bottles, and started up Chestnut Ridge. The people in that town were terribly excited when they saw us. We could hardly get out of town, there were so many people in the streets, yelling at us and asking how it ran. Coming up the mountain side we had a very exciting adventure. A farmer saw us coming, he gave us one look, then dropped his hoe and then ran full speed for the house. Banks and I were having a fine time, laughing at him, when he appeared on the front porch with a shot gun. I got out of my side of the Winton as quickly as possible and then shut off

the engine. Banks nearly knocked me over in his haste. Finally, we convinced the man we were human, and got him to come up and examine the Winton. He brought his whole family. We tried to ask them which road was the best to Ebensburg, but they were all so excited that they all talked at once, and so we tossed up, and took the one labeled, "Northern Pike." We wished we hadn't. The last eighteen miles of it had been abandoned by everything but the stones. I suppose the scenery was beautiful. Banks is going to write about that part of it, though I didn't see any.

The first four or five miles of it was pretty fair, then stones began to appear, then rocks, then boulders, and at last the grass hid everything. We hated to turn back, so we called to a man in a field and asked him how far we were from Ebensburg.

"Waal, now, I reckon nigh on eighteen miles," he condescended to say, after taking about five minutes to think it over.

"And does this confounded road get any better?" yelled at him.

"Waal, now, I couldn't just say, but it was pretty bum the last time I went over it in 1877, when my ma died over to——"

We went on around the next hill, and stopped to fortify our courage with the supper our wives had fixed up for us. It began to get dark while we were eating, and when we did start the power seemed to have given out. I supposed it must have been the Blairsville gasoline, but then that couldn't have accounted for her strange actions, as she went backwards all right, but refused to go ahead. We got out and looked at the forward gears. Neither of them seemed to be out of order, but as Banks was unable to hold his matches still for any length of time, I really could not make sure. Then I monkeyed with the sparkler, and that seemed to fix her, for we managed to pull into Ebensburg all right.

Banks saw the crowd coming first and called my attention to it. The whole town had turned out in a torchlight parade to meet us, as the people in Blairsville had telegraphed them that we were coming. They escorted us up the street, and the old Winton looked fine, I can tell you. The mayor got up on the bandstand in the middle of the "diamond" and made a speech, and we stood up in the car and thanked him. He lent me his speech later on, so that I could copy it in my diary.

SPLINTERS.

"Welcome, gentlemen, to the town of Ebensburg. We have heard that there was such a thing as a horseless carriage, but this is the first time we have seen one here. Gentlemen, the town is yours as long as you can stay. Come on over to the bar—"

We decided to stay here all night, and Banks is downstairs with the mayor, now I guess I'll go down.

GREENSBURG, PA.

June 7, 1898—

The mayor was great, but we left next morning early, amid cheers. Pulled into Bedford around eleven, and half way out on the road to the springs met our wives and most of the people from the hotel. The whole place had sat up until nearly two that morning waiting for us to come in. We spent the afternoon telling the assembled multitude of every step of the sixty miles we had come over. Then I thought of taking my wife for a spin. We sailed down the hill grandly with all the people of the hotel watching us from the porch. Then she stopped. I got out and turned the crank, then a couple of Swede teamsters came along, and they took turns at it, but she only sort of sighed, but didn't start; so we pulled her into a shed and we came home by train. I have sent for an expert from Cleveland to come on and we will go and get it.

GREENSBURG, PA.

June 15, 1898—

Expert came, fixed car and we started home. Needless to say we did not take the "Northern Pike." But the expert was more trouble than he was worth. He was not used to hills, living in a flat country, and the mountains scared him. He insisted on getting out and walking down every mountain side, instead of trusting to his company's brakes as Banks and I did. Took a day and a half to come home, but we arrived covered with glory.

The Winton is the first machine in our country, and it's the first machine to have crossed the Alleghanies. Guess I will run for U. S. Representative next year. This free advertising I have gotten is too good to waste.

ETHEL FORBES.

ON THE LAKE.

It was hot, very hot, and I gently pushed my canoe nearer the shore, into the shade of the trees that overhung the water. Scarcely a leaf stirred in the beech woods, where the sun penetrated in spots. The edge of the shore was cooler and the sun-baked pine needles gave out a pleasing fragrance. Once out of the shade, however, on the middle of the lake, the scorching sun beat down pitilessly. I gazed lazily out. There was a blue haze over everything. The grey, blue water stretched languidly away, and far away, tall mountains loomed up in the distance. The day was so still that I could hear the faint, occasional tinkle of a cow bell on the opposite shore. Presently a loon came swimming silently, slowly along, with his fine neck proudly arched. Apparently he did not notice me, for he continued easily down the lake. Suddenly he gave a long, mournful cry, which echoed along the silent shores, and far, far away, came the answer, the same long, sweet note. Suddenly he disappeared under water, as quickly and noiselessly as he had come. Only a tiny ripple marked, for a moment, the place where he had been. I leaned back on the cushions languidly, wondering how far the loon had traversed now, when my gaze happened to strike a turtle sunning himself on a rock. After a few minutes' meditation, he slid off, with a splash, into the tepid water.

The morning wore on, and the sun grew higher. The very air seemed to burn me. Everything seemed filled with a hazy, sleepy atmosphere. I took up the paddle, and pushed along the edge of the shore, where there was perfect stillness.

KATHARINE NESMITH.

"THE DIARY OF A FAT GIRL."

Nov. 1, 1913—What am I going to do! This morning I tried to hook the skirt to my blue sailor suit, and, well, it simply could not be done. First, off popped the two hooks, then I broke a safety pin, and at the last moment I managed to cover up the missing link with a broad, black patent leather belt of Kitty's, and just managed to bring in the last of the breakfast procession. Of course, now everyone is furious at me because I didn't go through the drawing room, and they can't have the mail until recess. As though it is my fault because I'm getting fat. Resolved!—that something has to be done, and will be done.

Nov. 3rd—I have it! A bright idea came to me at breakfast, this morning, when Clara Miles made fun of me for eating two dishes of breakfast food. I am going to diet, and the following are my rules and regulations:

From Nov. 4th-11th—Resolved: to lose ten pounds. Weight, 132. Breakfast—Fruit or coffee and one piece of toast. No water with meals. Luncheon—Salad course or dessert. Dinner—Meat and ice cream or small piece of strawberry short cake—if possible. Roll for ten minutes before going to bed. Cold bath at six, and long walk during recreation. Nothing between meals.

Louise Gardiner is going on one, too, and whoever breaks over first has to treat the other person at Page's to a cheese sandwich and chocolate ice cream. I know it won't be me, because I have only seventeen cents left in the bank, and Louise is in about as bad financial straits.

Nov. 5th—One day is gone! I am feeling fine, though it does seem as if Fate is plotting against us, for this morning we had yellow breakfast food, and at lunch, chocolate eclairs. I weighed myself tonight, and haven't lost any so far, but of course I don't expect to this soon. We have decided now, not to be weighed again until the week is up, as it may make us feel discouraged, and then, too, we can have the surprise all at the end, in seeing how much we have lost, altogether.

Nov. 7th—Helen says that I look pale, but I surely do feel fine, although, of course, no one would expect to feel quite as strong, eating as little as I do. This morning I received a five pound box of Huyler's, and it almost killed me to hand it over to Lucy and then sit there and positively suffer, while she ate it; but then, of course, I am strengthening my will power, too.

Nov. 9th—Only one more day, and I will confess that it will seem rather good to be eating normally again. I feel just fine, but this morning I have just a little headache, and I am rather stiff from rolling, and the water must have been forty below zero when I took my cold bath this morning.

May 11th—This is my last day—Hoorah! 8.30 A. M.—Tonight, right after dinner (Louise and I aren't going to eat any), we are going over to the gym and weigh ourselves. I hope that I haven't lost more than ten pounds, as I don't care about having the bones in my neck show.

9.45 P. M.—Well, it is all over, and I can't ever remember being so miserable, disappointed and furious. I have gained four pounds! Louise is just her same weight. Tonight I have invited everyone on the second floor to a feast, and I am going to have all the fattening things you could imagine, and I am going to drink milk from now until doom's day. I suppose I will grow as big as the side of a house—I don't care, and I hope I—do—. Weight, 136 pounds. DOROTHY KESSINGER.

SNATCHES FROM A CHILDBOOK.

"S. T. D.!" "S. T. D.!" I closed my book with a bang and ran to the window. There was my roommate, Eleanor, standing below looking oh! so funny, as she very often does, but especially so today for she was carrying something under her middy-blouse and she looked just like the fat lady, Ely, that is Eleanor's nickname, and I saw that day we missed the car downtown because Ely bumped into her and we were late for study hour. Oh! I

shall never forget it. Well, I'm wandering from my point and that is something Miss Porter, our English teacher, has been drilling into us all year. Well, oh! yes, "S. T. D.!" That is a sign between Ely, Louise and myself. "S" stands for some, "T" for thing, and "D" for doing. "Something Doing." It comes in very handy, for when we know something is up with the older girls and want to let the others know without appearing as if we noticed anything, we say, "S. T. D.!"

Ely stood there giggling; she always giggles although I try as much as I can to stop her. It is her extreme youth, I guess,—you see she was only thirteen last month and I will be fourteen a month and six days from tomorrow. Miss Porter tells us to be accurate, that is why I added six days, and even six days makes quite a difference in a very young child, an infant as it were. Reading good books is really having a good effect on me as Miss Porter said it would, and it is necessary I should read all the good books I can now because I'm to be a book critic like my father. I heard mother tell a friend, just the other day.

Poor Ely is standing all this while, while I am leaning out of the window. But to resume my narration, I don't mean to keep my readers waiting so long,—but as I wrote in the preface to this book, this is to be a book of my thoughts as well as my actions, so that when I am great the public, by means of it, will be able to trace my development. It is such an interesting thing, tracing people's development. It interests me exceedingly. In fact, I don't know at present whether I will make the criticising of books or the studying of humanity my life-long work,—though, of course, I expect to be married some day. However, I do not intend to let my talents go to waste and marry a missionary as my sister did. She could sing so beautifully, and now there is nobody to hear her sing but heathens and cannibals, and I am sure they cannot appreciate her voice. Oh! try as I do, I cannot sing. It is a great disappointment to me, too, because I should just love to be a prima donna, and have everyone send me flowers and ask me for my picture, and have young men end their unhappy existence because I will not leave the stage and marry them.

I have spent so much of my reader's time that I will have to hurry over what I started to tell, that Ely had two mice in a

box concealed in her blouse. The climax I will also hurry over, that we put them in the bed of that awfully conceited senior who told me I was nothing but a spoiled infant. Infant, indeed! I never was so insulted in my life. I am sure I am in my fifteenth year, and as for being spoiled I am no such thing. I know I begged and begged to go to a dance when I was home Christmas time and mother would not let me go; instead she let me come back to school a day late, but that was not letting me go to the dance. I am not sure whether the climax was when we put them in or when she shrieked and Miss Bicknell heard her. Anyway I am very sure of the anti-climax, but I will end as all of the best authors do, and leave something to the imagination of the reader.

EMILIE ORDWAY.

THE HEATH.

"The Return of the Native" is characteristic of all of Hardy's work. As a whole it is depressing and strange. It leaves you with a hopeless feeling that is not in the least agreeable. Hardy in this novel depends almost entirely on his setting, the heath. The heath casts an atmosphere over the story that is felt in every line. We see it at all times of the year and in every hour of the day. It predominates over the characters, forces them to act in certain ways, and seems to be the greatest force in the book.

Hardy knew his characters. He was familiar with the Wessex county and its people and he brings out clearly their characteristics. Although he has not, perhaps, a broad range in types of character, he has a broad range in different qualities of character. In "The Return of the Native" there are many important characters but no one of them is in any respect like any other. They are individual and intensely interesting. If he could not portray life in high society or in other walks of life, he had the even greater power of being able to understand all classes of character. Many of the characters in "The Return of

the Native" have the characteristics of people you are apt to meet in any part of the world. It is the heath and its influence that gives them a difference. Hardy was, I think, very dependent on his setting and it may be that he did not understand the city well enough to make out of it a successful background for his characters.

The structure of "The Return of the Native" is perfect. events follow closely upon one another and the idea of cause and effect is closely adhered to. Even the smallest occurrence will have some bearing on the following action. Hardy often uses contrast for effect. As for instance where Wildeve and the Reddleman gamble on the heath at night by the light of glow worms. The contrast of dark and light makes the situation a striking one.

Hardy does not stop to analyze emotions. The actions of his characters show their feelings. This accounts for the immense amount of action found in all of Hardy's novels, and he makes fate and circumstances responsible for all they do. These two forces are stronger in his books than the human will. It makes no difference how hard his men and women strive and plan, for in the end fate always steps in and determines their destiny. They lead hopeless, aimless lives, and God is not just or kind. He is the inferior of man.

The situations in "The Return of the Native" never lack in any respect; they are intense and each one is necessary to the story.

The two main forces in "The Return of the Native" are the heath and Eustacia. Throughout the book the heath is almost human and seems bent on crushing Eustacia. The heath seems Hardy's idea of God. A huge, powerful thing that holds in its hands the lives of many people. Struggling against it is of no avail. It is mighty in its brute strength and sly cunning, but immensely inferior to man. All her life Eustacia fought desperately against its influence and sought to rid herself of its power, but could not. In the end it conquers both Eustacia and Wildeve, who so persistently struggled against it. When Clyne Yeobright came back from Paris, Eustacia held great hopes of being able, at last, to leave her detestable surroundings by her marriage with

him. Then the heath in its quiet, inscrutable way conquered Clyne and held him. Clyne became from then on the heath's spokesman and champion. The action begins to fall when the heath conquered Clyne and so, smothered Eustacia's last hope of escape. When Clyne tells Eustacia, after their marriage, that he never intends returning to Paris, that his happiness means living always on Egdon heath, the action does not rise again except in small climaxes throughout the falling action. The catastrophe is the last victory of the heath over Eustacia. It has ruined her life, her hopes, and in the end killed her.

GERTRUDE HAWXHURST.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

"GRANDMOTHER'S STORY."

We, that is, myself and my brothers and sisters were all joyous at the prospect of a visit at grandma's, "way down in Maine."

We started early in the morning and reached the little town of Houghton at six that night.

We drove up the long avenue on which grandma lived, and it seemed so long a way that I fell asleep. I awoke, however, to hear mother's voice saying, "Well, there's grandma, dear old soul, standing on the porch looking for us. Wave to her, children." And sure enough, I opened my eyes and there was grandma looking the same, if not dearer than ever, her silvery curls bobbing from under her lace cap in an ecstasy of welcome.

How homelike the dear old house looked! With lights shining from every window, and grandma, the dearest of all, we thought, as she gave us our welcome kiss and entered the great hall.

At the foot of the stairs stood dear old Mammy Esther, who had been a nurse in the family for years. There was a broad

grin on her face which suggested chicken and waffles of her own southern cooking for dinner that night.

After the excitement of greetings were over we went to our rooms to dress for dinner. In a short time I was dressed and ran downstairs at high speed. At the bottom I landed, plunk! into the arms of Uncle Jack, mother's only brother. He pretended to throw me into the fire saying, "There, will you do that trick again, young lady?" I laughed and challenged him to a game of checkers after dinner, to which he readily agreed, for he always beat me at it.

In a short time the rest of the family came down with my mother's sister, Aunt Grace, who greeted us sweetly, as was her way, giving the youngest an extra hug, for he was her favorite. Aunt Grace was an invalid and stayed in her room the greater part of the time, but as it was grandma's wish that all the family should be present at dinner she usually made an effort to come down.

After dinner, Uncle Jack joined me at checkers and as usual beat me. Then, Aunt Grace and mother played and sang. But best of all grandma went to her harp, touched it gently with her slender fingers and began in her high, sweet voice to sing, "Annie Laurie." Grandmother's voice was peculiarly sweet, and as the firelight played on her silvery curls, it touched the gold of the harp, and her slim figure in black with touches of old lace at her throat, stood out in clear lines against the stringed harp, so that we could almost imagine her young again. The singing stopped, and after the good nights we all tumbled off to bed, and so ended our first happy day.

The next morning I awoke to hear the rain pattering on the roof. At first I was disconsolate but I remembered that grandma always planned something for her guests, so I hurried downstairs where she was sitting by the fire, reading. She looked up when I entered and asked me if I was dismal at the prospect of a rainy day. I said, "No," not with her around. She laughed and asked if I would enjoy visiting the attic and looking over some old treasures of her girlhood days.

I was delighted with the idea and after breakfast I went up the old staircase and pushed open the heavy oak door and entered

the attic. It was a large, musty smelling apartment as all attics are, with peppers and dried apples and quinces suspended from the rafters. Old piece bags hung from rusty nails and old furniture was everywhere. I scrambled onto some of this furniture and reached a little black trunk, which opened with a rusty squeak. I began pulling out quantities of old brocaded gowns, hats, stockings and all sorts of old wearing apparel, but not until I had reached the very bottom did I pull out a very soiled, mudstained pink satin slipper. I managed, after inspecting it carefully, to find a bit of writing on the toe, but I could not read it, it was so nearly obliterated by age.

I ran downstairs with it and asked grandma for its story. She laughed and began thus: "The Pink Satin Slipper."

"Years ago, dearie, when I was young, there was to be a great ball, to which I was invited. Dolly Berkley was my hostess, and her cousin from California, William Berkley, was to take me. He had been West, since a child. I had remembered playing with him then, and ever since, I had corresponded with him, and tomorrow night I was to see him for the first time in a good many years.

At exactly eight o'clock, that night, Billy called for me. Our meeting was one of the greatest joy. When mounted on my pillion, I took off my satin slippers and replaced them by wool socks to keep my feet warm and dry.

When I dismounted and entered the Berkley Mansion, I found one of my slippers to be missing. Billy offered to go back for it. I readily agreed, and borrowed a pair of slippers from Dolly Berkley and began dancing. Having been dancing, I did not notice until I stopped, that the wind had come up and that it had begun to snow. It soon turned into a blizzard, and my conscience troubled me for fear Billy had crossed the bridge, for I knew that if he had, he would not get back that night or perhaps not at all. In the midst of my worrying, Billy came in, the slipper in his hand, but drenched to the skin. He handed it to me and on the top I saw this writing, 'Whoever finds the slipper of the princess, shall become her prince.' I blushed furiously and was glad the blizzard was over so that I might return home, out of all this embarrassment.

But two months later, dear, Virginia Cowel became the wife of William Berkley, your grandfather, and there is his picture above your head, dear, as he looked then," and grandma wiped away a few silent tears, for grandpa had died three years ago.

That day at luncheon, Uncle Jack asked me if I had seen a ghost, I looked so serious, but I only laughed and smiled at grandma, who smiled back at me.

EVELYN FOWLER.

SCHOOL NEWS.

THE YELLOW JACKET.

One of the most interesting of my classes has been the course in Drama. In connection with which we have been to see several interesting plays. Among these was "The Yellow Jacket," a Chinese play, given in Chinese fashion.

I expected to see a play crudely staged, shabbily costumed, queerly acted, and all that I thought a Chinese play might be. Instead, we saw a play, simply staged, it is true, but the draperies and few properties, that were used, were very effective. The costumes were beautiful and the acting superb.

The plot is very simple. A prologue introduces the characters and gives the foundation of the story. Chee Woo, the King's mother, dies to save her child, leaving him on a mountain top to be cared for by peasants. The play then takes him, as a young man, through the world in search of his heritage. He meets all of the temptations of life, but is always strong through the aid of his mother's spirit and the love of Plum Blossom, a princess, whom he loves. He, at last, overcomes all obstacles and finds "The Yellow Jacket," which solves the mystery of his life and gives him the throne.

The one stage setting used throughout was a large room with a table and two or three chairs for furnishings. At the back, one entrance and one exit, and between them an alcove where the

musicians, an "All important chorus," sat during the entire performance. Through the skillfulness of the, always apparent, property man, in shifting the few properties about, and the actors, we are transferred from a room in the palace to the garden, then another room, then a Chinese street, or we hold our breath while the hero crosses a rapid torrent on a narrow plank, or climbs to lofty "snow-capped mountain peaks." In reality a board placed from one chair to another for a bridge and chairs and tables piled up for mountains. The "Chorus" tells us in his dull monotone just what is represented and with a little imagination, we can see it all. There are times when the property man, though he does not say a word, is very amusing. He never hurries and sometimes arrives too late, for a critical moment in the play. For example, when the old philosopher dies, he sits up and waits for the "prop" to place the head-rest for him; and often he leisurely walks into the center of the stage, to remove a chair or table, carrying chopsticks and rice in one hand. But one must not watch him if they wish to let their imagination play, for when we see the hero and heroine in their flower boat, "sailing on a sea of love," we do not want to laugh, but enjoy every minute, as though it were very real. The soft swish of the water, made by the rubbing of sandpaper together, in time with the movement of the bamboo rods, that two coolies seem to be rowing the craft with, adds a certain charm to the scene.

And so the entire performance depends entirely on the actors and the audience. It is in strong contrast to "The Garden of Allah," and "Kismet," where a great deal depends on scenic production. Actors and audiences, without imagination, should avoid types of plays like, "The Yellow Jacket." But the imaginative actor will find great opportunities and the imaginative onlooker will enjoy it from beginning to end.

EDNA L. KRAUSE.

DARTMOUTH CONCERT.

April 8th—

The Dartmouth Concert was particularly good fun this year because Miss Parsons invited all the members up to the school for tea, so we had two parties in one.

The men arrived about four o'clock all carrying very bright yellow canes and looking a little self-conscious, as they came up the walk. One of them told me that his idea of a tea at a girls' school was, a crowd of girls, luke warm tea to be manipulated with cane and gloves, a few polite murmurs and then back out.

But that was not our idea. First the men met all the girls and then went to the gymnasium where we danced for an hour until "tea" was ready. When that was announced we returned to the Hall and found delicious croquettes, salad, coffee, sandwiches, cakes of all kinds and descriptions and ice cream. The cakes and sandwiches were made by the Domestic Science classes and I'm sure the Dartmouth men approved.

In the evening we went in cabs to Colonial Hall, where the concert was held. We certainly made an impressive procession. One little urchin called out, "There goes a funeral," as we rounded the corner.

The concert was really way above the average, in the precision of the Mandolin Club, the excellence of the programme with its balance between real music and rags and the violin solos of Mr. Griffith, and finally in that fine, big chorus of the Dartmouth Winter Song. Of course, we enjoyed the dancing afterwards, and had such a good time that Miss Parsons let us stay two extra dances but even then, though we appreciated the privilege, we were loath to leave.

EUGENE YSAYE.

April 12th—

Saturday afternoon Ysaye gave his final violin recital of the season and probably played for the last time in Boston and in Symphony Hall. There was a large and sympathetic audience

as Mr. Ysaye has played many times in Boston. In recitals this season he has risen above his colleagues, so that even the best of them are only fiddlers.

Mr. Ysaye played the Grieg sonata in G minor, the Vitali Chaconne, with organ accompaniment, the Bruch G minor, concerto, the andante and finale of Grieg's Veuxtemp, concerto in A major.

It is doubtful whether we shall soon hear again a performance of Bach's Chaconne, as that given by Ysaye; the variety of expression, the tone now melting, now noble, and the flawless technic with which it was rendered was remarkable. Mr. Ysaye was equally great in the lighter music of Grieg. The enthusiasm of the audience was overwhelming and the violinist added to a program already long, but it is good to say that he did not add too much.

ANITA GRAF.

THE TRIP OF THE DESIGN CLASS TO THE BOSTON MUSEUM.

April 14th—

When we arrived in Boston, we hurried up from the station to a quaint little Art Tea Room, where we had a very good luncheon, then we went on out to the Museum.

Having struggled all the year to create a "well-balanced" design, beautiful in its color harmonies—with the aid of our color scales and whatever creative ability we possessed—we were anxious to see things which displayed all the best there is in design.

We first entered the room of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition. It was full of all sorts of leather, textile and metal goods, and some very beautiful printing, all of which was furnished by the Boston Arts and Crafts Society. Most of them were designed and executed by foreigners, especially Spaniards and Italians living in New York and Boston. I was positively envious of people who could make such exquisite things. I doubt if I could have marvelled at and appreciated them nearly as much if I had

not been endeavoring to master and apply a few simple rules in design, all year.

We next went to a Tapestry Exhibit in another part of the Museum, where there were wonderful Chinese and Japanese Tapestries displayed. It seemed as though we went from the Modern back across the ages to the Ancient. I don't know which made me blush the more, as I thought of my feeble little attempts tucked carefully away in my portfolio at school. It came to me, with a great deal of force, that "there is nothing new under the sun," for lots that we had seen in the first room were just the old done in a modern way.

After a glimpse at some of the beautiful paintings, we left the Museum and went to the Arts and Crafts Shop. Needless to say, we refreshed ourselves at Huyler's en route.

There, at the shop, we saw the very latest things in leather goods and jewelry, and some exquisite designs and color schemes in scarfs and table covers. We got some very helpful inspirations from these, and left with a very clear idea of what we are striving to accomplish in our design classes, and it showed us, what had oftentimes seemed like plain drudgery would result in many attractive gifts and things, if we only kept on trying. We promptly fell to work planning bags, card cases, scarfs, and all manner of things, with glowing enthusiasm.

MARGARET SHERMAN.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

April 17th—

It was with more than common interest that the Rogers Hall cast of "She Stoops to Conquer" went to Boston to get pointers from the Castle Square performance. We looked very literary, indeed, as we sat there, taking notes and drawing diagrams of the stage. After the play was over, we wrote up our impressions of the parts we were to play.

As was fitting, Helen MacCorquodale, who plays Tony, gave hers first:

"Tony Lumpkin, as played by Donald Meek, was the best character in the play; his droll way of speaking, the weird, comical expressions that would come over his face, the blinking of his eyes, and his idiotic laugh were used to great advantage. One thing of vital importance—he was never still; playing with a piece of string, which he turned in every conceivable way, balancing a cane on his nose, or teasing his cousin. He was continually active."

"Mary Young, as Kate Hardcastle, was a coquettish, rather simpering girl of the eighteenth century. One could easily imagine her fainting. She filled her speeches with little thrills and gurgles of laughter, and all her movements were characterized by elaborate flourishes of grace. Her best acting was in the barmaid scene. Here she spoke with an Irish-Cockney mixture, which, at times, was amusing, at others, seemed unexcusable. Her action was often forced, and, in her rather obvious attempts at youthfulness, she sacrificed much spontaneity and lightness."

"As I saw Hastings follow Stingo across the stage, with the words of my opening speech on his lips, it was all I could do to keep from speaking. Unfortunately, the actor who took the part was very short, with anything but an air of sang-froid. Nevertheless, he broadened my conception of the part, so that I now picture Hastings as an eighteenth century coxcomb."

"My idea of Marlowe was not materially changed by our visit to the Castle Square, but I was grateful for the suggestions I received as to the best ways of getting on and off the stage, and also as to what to do with my hands and feet. Mr. Carleton, who took the part, was best as the bashful lover, although the lisp he affected seemed rather out of place in a six-foot man. I felt rather proud to recognize the fact that he often mixed his lines, and, at times, omitted them altogether; but, at the same time, envied his composure during these lapses of memory."

Altogether, this visit to the Castle Square has given us many ideas as to possible business, and also as to humor of the play. The audience here enjoyed it; we had hopes that ours would, too.

THE HARVARD GLEE CLUB.

April 25th—

We school girls are very critical judges of Glee Club concerts, and so, when everyone unanimously and with one accord voted the Harvard concert to be splendid—you may be assured it was! At any rate, there was a very appreciative audience at Colonial Hall that night, and different numbers of the concert were applauded again and again. The programme was very well chosen, and was rendered with a great deal of enthusiasm and college spirit. The audience could not help but become imbued with it, also, when the famous football songs were sung, and the concert was brought to a close with "Fair Harvard."

Miss Parsons had told us that, as few of us knew any of the members of the Glee Club, we could only stay for two dances. But after the concert was over, the manager introduced all the men to Miss Parsons, who in turn introduced them to us. We not only danced our promised two dances, but Miss Parsons let us stay for five more in addition. Surprises like that are much nicer than looking forward to anything! We all certainly had a splendid time, and, after leading or being led rather poorly among ourselves in playtimes at school, it was a great treat to have some one of the masculine persuasion for a partner to really dance with.

KATHRYN JERGER.

THE SYMPHONY.

May 2nd—

Friday afternoon, a number of the girls attended the Symphony, which was the last of the season, and great pains had been taken to make it one of the best. The programme opened with the second movement from "Beethoven's Seventh Symphony," which was in memoriam of J. Pierpont Morgan.

The rest of the programme was devoted to Wagnerian music, and, as this is his centennial, his greatest and best known masterpieces were selected.

| | |
|--|--------------------|
| Stingo, Keeper of "The Pigeon" | Gertrude Dexter |
| Men at "The Pigeon": | |
| 1. Muggins | Edna Krause |
| 2. Aminidad | Aida Hulbert |
| 3. Slang | Katherine Steen |
| 4. | Helen Towle |
| Mrs. Hardcastle | Lydia Langdon |
| Kate Hardcastle | Margaret Sherman |
| Miss Neville | Gertrude Hawxhurst |
| A Maid | Beatrice Miller |

The opening scene was at "The Pigeon" and served to introduce the young hopeful Tony Lumpkin, with his boon friends ready to support him in all his jokes at others' expense. Not only did Helen MacCorquodale hold the centre of the stage, literally, but then and throughout the play she was so absolutely one with the spirit of Tony that the audience could never lose sight of her presence on the stage and longed for her reappearance when off. Her conception of the part was a perfect bit of acting and had little of the amateur about it since her by-play was so satisfactory.

In the second scene we were taken to Squire Hardcastle's home where the action of the play brought the hero and heroine together for the first time. Small wonder, we all agreed, that Kate won Marlowe's heart from the start, for she was a dainty bit of maidenhood, whether, as mistress, she was torturing the shy hero or trying to attend to "Your Honor's" needs as a barmaid.

Of Dorothy Kessinger, as Marlowe, the Courier-Citizen, the next morning had the following: "Miss Dorothy Kessinger was the 'Young Marlowe' and her acting of the part of the young man of the caste, who was shy in the presence of his equals, but greatly familiar with those of a lower station, was invariably good. She looked the young man of good birth, and the action she put into the part merited the applause she received."

Ethel Forbes, as Hastings, and Gertrude Hawxhurst, as Miss Neville, had the hard rôles of being foils to the principals but Gertrude was more than that in her love making scenes with Cousin Tony and Tony's doting mother. The latter, somehow, had no difficulty in persuading us of the truth that "Oh! Mr.

Hastings, then I shall be too young!" However, she reasserted her authority in her attempts to punish Tony and in the garden scene when she would sacrifice her life or her jewels, that she held so dear, to rescue her scapegrace son.

Ruth Hulbert played Hardcastle and did an excellent piece of work as the Squire saw his young guest spurn all his courtesies and then showed the kind heart underneath by letting Kate wheedle him from his prejudices. One of the funniest bits of the play came when he was his wife's "Ownty Donty!"

The girls who had the minor characters did their share well in making the play the success that has set the standard for all *SPLINTERS'* plays to come.

THE KINEMACOLOR PICTURES.

May 9th—

As we have read much concerning the war in the Balkans and have discussed the subject so often in the Current Topics Class, it was with a great deal of interest that we viewed the Kinemacolor Pictures on Friday evening, May 9th. The pictures were especially clear, and seemed, indeed, almost real. We followed the Servian Army on their way to Adrianople and although the soldiers appeared untrained they all seemed so enthusiastic and so determined that one could well imagine them marching to victory.

In very marked contrast to the Servian troops were the well trained "red coats" which we next saw in the Coronation pictures. The procession in honor of England's new king was a magnificent and impressive display. We regretted, however, that the pictures were reeled so speedily that one received the impression that the parade was one made on a gallop.

The Panama Canal pictures were exceedingly interesting as well as instructive. They gave us a very good idea of the wonderful work the United States is doing there. A number of pictures showed the powerful machines which were used in building

the canal and one realized what a marvelous piece of work was being done. One of the most interesting pictures was one which showed how a boat would be taken through the locks when the canal was completed; how the enormous iron gates would open to let the boats through and the water will lift it up to the height of the next gate until all five gates have been passed and the vessel has reached the Pacific ocean without rounding Cape Horn. Every American could not help but be proud when he realized that the United States is completing the wonderful engineering feat, which France started and was not able to finish.

LYDIA LANGDON.

TRIP TO THE CUBIST AND FUTURIST EXHIBIT.

May 15th—

For a long time I had been hearing about the Cubist and Futurist pictures, which were being exhibited in Boston, so when Miss Warner announced that she was going to take the Art classes in, I was very much pleased. We had been hearing so many "weird" things that I really did not know what to expect. Some were inclined to take them seriously, others laughed good naturedly.

The pictures only occupied three rooms, which were crowded. On first entering I was dazzled by the brilliant and clashing colors which seemed to be the dominating character of all the Futurist pictures. Also the Cubists seemed to have no idea of perspective and if they have they do not regard it. Then they have chosen rather singular subjects for this day and generation.

If it were not for the fresh paint and the modern frames one could almost believe that they were excavated from some ruins, hundreds of years ago. There was one queer looking picture which to me did not look like a picture at all, more like daubs of brown and yellow paint. I was moved to laughter when I read the title, "A Girl at the Piano," for alas! I could see no piano. It seemed as though he was trying to paint the false notes she was striking. The only evidence of anything in the picture at all is a

sort of rhythm or swing in the strokes of the brush which gives a hint of a form of a person. Otherwise there is absolutely nothing visible. Glancing around the room my eyes fell on a picture which seemed to me to be the kind a child in kindergarten would paint—it was just a few straight lines put together to represent a house and some trees. It made me think of the "House that Jack Built." What anyone could see in that, so out of the ordinary or marvelous, I did not know. There was another picture which was really human—two little Dutch children; but as I have seen many, many pictures of Dutch children, and indeed much better ones, I could not see why it deserved the hanging place.

From the Futurists (?) we went to the Art Museum. What a change it was! How restful the pictures were after those brilliant colors of the Cubists! Here I could wander about, looking at each picture a few minutes without having to stop and puzzle it out. The lovely tints of Corot,—the marvelous technique—the light and shade of Rembrandt or Franz Hals after the riot of color of the impressionist seemed to me to have an order and a meaning that I had not grasped before. SUSANNA RODIER.

"THE CREATION."

May 15th—

The composition of the oratorio, "The Creation," the crowning work of Haydn's life, was begun in 1796 and finished in 1798. The words were compiled by Lydley from Milton's "Paradise Lost." The first performance took place in private, in 1798, at Vienna, and the first public performance was given at the National Theatre, Vienna, in 1799.

We were given the opportunity of seeing this composition, "The Oratorio," which was presented by the Lowell Choral Society on May 14th, at the Opera House.

Mrs. Sundelius, who is so popular among the girls, took the parts of Gabriel and Eve. Besides having a gracious personality, she has an exquisite voice, and sang her part with the ability of a true artist.

Mr. Althouse, the tenor, took the part of Uriel, and Mr. Martin, the basso, took the parts of Raphael and Adam. Both have very good voices, and sung their parts skilfully.

Mr. Hood, the conductor, deserved a great deal of praise for the way in which he had trained the chorus in singing with such accuracy and expression.

During the evening, our minds were only once diverted from the music, when the tenor was singing of the creation of all the animals and creeping things of the earth, at which appropriate moment, a harmless little mouse wandered up the aisle, causing a slight confusion and "drawing up" of feet, to the great amusement of the members of the chorus and orchestra; but then, they were on the stage.

Withal, we had a very amusing and enjoyable time.

M. ALEY.

A DAY AT THE COUNTRY CLUB.

May 17th—

One of the new privileges which the school has this year is the use of the Long Meadow Golf Club and the Vesper Country Club.

The latter is a perfectly beautiful place, situated on an island in the Merrimac, about an hour's ride from the school, on the trolley. We went up for the first time this year on a Saturday, some of us taking tennis rackets, others golf sticks, and some just strolled around the island, through the pine woods.

At noon, we had luncheon together, near a big, open fire, and if we were rather a silent crowd, it was only at first, until our appetites were somewhat satisfied.

In the afternoon, there was a tennis tournament between the Winchester Country Club and the Vesper Club. We watched a few of the matches, and then came home, vowing it an absolutely perfect day, the only drawback being the burn we had acquired on our noses.

THE RECITAL.

May 20th—

On Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock, Miss Ruggles and Miss Glorvigen presented their pupils at a recital held in the gymnasium.

The programme was carefully and well selected, and the result of the year's hard work was shown by the way in which it was carried out by the girls. Among the selections were several by Schuman and MacDowell and Beethoven. They were played with accuracy and expression. A very long programme, so well planned, seemed only too short.

When it was all over, Miss Glorvigen played two beautiful selections, which seemed like a very lovely farewell. A few days later, she sailed for her home in Norway, for the summer.

“AS YOU LIKE IT.”

May 24th—

On Saturday afternoon we had the pleasure of seeing Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern in, “As You Like It.”

From the moment the play began we forgot all else around us, and lived with Rosalind and Orlando in the forest of Arden.

Miss Marlowe, who is a most charming and wonderful actress, made an ideal Rosalind, as did Mr. Sothern a Jacques. They had the support of an unusually strong company, each actor seemed born to their part.

The stage settings were most realistic, especially the forest, with its great trees, the lake and then the cascade in the distance.

We enjoyed every minute of the afternoon, and were sorry to see the curtain fall on the happy wedding party. But as “all

good things come to an end," so did this, and we were soon on the train homeward bound, with the memory of Rosalind as we last saw her, standing by Orlando's side, her hair bedecked with roses, graciously bowing to the audience. FRANCES B. DANA.

ATHLETIC NEWS.

HOUSE AND HALL BASKET BALL GAME.

The spring term of all others is the great season for athletics. The first event after Easter vacation was the basket ball game between the House and the Hall, on April 17th. We had been practicing for this game during the whole winter term, and we knew it would be a close contest, so it was amid great interest that the game began at half-past two. Immediately the teams showed the results of hard work, for beside playing hard and fast, they played the cleanest sort of a game. No one seemed to lead, because as soon as one side made a goal the other side speedily caught up. At the end of the first half the House led by a score of 10-8. During the second half the equality of the game continued, and when time was finally called there was a tie score of 15-15. It, therefore, became necessary to play until one side made two goals. At the end of ten extra minutes the House had gained one goal and one free goal, closing the game with a score of 18-15.

All the players deserve commendation, but particular mention should be made of Dorothy Kessinger, who substituted on account of Marion Aley's illness. Aida Hulbert played her usual brilliant game. Helen MacCorquodale and Dorothy Johnson in the center, and Ellen Lombard as guard, fought hard for the House.

The time was two fifteen minute halves, and the lineup was as follows:

| House. | Hall. |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| F. Kathryn Jerger | F. Marian Aley-Dorothy Kessinger |
| F. Helen Smith | F. Thelma Berger |
| G. Ellen Lombard | G. Aida Hulbert |
| G. Hilda Smith | G. Margaret Sherman |
| C. Helen MacCorquodale, Capt. | C. Genevra Whitmore, Capt. |
| C. Dorothy Johnson | C. Agnes Kile |
| J. C. Ruth Allen | J. C. Helen Sands |

HOUSE AND DAY GIRLS' BASKET BALL GAME.

On April 22nd, the victorious House basket ball team played the Day Girls for the year's championship. There had been a little feeling among the House girls that this was going to be an easy game, but they had not been playing ten minutes before all their assurance was gone. The Day Girls put up a splendid fight, and the game was hard played on both sides, though, perhaps it was not quite so good an exhibition of basket ball as that of the previous week. At the end of the first half the Day Girls led by a small score. With the beginning of the second half the House team took a brace and, figuratively speaking, fought for life. The game ended with a score of 29-17 and the year's championship for the House.

Mary Holden, in the center, played an excellent game, but the most remarkable playing on the field was that of Barbara Brown. Barbara realized that on account of the strong House center her chances at goal would be few, and when she did throw she threw so accurately that over seventy-five per cent. of her tries made good. She made all but one of the goals on her side. On the House team Dorothy Johnson and Helen MacCorquodale played extremely well, and the forwards proved their usual efficiency.

The time was two fifteen minute halves, and the lineup was as follows:

| House. | Day Girls. |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
| F. Kathryn Jerger | F. Barbara Brown |
| F. Helen Smith | F. Ethel Hockmeyer, Capt. |
| G. Ellen Lombard | G. Edith Whittier |
| G. Hilda Smith | G. Ruth Greene |
| C. Helen MacCorquodale, Capt. | C. Mary Holden |
| C. Dorothy Johnson | C. Edith Stevens |
| J. C. Ruth Allen | J. C. Leslie Hylan |
| | HILDA SMITH. |

FIELD DAY.

May 8th—

Field Day proved to be a pleasant disappointment, as the clouds which had made the outlook so dark at breakfast time, cleared away, and we had sunshine for the rest of the day.

One of the most interesting events was the hurdle race, and as this is the first year that we have had the hurdles, the girls raced remarkably well. Out of the eleven girls who entered, only two of them stumbled during all three heats. It was won by Grace Coleman.

Another interesting race was the three-legged race, which Madeleine White and Leslie Hylan easily won. They have raced together, on Field Day, for several years, and the consequence was that they found no trouble in winning by nearly half the length of the field.

The running high jump was very good also, and though the girls did not break the record, they jumped in very good form.

This could be said of the whole day, and altogether it was one of the best Field Days that we have ever had. There was more general good work and form in all the events than we have had for years, though we did not have as many brilliant stars as they have had before. The average was much lighter than has been

the rule. Ruth Allen won the day with twenty-three points, Katherine Nesmith came second with seventeen, and Ethel Hockmeyer held the third place with eleven.

The old girls came back in force and some for the morning events, but most of them for the Alumnæ-School baseball game, in the afternoon. Many of them brought their children and one of the most noticeable features of the day was the number of babies who would "some day come to the school."

The game opened with Mildred Moses pitching and, as has proved true for several years, the school could not touch her fast balls. It did not take them long, however, to get the knack of hitting them, for the girls have had Ruth Allen to practice with, who is not so slow as the school pitchers have been before.

It was a fairly fast game, the school winning for the first time in several years with a score of sixteen to eight.

After the game, all the Alumnæ and the School team went for a swim in the pool, and later to the Hall for supper. Everybody had a splendid time. The old girls gathered in groups in the schoolroom and talked over old times, while we waited on them. Unfortunately, a great many of the girls had to go back to Boston that evening, so it was all over too soon. ETHEL FORBES.

THE HOUSE AND HALL BASEBALL GAME.

May 13th—

Tuesday, the thirteenth of May, was the day of the baseball game between the House and the Hall. When the game began the Hall went to the bat first, but in the first inning the House got ahead, and managed to keep the lead throughout the entire game. On the whole the playing was not particularly good, but the batting livened things up a bit. Nine innings were played, and the final score was 16-8 in favor of the House.

The lineup was as follows:

| House. | Hall. |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| P. Ruth Allen | P. Marian Aley |
| C. Kathryn Jerger | C. Genevra Whitmore |
| F. B. Elizabeth Huston | F. B. Aida Hulbert |
| S. B. Helen MacCorquodale | S. B. Beatrice Walker, Capt. |
| T. B. Gertrude Dexter, Capt. | T. B. Margaret Sherman |
| S. Beatrice Miller | S. Agnes Kile |
| R. F. Anita Graf | R. F. Thelma Berger |
| C. F. Helen Smith | C. F. Katherine Steen |
| L. F. Elizabeth Piper | L. F. Clarice McCargar |

HOUSE AND DAY GIRLS' BASEBALL GAME.

May 21st—

On May 21st the House team played the Day Girls in baseball for the championship of 1913. When the game began the House went to the bat, and started a good score by making six runs. But both teams worked up to better playing and held each other down far better than the first inning had led us to expect. Seven innings were played, and the final score was 10-6, in favor of the House. This game won for the House two championships of this year, and made up for the hockey defeat last fall.

Particular features were the excellent playing of Edith Whittier, a fine hit by Elizabeth Carter, and a three-bagger by Ruth Allen. Katharine Nesmith and Kathryn Jerger caught two "flies" that created much excitement.

The lineup was:

House.

| | Day Girls. |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| P. Ruth Allen | P. Edith Whittier |
| C. Kathryn Jerger | C. Mary Holden |
| F. B. Elizabeth Huston | F. B. Barbara Brown, Capt. |
| S. B. Helen MacCorquodale | S. B. Elizabeth Eastman |
| T. B. Gertrude Dexter, Capt. | T. B. Elizabeth Carter |
| S. Beatrice Miller | S. Katharine Nesmith |
| R. F. Anita Graf | R. F. Edith Stevens |
| C. F. Helen Smith | C. F. Leslie Hylan |
| L. F. Elizabeth Piper | L. F. Ethel Hockmeyer |
| | HILDA SMITH. |

FRIDAY, MAY 30th.

Every year it is the custom to award R. H.'s to the girls who have won high athletic honors. This year the standard has been raised so that only the very best athletes of the school received this honor. Each girl is required to gain thirty-five out of a possible forty-five points given for excellence in different lines of sports and gymnasium work. The last day of school Miss Parsons gave the girls a very nice talk congratulating those who had won them and telling in what special way each girl had "won renown." Beatrice Walker and Mary Holden were captains in hockey, Agnes Kile in baseball, and Ethel Hockmeyer in basket ball. The list was read of the girls who won over thirty points. The girls who won R. H.'s are the following:

| | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Ruth Allen | Agnes Kile |
| Ethel Hockmeyer | Margaret Sherman |
| Mary Holden | Helen Smith |
| Aida Hulbert | Beatrice Walker |

Edith Whittier.

THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

During the last two weeks of the term we played off the annual tennis tournament. A good many girls entered, and all took great interest in the matches. The entries and scores were as follows:

| | | | |
|---|--|--|--|
| P. Piper-E. Huston J. Painter-S. Rodier | { J. Painter-S. Rodier 6-4, 4-6, 6-1 | { E. Hockmeyer-E. Whittier 6-2, 6-1 | { E. Hockmeyer-E. Whittier E. Hockmeyer-E. Whittier |
| E. Hockmeyer-E. Whittier M. Sherman-H. Smith | { E. Hockmeyer-E. Whittier 6-1, 6-3 | | |
| A. Hulbert-M. Aley L. Hylan-F. Berger | { A. Hulbert-M. Aley 6-4, 6-3 | { A. Hulbert-M. Aley A. Hulbert-M. Aley | { A. Hulbert-M. Aley E. Hockmeyer-E. Whittier |
| A. Graf-C. McCargar D. Johnson-R. Allen | { D. Johnson-R. Allen By default | { D. Johnson-R. Allen 8-6, 6-4 | { D. Johnson-R. Allen H. Smith-H. MacCorquodale |
| E. Patterson-G. Whitmore B. Miller-G. Sherlock | { E. Patterson-G. Whitmore By default | { E. Patterson-G. Whitmore By default | { E. Patterson-G. Whitmore H. Smith-H. MacCorquodale |
| H. Smith-H. MacCorquodale | { H. Smith-H. MacCorquodale 6-4, 8-6 | { H. Smith-H. MacCorquodale By default | { H. Smith-H. MacCorquodale H. Smith-H. MacCorquodale |
| B. Brown-M. Holden, Bye | | | |

Ethel Hockmeyer and Edith Whittier won a fine victory over Hilda Smith and Helen MacCorquodale, and certainly deserve their prizes. They each received a green tennis racquet case with R. H., in white, on them. None of the other matches were particularly close, as several beginners entered for the practice. The finals were played on Monday, June 2nd, finishing up all athletic work until next year. The school extends its heartiest congratulations to the winners.

HILDA SMITH.

SENIOR WEEK.

Miss Parsons started our Senior week of June by giving us a dinner at the school. The tables were arranged in the shape of a big clover, to give us luck, and decorated with our class flowers. The rest of the school was present, but outside the magic circle of candle light so that we were hardly conscious of them. After dinner we had coffee out on the veranda. To be sure it was rather chilly for the sun was down, but then there were compensations for only the faculty and the Seniors could have the coffee. Then the real fun began. The time honored custom of each Senior doing some particular stunt for the amusement of the class was followed, and for the first time since she has been here we heard our President play for the multitude. By a unanimous vote she played for us and convinced us that the reason of her silence was not lack of ability. There were many versions of "Mary and Her Little Lamb" worked in as stunts, and several stories the best of which was Harriet Hasty's of their colored Eliza, who asked how much it would cost to get a divorce as she wanted to marry another "niggah." After much deliberation she was told that forty dollars was all that was needed.

"Ah! go long wid you," exclaimed Eliza, "why dere ain't no fo'ty dollars diff'rence in no two men!"

The last thing we did before leaving was to roll up the rug and have a real old-fashioned Virginia Reel and after everyone had been down the center we said "good night."

The Senior luncheon to which we had all looked forward for such a long time came the next day and we could not realize that, at last, the time had arrived for us to start for the Vesper Country Club. The club is on an island in the Merrimack River and one of the most beautiful spots I have ever seen. To reach it was necessary to cross the swinging bridge that so many Senior classes have crossed before us, and when it rocked and shook, in the strong wind, we screamed and laughed as we hung

on to our hats. It is the nearest I have ever come to flying. Arrived at the club we found a huge fire crackling in the wide grate, but we did not spend much of our time before it as dinner was announced almost immediately, and no one was sorry. After everyone was seated and we were becoming more used to the endless expanse of white tablecloth that stretched before us, things became very lively. General Dexter favored us with jokes and original remarks, from time to time giving announcements as to new leagues that were being formed and that after luncheon there would be dancing in the hall. After luncheon those of us who wished to play tennis did so, while the rest walked about the island, sat before the fire or danced. Before long it was time to start back and whenever we hear or think of the old Asparagus or Shaggy Dog story we shall remember General Dexter and the Senior luncheon.

Friday was one of our most exciting days, as we went in drags to Andover, to see the Andover-Exeter track meet, and in the evening we had our Senior dinner in the House. The meet was very interesting as it was the last one of the season and the teams were well matched, the final score being forty-eight to forty-eight. The drive home in the cool of the evening will long be remembered by us all. As soon as we reached home we hurried over to the domestic science kitchen, in the House, and prepared the dinner. Only Seniors are allowed in the House at this time. Needless to say the dinner was a great success in every way. The class poem was read by the poet and was a credit to the class, although it was the author's first effort. The class prophecy was truly excellent and though its originality was often a trifle startling it was never dull. That evening we danced in the gym, walked to the top of Fort Hill, serenaded the teachers and ended up with a marvellous snake dance around the old elm on the driveway.

Saturday night, the night of the Senior dance, could not have been more perfect. As we went over to the Hall to take our places in the receiving line, the girls were just lighting the Japanese lanterns that were strung under the trees, putting the last touches to the decorations in the gymnasium, and changing the grounds from a dark mass of trees and shrubs to a fairyland of color.

After the reception we danced or strolled as we liked, and supper was served on the back piazza. Twelve o'clock came all too soon and our last dance at Rogers Hall was over.

Sunday, the whole school went to Saint Anne's Episcopal church. Mr. Grannis preached a most interesting Baccalameate sermon, the text being from St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. "No man liveth to himself alone and no man dieth to himself alone."

At five o'clock, on Monday, the Alumnæ began to arrive and it seemed strange to hear them come in and greet old friends and have them settle down in our rooms at the Hall, but somehow it made us feel that our school is not just a thing that is here today, but something that will remain with us always. After supper we danced on the lawn, for the last time, to the tune of the hurdy gurdy and then planted the ivy around the gymnasium. Mr. Pollard showed us the proper way to do it and Mr. Grannis rendered valuable assistance. Indeed everyone entered into the spirit of the act and if the ivy does its part the gym will be quite covered with green before very long.

We sang old songs until it grew dark. Then the girls and the Alumnæ strolled to the top of the hill where they later joined a circle around the Seniors and sang.

The best day of our Senior week was Commencement day. About ten o'clock the guests began to arrive, and until after eleven Miss Parsons, the Trustees' wives, Miss Faulkner, and the Seniors received. At eleven o'clock two lines were formed outside the gymnasium, and the Faculty, undergraduates and Alumnæ marched in, followed by Miss Parsons and the Senior class, who took their places on the stage.

Mr. Ferrin, as Vice-President of the Board of Trustees, had charge of the exercises, introducing the Reverend C. T. Billings of Lowell, who made the opening prayer.

Mr. Frank Justus Miller, Ph. D., Professor and Dean in the University of Chicago, addressed us, speaking on the subject, "Does Education Educate?"

As he said himself, at the first glance the question seemed to be in the same class as the questions, "Does plowing plow?" or "Does sewing sew?" But he soon made his points plain to us.

For some time, owing to the various complicated social and political problems with which we have been confronted, men turned to the idea of education as a panacea for all our ills. But the meaning of the word changed with the circumstances. At first, the purely classical form of education prevailed. Then came the scientific, and lastly the vocational. But what we need, here in America especially, to raise our ideal of education to the highest standard, is to develop reverence for people and things, a sense of responsibility, which makes us trustworthy and independent, and the sense of the debt that we, as the more favored part of society, owe to the rest of the world.

At the conclusion of Mr. Miller's address, we received our diplomas, and Gertrude Hawxhurst then presented the class present to the school. Mr. Grannis accepted, in behalf of the Trustees, and Mr. Ferrin then gave the benediction. During the luncheon which was served under the trees afterwards, some of the girls started to go, and when the time for the Alumnæ parade came, we began to realize fully that we were no longer school girls or Seniors, but that out lot lay henceforth with the Alumnæ.

ETHEL FORBES and GERTRUDE HAWXHURST.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

The engagement of Geraldine Simonds to Mr. Fred Angus was announced at a luncheon in February. She expects to be married in the Fall.

Hazel Horton's engagement to Mr. Glenn Morse of Washington, D. C., is announced in this issue of SPLINTERS. She will be married in the Fall and expects to live in Pittsburg, Pa.

Irene Snow is to be married on June eleventh, at the Arlington Street Church, Boston, to Mr. Theodore Barnet Plimpton. A reception will follow the ceremony.

Bernice Fisher was married last October to Mr. Myrten Layden. Mr. and Mrs. Layden are living in Dallas, Texas, Haskell Ave.

Margaret McKindley's wedding is to be in July. Three Rogers Hall girls are anticipating being in the wedding party. They are Helen Brown, Helen Gallup and Leslie Brown.

Mrs. Gilbert Oakley (Beatrice Mudgett) is living in Portland, Maine. Her address is Vaughn Hall, Vaughn St.

Gladys Lawrence has been elected to the Glee Club at the Framingham State Normal School.

Mary Bard has been suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism which has prevented her from continuing her course in hospital work.

Three Rogers Hall girls, Mary Walker, Katharine Carr and Alice Cone are graduates of Smith College this Spring, and one girl, Frances Billings, is to be graduated from Radcliffe.

So many of the Alumnae were back for Field Day that we had a very jolly time, though we were quite badly defeated by the undergraduates in a game of baseball. Mrs. Dwyer (Ethel Kline) came up from Newport with her two little girls, Frances and Kathleen, who were thought quite adorable by all. Alice Cone and Katharine Carr visited us then from Smith and many of the Lowell girls came over and enjoyed the sports which this year included a "swim."

Mrs. J. Clem Thompson (Hilda Baxter) has a daughter, Hildergarde Caroline, born on April twenty-seventh.

Mrs. William Roberts Carleton (Etta Boynton) has a daughter, Elizabeth Boynton Carleton, born May tenth.

Mrs. Randolph Stauffer (Frances Dice) has a second son, born in April.

Mrs. Nelson Taintor (Ruth Thayer) has a little daughter born May second. Mr. and Mrs. Taintor have moved to New Haven, Ct., 136 Cold Spring St.

Mrs. Karl H. Pitcher (Marjorie Fox) has a daughter, born on May twenty-sixth. Her name is Natalie Pitcher.

A daughter was born to Mrs. Winthrop I. Nottage (Alice Coburn) on May first. Her name is Carol Nottage.

Elizabeth Ludlam of Chestnut Hill, Mass., was married on June third to Mr. Gardner Beals.

The marriage of Gladys Brown, of Lowell, to Mr. Nathan Bourne Hartford, Jr., took place on Monday, June second.

There was quite a Rogers Hall reunion at Wellesley not long ago. Alice Billings, Helen Gallup and Leslie Brown were entertained by Bonney Lilley and Helen Munroe.

Tracy L'Engle has been elected vice-president of "The Barnswallows" at Wellesley College.

Natalie Kemp is on her way West making numerous visits.

The address of Mrs. E. Reginald Williams (Dorothy Eckhart) is changed to St. Mark's Rectory, 536 Hartford Ave, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

A few days before Commencement Miss Parsons had a call from Mrs. Barvis Van Horn (Ethel Merriam) at the school.

Carolyn Newton's engagement to Mr. Harry Guilbert, of Plattsburg, has recently been announced. Carolyn will probably be married in the early Fall.

The following change of address should be noted. Mrs. Rufus Soule (Florence Renne), Woodmere, Long Island, N. Y.

A play called "The Childhood of Jeanne d' Arc" was presented on April nineteenth, at the Aerial Theatre, New York City. This play was written and staged by a Rogers Hall girl, Sara E. Nieman, and was given by "The Girls' Friendly Society," of Huntington, L. I., with great success.

OUR FOURTH ALUMNÆ REUNION.

"Why Marian, I'd never know you in the world you're so thin! You must be in love."

"Hello Helen, come see me, I'm in my old room."

"Have you seen the new gym? It's a wonder!"

No, gentle reader, these remarks that floated out in the corridor were not made by giddy young school girls, but by staid Alumnae, who had returned in all their dignity to Rogers Hall for their bi-ennial reunion.

I think the Alumnae may flatter themselves that at supper that evening an outsider would have had some difficulty in distinguishing them from the "regulars" except that the former were, perhaps, a little more prone to giggle and chatter and could really make more noise. The stand-up supper was as much of a treat as we used to consider it, and when the hurdy gurdy came and played for us to dance we all felt that "Spring term" was

really here in all its glory. Indeed the sensation was so realistic that I gave a shiver or two at the college exams I'd have to take in the morning, forgetting that a few of the trials as well as joys were things of the past.

A really perfect Rogers Hall day is ended by a walk to the top of the Park and I don't think that there was a single person, old or new, who didn't join in the long procession that first evening.

How natural it seemed Tuesday morning to have Bertha knock, and instinct almost compelled you to turn over for one more nap before you realized that this was the morning of Commencement and that you were not awakening to the sad consciousness that your theme was unwritten and English your first recitation. We had a stand-up breakfast, an unusual luxury, and after that most of us explored the wonders of the new gym before we scattered to our rooms to get ready for Commencement.

The gym look very lovely with its many flowers and vines and, of course, this year's class was "the best looking class ever graduated from Rogers Hall."

After luncheon came one of the star events of the reunion, the Alumnæ costume parade and I can safely say that it was a fearful and wonderful affair. Miss Harrison, beating the drum, led the procession, and she was ably assisted by Mink and Helen, who played on instruments never before heard on land or sea. The "mothers' class" aroused the admiration of all onlookers by the brave attempt they made to keep their spectacles on and the graceful way they hobbled on their canes, in spite of advancing years. The nineteen thirteen class made quite the hit of the parade as they very suitably wore baby caps and carried rattles.

The Alumnæ swimming party, in the new pool, was the next event that claimed our attention and such wonderful feats as were performed on the slide would have done credit to professionals.

The crowning event of the whole reunion was the Alumnæ dinner, Tuesday evening, for many old girls came to that who hadn't been able to spend the entire time at school. All the afternoon interesting preparations had been going on and when we filed into the schoolroom that evening we found that it had been transformed into a banquet hall with the tables in the form of an open square.

There was much excitement as we hunted for our place cards and found the souvenirs that were in front of our plates, and such was the good spirit that pervaded the occasion that I could even smile when I drew a donkey's head as my share and the girl who found a lobster at her place showed absolutely no hard feelings. Jinny Towle was toastmistress and what higher praise could there be than to say that she outdid all her former efforts and kept us weak with laughter most of the time. The toasts were all clever and some of the girls even burst forth into poetry. Margaret Blanchard gave a most graceful dance and Miss Coburn, after repeated calls, was induced to give her famous "chicken dance." Then followed a brief business meeting which included a discussion of our responsibilities as Alumnae. The nominating committee reported the following list of officers who were elected for the coming two years:

President, HELEN FAIRBANKS HILL.

Vice-President, KATHERINE KESSINGER.

Secretary, RUTH SPRAGUE.

Treasurer, AMY DURYEE CONDIT.

We all hated to leave Wednesday morning for I'm sure that no reunion has ever been more successful. The advice of everyone who was there to all who were not is—come next time.

K. K.

SPLINTERS

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LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

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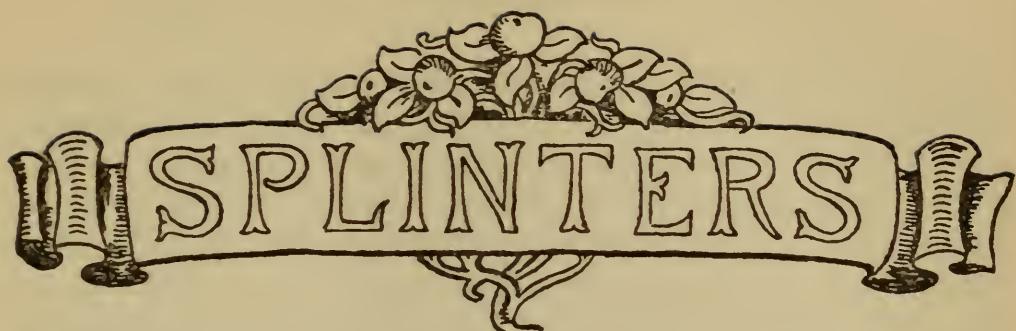
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Subscription to Splinters is two dollars a year payable to Helen Smith,
treasurer.



SPLINTERS

Vol. 14.

DECEMBER, 1913.

No. 1

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EDITORIAL.

Why is it that Rogers Hall has no school song which we could sing with all our hearts and might? Is it because we lack school spirit or are we just lazy? There is not a person who would not rise up in arms at the mere suggestion of the former and no one likes to be accused of the latter.

The new school governing board, the Council, is going to give us an opportunity to clear ourselves of these accusations by awarding a cup to the writer of the best school song. This is a competition which is open to us all, and let each of us at least, try! Whether we can write or not, in endeavoring to do this we shall

at least arouse more enthusiasm. This cup will stand not only for the best school song but also for an admirable school spirit.

Is school spirit a thing we lack, or is it merely that we keep it too much hidden in the depths of our hearts? We judge people by what they say and do, we are not able to know their thoughts, feelings, and emotions, except as they display them. How then can we expect others to credit us with school spirit if we do not show it? Not being Stoicks we are not called upon to still our feelings. This prize song ought to shake up our dormant school spirit and bring it to the surface. Let us hope when it once gets out in the open it will become such a fresh air fiend that we shall no longer be able to lock it up, and only bring it forth on state occasions.

If it was a question of loyalty a few "rah! rahs!" and "hip! hip! hoorays!" would avail us nothing, but that is not the case; on the contrary we each and everyone of us, are loyalty itself, only we do not seem to possess the powers of giving it expression. We are too taken up with the success of our own particular work and play and that of our immediate friends to think of the school as a whole.

Perhaps the reason that the Alumnæ seem to show more school spirit than we do, is because as time carries them farther and farther from their "R. H." days, they get a broader scope of vision. Walk up to the top of Fort Hill some fine day, just at sundown, and you will see stretched out at your feet a huge, dark mass with myriads of twinkling lights; no one building stands out more than another, you not only see but feel the force and significance of the city—as a whole! Then go down into the heart of the city, each separate building and thing takes on an individual meaning and aspect, you are attracted or disturbed by this or that thing and no longer retain the feeling of the whole.

The success of a team depends on its working together, no matter what the game may be or the goal for which it is striving. There may be some positions which call for more brilliant playing than others, but each member is indispensable to the team. They each take their position and work with all their energy, letting self take second place and striving for "good team work." For though "grand stand" work and brilliant plays may win great applause, and even an occasional game, it is good, steady "clean

passing" which counts and scores the most in the end. What kind of playing would there be if each member were more concerned with criticising the other bad plays, than concentrating all her energy on her own work? An occasional "good for you," "never mind, you did your best," will put new strength in one to either win or continue the fight. The captain should point out the faults and make the team keep their positions; they, realizing this, take the suggestions and reprimands in the spirit in which they are given, knowing it is to help win the game. If a captain proves herself unfair or inefficient the team has it in its power to select another who is just and able.

In this school, we are each members of a team striving to win our goal, to make Rogers Hall the best kind of a school possible; the teachers are the coaches and umpires, the captain is our new Council.

What good is a captain without the support of the team, and what good is a team without its captain? We all want to give our captain support and be "true sports," taking defeats and victories as they come.

Nothing helps a team like a rousing cheer, so though we can not unite in a song as yet, we can all gather round in a circle and one, two, three,—altogether, three cheers for Rogers Hall!

WHEN WE DO OUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

Some wintry morn we blithely start,
Dressed in our best, with toilsome art,
We mean to set the day apart
To do our Christmas shopping.

We have our brand-new "Shopping Aid,"
New, though from last year's Christmas strayed,
And, in it, scores of names arrayed,
To help our Christmas shopping.

SPLINTERS.

Our minds are filled with dreams of stores,
Where no thick crowd throngs through the doors,
But we alone may walk the floors,
And do our Christmas shopping.

We seem to see one counter spread
With everything we've thought or read
As fit to give—we're much misled—
We love our Christmas shopping.

"Now there's a pipe for Brother Joe,
(Who never smokes), for Sue a bow—"
We think as on our way we go,
And plan our Christmas shopping.

But when we reach the town at last,
And see the people flooding past,
We start to feel a bit aghast,
To think of Christmas shopping.

The streets and stores are jammed and packed
With men and women, mad, distract;
The brains of none seem still intact,
During the Christmas shopping.

When, finally, towards home we turn,
Our bones all ache, our senses churn,
We've nought to show on our return
From all this Christmas shopping.

We swear that we will shop no more,
But, when another year is o'er,
Again we start, just as before,
To do our Christmas shopping.

LAURA HILDRETH PEARSON.

November, 1913.

MARJORIE'S STRANGE JOURNEY.

The room was very quiet as Marjorie lay in her little white bed. The nurse tiptoed round, speaking in ghostly whispers, and the doctor sat quite still at one side of the bed, holding one of Marjorie's little hands, and now and then, moving ever so slightly to watch her breathe.

Marjorie was very sick although she did not know it. Lying there with her eyes shut, too weak to move, her mind was alert and she wondered why everything was so deathly still.

"Oh!" she thought, "if I could only jump up and run out doors into the cool air, I should feel so much better. But I'm so tired and so very hot. And there's that horrid doctor holding my hand and the nurse creeping round; I wish they'd all go and leave me to mother. I think I'll lie very still and perhaps they will."

So still did she lie that the doctor really thought she was asleep, and beckoning to the nurse, they both tiptoed out of the room, closing the door softly behind them.

Through an open window a shimmery stream of moonlight swept into the room and played fitfully across the floor. One stray beam flickered across Marjorie, lighting up her pale little face and the great hollow eyes that looked so wistfully out of the window. Faintly she heard her playmates caroling a Christmas hymn, and their glad voices made her more lonesome as she thought of the dreary Christmas she must spend. Then suddenly the room grew lighter and lighter and through the window floated a beautiful fairy, sparkling like a moonbeam. Marjorie gasped and tried to speak, but the fairy shook her head gently, and putting her cool hand on the child's hot forehead, looked long and steadily into her eyes. Then a queer thing happened. Marjorie felt herself sinking, sinking until something like a flame of light seemed to go out, and then she rose upward with a delightful sensation until she finally jumped free and floated beside the fairy. She looked down astonished to see there on the bed her own body. It was very still and the eyes were closed. She did

not have time to see farther because the fairy caught her hand and together they swept out of the window. "Where am I going?" gasped Marjorie, looking round bewildered.

"To a very beautiful place," answered the fairy, gazing at her curiously, "where you can get Health and go back to your mother well; or if you like it, you may stay and never go back."

"Never go back to mother? Oh, yes, I will: Why, I feel better now, and how glorious it is to float through the air like this," and Marjorie closed her eyes in delight.

When she opened them again, she found herself alone at the foot of a great flight of marble steps leading up to a castle so large that it blended with the mist, and Marjorie could only guess at the size.

"This must be the place where I am to find Health," she said, and began slowly to climb the stairs. But there were so many that she became tired and had to rest very often.

"I guess I'm not so strong as I thought," she sighed; "if I could only reach the door."

Finally she did reach it, and using all her strength, pushed it open. She found herself in a large hallway, gloomy and deserted, and as she walked along, her footsteps echoed with a ghastly noise.

"How terrible," she sobbed, and began to run with her hands before her, on and on. Was there no end to the dreadful hall? Suddenly there was a light and she found herself in a room of pale blue, lighted by tall candles. In the center stood a beautiful lady, who smiled enchantingly and held out her hands to Marjorie.

"Oh!" cried the child, "what was that terrible hall? Where am I? I am so tired I can't go farther," and she sank down on the richly carpeted floor.

"Dear little girl," said the lady, and her voice was sweet like music, "never mind the hall, stay here with me and I will make you very happy. It is so long since anyone has been to see me, they always stop in the hall, and I have been longing for someone like you."

Marjorie became drowsy, the sweet voice rested her,—and she was so tired.

"Yes, I'll st——," suddenly she heard, very far away, the sound of bells and she remembered. "No, I can't," she said sorrowfully, "I'm looking for Health so that I may go back to mother. It's Christmas eve, you know, and I'm afraid she's missed me already. Good-bye," and rising without daring to turn, she fled from the room out into the hall again.

But this time it did not seem so gloomy. Instead it grew lighter and lighter and then, down a marble staircase at one end, came a lady so beautiful, so radiant, that Marjorie closed her eyes a minute from the glory. When she opened them, the lady was beside her and the beauty of her smile brought an answering one to the face of the child, who suddenly forgot that she was tired or ill. A flame of fire seemed to shoot through her body and she felt like a new being.

"I am Health, dear child," murmured the lady. "I heard you calling me and so I came. What can I do to make you happy?"

"I am well now," said Marjorie, "by just looking at you. How I wish I could stay with you always, but I must go back to mother. I can't leave her."

"But you may be with me always," replied Health. "Live right and think right and I am always with you. But if you must go, come with me now and I will take you back to your mother. She is very anxious for you."

She picked Marjorie up in her arms and glided out of the hall that was now flooded with bright sunshine. Marjorie closed her eyes in happiness. Then suddenly there was a sharp pain as if she were trying to catch her breath, and opening her eyes quickly, she found herself in her mother's arms and heard a sweet voice say, "Merry Christmas, little daughter."

"Why, mother," she cried happily, "I'm so glad I came back. I'm never going to be sick again because I have Health with me, and if you only knew her, you'd understand."

The doctor, across the room, nodded his head to the father standing by the door. "Yes, she'll pull through, but it was a mighty close call," he said.

ROSAMOND NORRIS.

A MONOLOGUE.

Nora! Stop polishing that mirror! If you could only put as much energy into scrubbing the floor, I should be perfectly satisfied. You know who puts those grease spots on the floor, and I do wish that you would be more careful about the spots and incidentally about the scrubbing. No, this is not a hard place, and what's more, if you only got up earlier, how much more energy you would have. Early to bed, early to rise, you know. As I was remarking, if you get up, say at five o'clock, remember the earlier the healthier, you can get your back stairs scrubbed, the kitchen cleaned, the dusting done, and attend to anything else for which you have time before breakfast. Then, after breakfast, begin the rest of the housework.

I don't mean for you to be really idle till lunch time, Nora. Then after that, finish your ironing and cleaning, and you will have ample time for mending Master Harold's clothes and stockings; and by that time I shall have something more for you to do.

After this, you will find that you have plenty of spare time all to yourself. Remember, I am no slave driver like some of our neighbors—mentioning no names. Never mind, that wasn't what I was to speak of now, and you know that I never interfere with my neighbors.

Didn't Mrs. Fisk have people to dinner last night? I thought so, and she never asked us. It's the last time that she will ever be invited to this house. I never did fancy her—always thought her such a gossip and backbiter. Queer, isn't it? How blood will tell! Well, as I remarked, I never could understand her.

Now, Nora, what was I saying? You stared at me so that I have quite forgotten—Oh! yes, I was telling you what you could do today. What do you suppose they had for dinner? Did you see some celery sticking out of the basket? They never would think of having it this time of year if it wasn't for company. Of course, I really just happened to notice that, but I did see something red in a bag, and when the boy put the basket down,

to satisfy myself, I took the opera glasses, and would you believe it?—they were tomatoes, and at this time of year! Imagine what Mrs. Fisk must have had to pay and when I have every reason to believe,—I won't say much, only you know that our telephone rings are similar, and Mr. Johnson ordered me to pay my coal bill, certainly not in any gentle tone, but when he discovered his error, he was most profuse in his apologies. From this, of course, you may draw your own conclusions.

Well, there you are, and if you really care to repeat this information to Mrs. Fisk's Bridget, of course, I can't stop you. I really thought you were more faithful and devoted to my interests though.

I was certain that the butcher left a roast, and here it is only Tuesday. I never knew them to have a roast before, so early in the week. It certainly looks mysterious if nothing else.

You might mention it offhand to the butcher's boy when he comes, just to see what he will say. But mind you, no gossiping under any circumstances whatsoever. That is one thing that I never indulge in and never allow my servants to do.

And didn't Bridget mention freezing the ice cream? It seems almost inhuman to make a frail girl like Bridget freeze the ice cream. You know perfectly well that I never should allow you to, were you not so strong, and it really would be more healthy, Nora, if you were to lose a bit of your flesh—say about five pounds, and of course it would be becoming, and nowadays all one thinks of is looks, never health.

What I really started to say was that I want something real nice for dinner—nothing ordinary but something unusual and dainty. Now, what do you propose for meat? Beef steak? Nora, is there anything particularly dainty about beef steak? What about lamb chops? No, of course I know there isn't, but I think that it would be better to have something that Mr. Ross likes, instead of something unusual. We will, however, have something rather nice for dessert. Can you think of anything?

It does seem queer, Nora, that living as you do in the kitchen, you have no originality in planning a meal. Well, let that pass. I suppose that a custard would be more healthful and Mr. Ross is so fond of it. I flatter myself that I can get a meal.

Much of the trouble between husbands and wives is that the poor men are half-starved or else are fed on poorly cooked food. No wonder Mr. Fisk has dyspepsia. Not that I mean to cast reflections on Bridget's cooking, but you must realize that Mrs. Fisk is always and forever interfering with poor Bridget. Not that I want to boast, but I wager that my dinner will equal Mrs. Fisk's in spite of tomatoes and celery.

Nora, why aren't you working? You have been standing here on this spot for at least an hour; although I may be talking, that is no reason why you should not be working—but before you leave, let me say that I do not expect you to breathe a word of this conversation. Not that I have said anything I wouldn't just as soon repeat to Mrs. Fisk herself, but gossip is so vulgar, and when I hired you, Nora, I knew that I was choosing a thoroughly dependable girl and one who would, undoubtedly, be improved by her environment.

MADELINE POTTER.

THE SWINDLE.

The room was very, very quiet. On the bed lay a huddled bundle of blue serge with a box of caramels near it. Suddenly the rumpled heap began to move, the toe of a dainty pump appeared, then a silk-covered ankle. With a little bounce the figure sat up revealing a merry face, keen blue eyes, and rumpled, fluffy hair. She yawned lazily, put her hairpins in more firmly, and launched a caramel over her roommate's head, onto the book on her desk.

"Billy," she said, "how much money have you?"

"Let me see," said Billy, industriously chewing the caramel as she reached for her purse, "ten, fifteen, sixteen,—seventeen cents. Why, Imp?"

The Imp, with her elbows on her knees, rubbed her head reflectively. "It's only the nineteenth; allowance comes the first; I have sixteen cents; Sunday is coming—taking fifteen cents

for church. Don't you see, Billy, that we've got to make some?" she asked.

"But how?" questioned her roommate, sitting up straight,—people usually sat up straight when the Imp meditated. It generally meant trouble.

"I don't know," she said sadly. Then, "Oh—h—h!" she cried, as her eyes fell on a newspaper. She sprang from the bed and flung herself down by her roommate, the paper in her hand. In quick, short sentences she unfolded her plan.

"Oh, Imp, do you think the girls would? All our friends are as penniless as we are," remonstrated Billy feebly.

"My dear, are our friends the only girls in school? Girls like Ethel Thomas and Nan Green will do anything that's new. Besides, the dance is to be very soon, and you know the girls will do anything, pay anything, to make themselves more attractive for that night. Don't worry, Billy dear, get your art cardboard and I'll fix the rest," commanded the Imp.

"How are you to get all the things?"

"Oh, I have special permission to go down town this afternoon. I'll get them," the Imp responded from the depths of her closet.

* * * * *

That night a great noise was heard in the hall as the girls read this sign by the door of the "Nest":

" 'Poetry in Arms,'
Says Billie Burke.
Arms made beautiful.
First treatment free.
Directions in full for course.
Fifty Cents!
Enter All!
Billy, Imp Co., Inc."

"What do you suppose they do?" whispered one girl fearfully.

"Well, I won't have anything to do with it if they carry it on," said another girl, with a scornful tilt of her nose.

One by one they surreptitiously pulled up their sleeves and viewed their over-large or skinny arms. Finally one of the girls

stalked in, saying, "It's worth fifty cents to know what they're up to."

In the center of the room was a table covered with a towel. On it were placed a few oblongs of white soap, some small jars of cold cream, and several scrubbing brushes. On one side sat the Imp in a flaring kimono, and on the other was a chair suggestively empty. By the washstand stood Billy, also in a kimono. As the girl entered, the Imp bowed ceremoniously and said, "Do you desire a treatment?"

"Yes," the girl answered, seating herself in the empty chair.

"Your money," said the Imp, holding out her hand. As she felt the cool silver, she exchanged a joyous glance with her roommate.

"Now, Miss Jackson, please bare your arm. Our treatment is very simple. First let me describe your arm to you. You have never taken physiology?" she asked anxiously.

"No."

"Praise be!" she said under her breath. "You see, your blood is made up of red corpuscles which travel through the ammadverta of your arm. Now the animaligma is quite distant from this, but, in order to have beautiful arms, the corpuscles must also reach the lexarga of the animaligma as the lexarga is the gadylynx of the blood vessels. Now do you understand? Of course you don't, for you've never taken physiology," she said, smiling sweetly into the bewildered face opposite. "We guarantee that our treatment is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. Come over here and receive your first treatment."

The girl was then led over to Billy. Here her arms were scrubbed and scrubbed while the Imp talked. "Take warm water and this special soap, which we give you, and scrub your arms with this brush. When they have become a nice red, rinse them well with cold water and rub them with a bath towel. Here's where the science comes in. They must be rubbed round and round, not up and down, as the before-mentioned animaligma is on the back of the arm and the blood must reach this. When thoroughly dry, rub your elbows and wrist bones with this cream."

As the Imp explained, her roommate scrubbed and splashed,

rubbed and massaged the girl's arms. Result,—a pair of clean arms, a little pink.

"Here," she continued, "are the soap, cream and brush. Do this three times a day. Don't tell the other girls. Promise!"

"I promise," answered the girl, triumphantly disappearing.

Here another merry face peered in the door. "Imp, what are you up to now?"

"Mary! Entrez! Have a treatment?"

"Mercy, no, I haven't fifty cents to my name. Tell me about it," she said, sniffing at the cold cream.

The Imp told the story, adding, "Mary dear, the soap is Ivory soap, cut into small pieces; the cream is Dagget & Ramsdell's, and the brushes from the five and ten cent store. Everything is pure, and you can't possibly hurt your arms by a little scrubbing and massage."

One by one the girls strayed in with their money and retired with happy faces.

Saturday afternoon the Imp counted, "Ten dollars and a half received; twenty-five cents for soap, two dollars for cold cream, one dollar and a half for brushes. Billy, we have six dollars and a quarter. Tonight we'll atone. Make out another sign, dearie, while I go to the store."

Before dinner another sign appeared on the door of the "Nest."

"Important!

All girls who took advantage of our offering

are requested to appear in this room

at eight o'clock sharp!

Billy, Imp Co., Inc."

At eight the room was filled with expectant girls. When all were assembled, the Imp rose and mounted a chair. Midst cries of "Speech! Speech!" she began,—

"Ladies, you all took advantage of our offer for a sure cure for homely arms. Sunday is approaching and my conscience pricks me. But, girls," she sighed with a melodramatic air, "think of yourself in my position. I, a poor tortured girl with a still poorer roommate, both with an unconquerable longing for caramels, had but sixteen cents. It is the middle of the month,

allowance comes only on the first,—and I had but sixteen cents. Do you blame—oh, girls,” she said, in her natural voice, “that really is perfectly fine for your arms. I read it in the Detroit paper, but it was taken from a very old beauty magazine. Please forgive me and let’s eat!”

With shrieks of laughter the girls fell on the Imp.

“You dear old swindler, of course we’ll forgive you! Please pass the marmalade.”

KATHRYN REDWAY.

THE CURIO SHOP.

I turned from the main crowded thoroughfare into a narrow winding alley hemmed in by leaning gabled houses; so much did they lean over the road, like talkative neighbors, that only the narrowest slit of sky could be seen.

I stopped before the last in the row, in front of a small, dusty window. Through the dingy panes I saw a dim interior that looked mysterious and yet inviting. My curiosity was roused and I opened the door, a little bell announcing my entrance. As soon as my eyes became accustomed to the dimness, I perceived that I was in a low-beamed chamber, the walls of which were lined to the ceiling with shelves crowded with pottery, statues, Chinese images, bamboo curios, delicately painted miniatures, Japanese sandalwood, and rare old illuminated manuscripts. From the dusky corners bronze images of Chinese and Hindoo gods glared wickedly at me; huge bronze and porcelain jars and vases were stacked in one corner; beautifully carved Chinese tables and cabinets were everywhere about the room. Hanging from the shelves were all kinds of Swiss clocks, and now and then a cuckoo clock would chime melodiously. Slung from the beams and thrown carelessly over chairs and tables were gorgeous prayer rugs, their brilliant shades of green, yellow, blue, and scarlet brightening the otherwise dim interior.

At the tinkle of the little bell the heavy dark curtains at the further end of the room parted, and a little wizened old man shuffled out to meet me, rubbing his gnarled old hands on his leather apron. His soft, hesitating speech fascinated me, and I was spellbound as he gently touched his treasures with experienced fingers. Spicy oriental odors and the pungent fragrance of sandalwood filled the air; yet now and then damp, musty smells reached the nostrils.

Before I left, the old man climbed upon a rare Egyptian prayer stool, which had been worn almost smooth by the constant friction of thousands and thousands of knees, in order to light a huge bronze lamp suspended from the ceiling by ponderous brass chains. In the bowl, at various intervals were placed in fanciful design, jewels of all colors, which now sparkled gorgeously, casting strange shadows about the dusky room as the lamp swung to and fro, wafting into the air the fragrance of incense.

When at length I was obliged to leave, the old man escorted me courteously to the door, which he closed gently after me. I peered through the dusky window, where I could see the bent old figure still caressing the treasures of the curio shop.

ELEANOR BELL.

THE HUMORESQUE.

The great hall was filled to overflowing by music-loving, enthusiastic admirers of the famous violinist. The afternoon was drawing to a close; they had applauded again and again, and he had been obliged to give encore after encore. He seemed to hold them as much by his personality as by his music.

Finally his last number was played,—he had given three encores, yet still the audience called for him. They waited long, in fact many rose to leave, the lights on the stage began to go out, when suddenly Mischa Elman reappeared. There was a dead silence, and then the strains of the "Humoresque" rang out. Through

the stillness the boy played on, played to the end that short but wonderful composition. Then followed the maddest uproar I have ever heard. That was what they wanted; women clapped and fluttered their handkerchiefs; men stamped, shouted, and waved their hats. Everyone seemed to have gone crazy. We waited for ten minutes in hope of hearing Elman again, but it was useless, and we were obliged to go. As we left the hall, we could still hear the deafening uproar and the people shouting, "Mischa Elman! 'Humoresque'!"

HILDA SMITH.

CONCERNING ROGERS HALL.

Last year when we arrived at Rogers Hall, the first thing we noticed was the new gymnasium. This year there was no new feature so important, but a number of minor improvements had been made that will contribute very much to the pleasure and convenience of the school.

A fine stereopticon and reflectoscope has been installed in the gymnasium which is to be used in connection with the work in history, history of art, current topics, and literature. We also hope during the course of the year to have some interesting illustrated lectures. To complete the equipment of our very up-to-date gymnasium, a large mirror, seven by nine feet, has been added to encourage closer attention to form in fencing, dancing, and apparatus work, and the girls have contributed a fine Victrola and about twenty-five records of dance music. Dancing has been more popular than ever as a result.

During the summer the trustees have added to the library a complete set of Bibles for the use of the school in morning prayers, and another set of hymnals, the college edition of "In Excelsis," which are well adapted to girls' voices and add a great deal to our Sunday vesper service.

Then during the last two years there has been a marked increase of interest among the girls in the Current Topics

course, and that the equipment might keep pace with the interest, a large number of books on matters of current importance have been added to the library. These include books on practical government, socialism, suffrage, the Panama Canal, and the Philippines. These, with a large number of weekly and monthly publications and with our new stereopticon, make an excellent equipment for this course.

There have been various changes made to facilitate the housekeeping, and in both the Hall and the House extra bath rooms have been added.

These improvements made this year are all much appreciated by the students of the school as is the fact that this year the gymnasium and swimming pool have been in full running order from the very beginning of the year. There have been some changes, too, in the faculty that will be of interest to the alumnae in particular.

Last year, due chiefly to the fact that our faculty seemed to be in much demand, we lost four of our teachers: Miss Warner, who has gone to Cornell University, and Miss Faulkner and Miss Hochdorfer, who deserted us for mere men. Miss Faulkner is already married and living in Alabama. Miss Hochdorfer is to be married during the winter. Miss Atwood left us to become assistant principal of the Berkeley Institute, Brooklyn.

In their places are Miss Mary Parsons, an old friend of many of the girls of the school and the principal's sister, who has come to share with Miss McMillan the executive work of the school; Miss Müller, who is taking charge of the Art work; Miss Miller of Chicago University, who teaches the younger girls; Miss Von Beyersdorff, who has charge of the German and History of Art and who also gives a course in Italian, and Miss Hamilton a graduate of Radcliffe, who takes Miss Atwood's place in the English Department.

The Art courses given by Miss Müller are being received with the greatest enthusiasm, for besides the regular courses in free hand drawing, painting and sketching, she is teaching the most fascinating lace making, metal work, china painting and embroidery. Miss Müller was educated in the St. Gall art school, Switzerland, and has taught in the schools there, drawing, painting, fine

art needlework and handicrafts. In 1906 she was the head of the handicraft department of the Ditta Barelli at the International Exhibition in Milan, which was awarded the gold medal. The girls are already hard at work preparing for the Christmas exhibition.

Miss Von Beyersdorff the instructor in German, is a graduate of Wellesley College where she majored in Greek and Latin. She has already had several years in boarding school in Germany. After leaving Wellesley, Miss Von Beyersdorff taught for a time in Providence; for the last six years she has lived in Italy, tutoring and studying art. She is, therefore, unusually well fitted not only to teach languages and art, but also has the additional qualification of understanding the demands made by the colleges of this country.

Miss Von Beyersdorff's course in Italian, Miss Mary Parsons' course in Greek, and an advanced course in Household Management are all additions to our curriculum. We are not only able to offer more opportunities this year, but in addition to this the business of the school has been so adjusted that Miss Parsons has been able to resume her Senior Latin Class. How great an advantage that is to the school, only one who has had the good fortune to have had Miss Parsons as a teacher is qualified to state.

That the Rogers Hall girl may have every advantage, Miss Mary Kellogg of Boston, who has had marked success not only as instructor of fancy dancing and as coach of such successful masques as Pandora's Box, but also as a teacher of ballroom dancing, has been engaged to give a course of lessons on Friday afternoons. These lessons are not a matter of extra expense to the girls, but are provided as a legitimate part of their education.

This year a constitution has been developed providing for an extension of student government. This subject will be discussed at length in a later number of Splinters when it has had a longer history. But under the Constitution the student government is in the hands of a Council. The first council consists of the following girls: Helen Smith, President, Katherine Kidder, Secretary, Katherine Steen, Treasurer, Alice Lang, Margaret Clarke, Lorena De Vere, Gladys Mason, and Kathryn Jerger.

Miss Orcutt, Miss Linthicum, Miss Mudge, Miss Müller, and Miss Von Beyersdorff spent the summer in Europe. Miss McMillan was with her sister, Mrs. Bray, at Chautauqua. Miss Parsons spent part of the summer at Monhegan and the rest at Rogers Hall. Miss Harrison visited Cornelia Cooke, R. H. '07, in Portland Oregon. Miss Glorvigen is spending a year studying in Berlin but will return next year. Her place is being filled by Miss Kathleen Thomas.

SCHOOL NEWS.

NEW GIRLS' DANCE.

September 27th—

Promptly at half past seven each "old girl" knocked at the door of a chosen "new girl's" room and after presenting her with her "bouquet" of one little red rose, escorted her to the gymnasium, the scene of the festivities.

Each girl was carefully labeled with a paper on which was written her name and address. We walked around conversing and by the aid of these labels, carefully impressed upon our minds the name and home of each of the girls. Soon we were calling each other by name or locality.

"Philadelphia, may I have the sixth dance?" "Sorry, Baked Beans, but as usual New York is ahead of you!"

The evening flew by. People may think that boys are a necessity at a dance but it was certainly not the case at this one; we danced and danced, talked and talked. A wall flower was unheard of!

For supper we all trooped downstairs and had the most delicious salad and ice cream.

It is not etiquette, to be sure, for the hostesses to be enthusiastic over their own party, but we did have such a good time! We only hope that our guests enjoyed the party as much as did their hostesses—and from all accounts they did!

KATHRYN JERGER.

“THE BACON BAT.”

October 4th—

“What in the world is a ‘bacon bat?’ What do you do? Is it like camping?” Were some of the questions the new girls asked; but we old girls told them that a “bacon bat” was a “bacon bat,” an affair peculiar to Rogers Hall, and we wouldn’t give them many hints because we wanted them to have the fun of the unexpected.

Saturday finally arrived. Our special car came in the middle of the morning, and in spite of heavy, threatening clouds, we all set off. We were indeed a motley throng,—the predominating costume was, middy blouse, heavy skirt, sweater, and sneakers, but there were some variations of course, and a few people even wore suits!—four years old, perhaps, but suits none the less. We had no end of fun on the way, because a special car permitted many liberties otherwise impossible. You do not think of travelling in a street car, slouched down in your seat with your legs stretched on the opposite seat, but then—you may never have been on a “bacon bat.” It was not long before the car stopped in a little town about six miles from home, where the company disembarked, distributed as evenly as possible the numerous “bacon bat” utensils and eatables, and started to walk the rest of the way. We furnished an admiring group of natives with much amusement, for such sights are only seen in their peaceful community once or twice a year.

We walked along the country roads for some time, and finally struck into the woods at the foot of Robin’s Hill. The old girls led the way, and it was not long before we all reached the top, the old, well-known spot for “bacon bats.” Here everybody fell to work, some getting wood for the fire, others slicing bacon, and still others buttering bread. As soon as the fire was well underway, we broiled chops and bacon, and boiled coffee. You can’t imagine how much fun it is to get dirty until you have been on a “bacon bat,” cooked your own chop, placed it gently between one of Mr. D. L. Page’s delicious rolls, and munched it to your heart’s content. What care you if your face is black from ear

to ear? I'll wager you'll admit you never tasted anything better! The coffee, too, had a delicious flavor, due no doubt to its being stirred with sticks. This gave each cup an individuality as some sticks were green, some dried up, and some burned. We topped off our meal with toasted marshmallows and candy.

After lunch we had time to look about. A few yards from us was a watchtower built some thirty feet above the ground, with a shaky iron ladder leading to it. Up this some of the more venturesome "batters" climbed. The old fire warden was most cordial. He has been there for years, and he has learned to expect us each fall. We were much flattered when he remembered some of us from the previous year, and asked us many questions about school. He answered questions concerning the location of our respective homes, and was not even daunted when someone asked him to point out "the place where Philadelphia ought to be." We all wrote our names in his little register, and would have stayed longer had not a few drops of rain assured us that we should have no view that day, and the sooner we started home the less likely we should be to get a soaking.

The walk back to the car was somewhat quieter than the walk up had been, because we were all more or less weary. I venture to say that some people even went sound asleep on the way home, but what was being tired after the fun of the "bacon bat?"

HILDA SMITH.

WALK TO BILLERICA.

October 11th—

"What is it going to do today, rain or shine?" To be sure that question was not a new one, or had it been for two weeks, but on this particular morning we thought the cruel weather man might keep off the downpour until we had at least started on our walk to Billerica. The rain finally decided to hold off, and we started, deciding we simply had to break the record—an hour and a half—and reach the Inn in an hour and twenty minutes' time.

About a couple of blocks from school we turned aside from the road and followed a little winding path, goat fashion, which led

us between all sorts of saucy little bushes. Then to our disappointment we came out on a road again, and we concluded if we intended to break the record we should have to "sprint." Accordingly five of us started in a most energetic manner, leaving a couple walking behind, who firmly believed it would be similar to the Hare and Tortoise Shell race. We only slackened our pace to fill our pockets and hands with some huge, red apples, which filled a big barrel by the roadside, bearing an imaginary sign, "Help yourself." In spite of our rapid, breathless walk we could not help but notice the gorgeousness of all the country. There was an arbor of trees over the road, covered with leaves of the most exquisite coloring, and as we tramped along under this bright canopy it brought to me a sad feeling of passing summer and a desire to be able to paint the scarlet, yellows and reds, all about us.

Our thoughts were brought back from admiring the artistic, to puzzle over a sign board which confronted us. "These lots reserved for stores on Main Street," it read. Not a sign of "Main Street" did we see but one house some distance down the road. After carelessly wasting a few minutes amusing ourselves at the expense of the sign, we took a "short cut" along a railroad track and had almost entirely to retrace our steps.

We reached "the Entertainment Hall" in just one hour and twenty-five minutes, the others walking, arrived about twenty minutes later and the rest came by trolley shortly after that.

We played billiards and danced alternately between courses to enable us to consume still more of the very delicious luncheon.

Only a few held to their resolution and walked back to school—most of us felt we had done more than enough by breaking the record by the huge sum of five minutes. KATHERINE STEEN.

HARVARD FRESHMAN-ANDOVER GAME.

October 18th—

One of the first thoughts which occurred to me on awakening Saturday morning was, "Is it going to rain again today"? It was

an important question as we were going to Andover for the Harvard Freshman Game. It was drizzling, but we decided to go anyway.

The ride over was a very pleasant one, in spite of its length, as our open car followed along the river bank over which leaned trees and bushes, whose foliage had turned to the most gorgeous reds and yellows. The dull grey day seemed to heighten the effect of the color, and we were so occupied with the view that we hardly realized how late we were until we arrived in Andover and found that the game had already begun.

If there was any brilliant playing it must have been before we arrived. The game was not particularly exciting because the teams were unevenly matched and both stuck to the regulation mass plays with little or no variation. Harvard finally won, 9—0. But if the game was dull it was great fun watching the crowd which was very enthusiastic, and we were much surprised and pleased when we heard, "Rah! rah! rah! for Rogers Hall."

LORENA DE VERE.

BEATRICE HEREFORD.

October 20th—

It had been raining for weeks, it seemed, and everybody was beginning to get on everybody else's nerves, purely from being shut up in the house so long, so it was a pleasure to go to hear Beatrice Hereford at Colonial Hall.

Miss Hereford gave five of her own monologues, and the varied subjects showed her clever versatility to best advantage. The first selection, "Choosing the Wallpapers," gave a glimpse of a certain type of commuters shopping in New York. We had a good laugh at their expense and then walked into the kitchen with "The Cook," who expressed her forcible views to an admiring group of maids and the hired man. Next came "The English Lady," and then we were introduced to the modern "Suffragette," not suffragist, please notice. She had very good intentions for the triumph of the Cause, but alas! man was master, and she gave up her high aspirations for him. The last selection,

and one the parallel of which we see every day, was "The Only Child." He was typical! He interrupted his parents' table conversation, he ate with his fingers, he "knew it all," and he had his own way about everything. We applauded him without success, but we left the hall feeling that the monotony of rainy weather had been pleasantly broken up by an afternoon with Beatrice Hereford.

HILDA SMITH.

ART TALK.

October 24th—

Miss Parsons felt, and I am sure many of us agree with her, that it is well to know something about the masterpieces of art that one has in one's home. Consequently, Miss Kaliwoda, who was the art teacher at Rogers Hall in its more youthful days, came to talk to us one Friday evening about the best pictures we have here at school.

Miss Kaliwoda first gave us a condensed history of art, and then went on to speak of a few of our pictures, the famous men who painted them, and the cities which could claim both artists and pictures for their own.

The girls were much interested in this informal little talk, which was given us in the drawing room, where we could see each picture as it was discussed.

HILDA SMITH.

MISS ROBBINS' DANCE.

October 25th—

One morning in the early part of October, Miss Parsons gave us a delightful surprise by telling us that Miss Robbins, a trustee and one of our very kind friends, was going to give us a dance on the twenty-fifth of the month. Everyone was excited at the

thought of having a dance so early in the season, and the weeks before the twenty-fifth dragged terribly. But Saturday came at last and although it rained and was very dismal, it did not dampen our enthusiasm a bit. All day the decorating committee worked hard and their efforts were amply repaid by the attractive appearance of the gymnasium that night.

As the guests arrived they were taken up by the ushers to meet Miss Robbins and Miss Parsons. Soon after, the dancing began. The music proved to be excellent and everyone started in to have the very best time imaginable.

Supper was served downstairs, around the swimming pool. The room made a very attractive picture with swaying Japanese lanterns and the canoe, filled with cushions, floating lazily in the middle of the pool.

But the evening sped like the wind, and before we realized it, the last waltz came. After that, we still lingered to bid good night to Miss Robbins, and I am sure she must have been well satisfied with the success of her plan by the sight of our happy faces. No one had thought of being tired and we were all loathe to go.

ROSAMOND NORRIS.

OUR TRIP TO HEAR GERALDINE FARRAR.

October 28th—

Tuesday, October twenty-eighth, is a day I shall not forget for a long time and I do not think the other girls who heard Geraldine Farrar sing will either.

After we got into Boston some of us had some shopping to do so we decided to meet at Huyler's at two o'clock. It would have been a crime to go into Boston and not go to Huyler's. We did errands until two, when we all had something to eat and then took the car for Symphony Hall.

The hall was full. There were chairs on both sides of the stage with only enough room between for a grand piano. Miss Farrar looked very pretty in a pale pink messaline dress, made

very simply, which was very becoming. A gold lace cap with a flaring brim and a little cluster of red roses just suited her dark hair and clear face.

But as soon as she began to sing we forgot all about what she wore. She has a beautiful, clear, soprano voice, which is very full of expression. I have always thought it would be wonderful to have a beautiful voice. I know I should feel as if I had days of happiness and sunshine just ready to burst forth. Geraldine Farrar fills her songs with thought and feeling. She sang in four languages: French, German, Italian, and English. I think she likes to sing German best because there seems to be more of the real Geraldine Farrar in her German selections than in any of the others. She sang "Heidenröslein" and I was very glad because I had once learned it for German. It is a simple little poem about a boy and a rose but Miss Farrar made you feel how naughty the boy was, and how the poor little rose was trying so hard to defend herself. One song in which the mother is talking to her child, who is very much frightened about the witches, was amusing. Miss Farrar was generous with her encores. At the last, when everybody was leaving, she came out and played her own accompaniment and sang, "Annie Laurie." It was very beautiful and such a lovely thought to carry away with one.

MARY LUCAS.

DISRAELI.

October 28th—

One night quite a number of us went to the Lowell Opera House to see "Disraeli." It was a most fascinating play from beginning to end. Every scene, although laid in some room or hall, showed a lovely view of gardens or conservatories beyond. The costumes were all quaint and attractive. The most effective one was a snaky-like green and gold gown worn, most appropriately, by the adventuress. The whole caste was decidedly English, both in manner and speech. George Arliss,

who played the part of Disraeli, was the center about whom the whole play revolved. His cleverness in all difficulties was most interesting and held the audience quite spellbound. At the end of the last act the suspense was so great that when the tension was relieved an almost audible sigh of relief was heard. All arose, after the play was over, with a great desire to see Disraeli again.

DOROTHY DECKER.

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

November 1st—

For two days before the eventful night arrived a gay poster on the blackboard proclaimed a Country Fair on Saturday night. It pictured a farmer and his wife surveying the announcement. The poster created much excitement. The various girls were cornered for the important parts and a great air of secrecy prevailed.

Saturday night actually did arrive at last, and many girls were scurrying to and fro from the Gym. Girls, did I say? No, there were men of all descriptions; farmers in overalls and gay shirts and dignified men in dress suits, might be seen walking arm in arm.

On entering the Gym, beg pardon, the Fair Grounds, one was confronted by a very festive scene. The various booths were prettily decorated with orange and black paper, suggestive of Hallowe'en. Large flaring notices pointed out the various curiosities and voices shouted from all directions, "Come see the Wildest Woman in Captivity, only two cents," Try your luck at hitting the co'o-on!" etc. In fact there were so many attractions thrust upon one, that it was difficult to know just where to begin. At one side was a lemonade booth, where real "pink lemonade" stood forth to tempt the unlucky. Opposite this was a counter, at which all could buy popcorn cakes, peanuts, peppermint sticks, delicious red, shiny apples, and real ice cream cones. I can vouch for their realness! That was a very attractive counter. Down

near the stage, a most promising row of "babies" held sway, all bedecked in pink and blue ribbons. Cards pinned to their baskets announced their names. Admiring throngs fed them with a little of everything, while a "white linen nurse" hurried busily from one to the other, attending to their numerous wants. When one had duly admired the babies, there were side shows. "The Wild Woman," pictured by a terrible head on the outside, lay tossing her head, tied on to a mat. From that frightful sight, one turned to a "Hitting the coon" performance. Many peanuts were thrown but I don't think the coon suffered any great injury! The reward for accuracy, however, was a molasses candy cigar, covered with tin foil. If one wanted the candy enough to eat the tin foil, all was well, if not, all was wrong. There was Dr. Pinkem, the photographer, who gave you interesting and appropriate pictures of yourself. Also the "Largest Lobster in Captivity," created much interest; one paid two cents to go in and behold one's self;

All were enjoying themselves immensely, when a roll of a drum made everyone turn around to behold the most marvelous of brass bands, led by a most marvelous leader. The band (I have forgotten r—r—what tune they played) kept excellent (?) time, due to the strenuous exertions of the leader. The band was dressed in the height of fashion, with slashed harem skirts and everything of the latest degree. They passed up to the stage where they gave several selections, to an enthusiastic crowd. The pianist who played with them was a true musician, with hair hanging around his shoulders and an imposing black suit. After the band had been heartily applauded, a very pretty, graceful gypsy dance was given, which everyone enjoyed immensely. Following this, two couples in evening clothes entered and gave a very attractive dance with all the flourishes and kicks of the "real thing."

Then the gay posters were taken down and auctioned off to those fortunates, who had not spent all their pennies on "eatables." To end up with, the victrola was started and everyone danced, sucking candy and munching peanuts.

It was with many regrets that the party broke up, and all went home to dream about "Wild women," pink lemonade and peanuts.

KATHRINE NESMITH.

PADEREWSKI'S CONCERT.

November 7th—

An expectant hush fell over the vast audience, which filled every seat and standing space in Symphony Hall, when the great Paderewski, a tall, delicate looking man with blonde moustache, and bushy hair, appeared on the stage, and seated himself at the piano.

After "warming up" with a few heavy chords and runs, he began the "Prelude and Fugue in A Minor," by Bach-Listz, which revealed his marvellous technique. Beethoven's "Sonata in E Major" followed the burst of applause which his first piece aroused. After Shuman's "Carnival," which was played with such feeling that you could imagine that you could see the dancers, M. Paderewski tried to have a few minutes' rest, but the insistent audience, in spite of the almost unbearable heat of the hall, was fully aroused, and applauded with so much sincerity and energy that the tireless player gave an encore. Chopin was the next composer whom Paderewski chose to interpret. His "Marche Funèbre" produced more emotion than any of his selections, and when it was finished the audience seemed to relax as well as the musician.

He finished his program with two "Etudes" from Listz, but was very generous, and began a second program of encores, which continued for nearly a half hour.

M. Paderewski certainly greets the piano as heartily as two old friends greet each other after a long separation. His memory and technique are incomparable, but it seems to me that his eccentricities regarding draughts and people who are the victims of coughs, take away part of the effect of his music.

HELEN SMITH.

HARVARD-BROWN GAME.

November 15th—

On November fifteenth a few of the girls who were able to secure tickets, saw the Harvard-Brown football game. It was a

perfect day, cold and clear, the kind that puts a lot of "fight" into the men. The game was rather one-sided, Harvard winning by the large score of 37-0, but if it was not a wonderful exhibition of football, it gave opportunity to see the stadium, hear the singing, and watch the superior Harvard Team. There were several rather amusing incidents which made the game interesting, and certainly the girls enjoyed themselves, which is after all, the main thing, as far as we are concerned.

HILDA SMITH.

PETER PAN.

November 20th—

From the very first act in which Peter Pan comes to the Darling house to find his shadow, which has been cut off by the closing of a window, our sympathy goes out to him, and we, too, feel that we do not want to grow up. Peter's longing for a mother to take back to the Never Never Land for the lost boys makes us want to go and fill her place; when, therefore, Wendy finally consents to go, we feel relieved.

After the Pirates capture Wendy and the lost boys on their way to the Darling house, Captain Hook puts poison into Peter's medicine glass, and to save his life Tinker Bell drinks it. As a result Tinker is dying, but Peter asks the children in the audience to clap their hands and wave their handkerchiefs if they believe in fairies, for upon their belief depends poor Tinker's life. We clap as hard as the rest, for we certainly believe in fairies at that moment if we never have before.

In the scene in which Captain Hook has Wendy and the lost boys on board his pirate ship, and is about to make them jump off a plank into the sea because they will not desert the stars and stripes, Peter comes to the rescue just in time, and forces the Pirates to do the jumping instead of the children.

In the last act the children return safely to their mother, and Mrs. Darling promises to let Wendy go back to the Never Never Land once a year to do Peter's spring house cleaning and mending, because Peter would rather live in fairyland and never grow

up than have a mother in the everyday world. The last scene makes you feel that you are really in fairyland,—you can see the fairies dancing to and fro in the tree tops before the door of Peter's little house, as he stands in the doorway bidding goodbye to Wendy and to all who believe in fairies. MARGARET BIGELOW.

FENWAY COURT.

November 24th—

Crowded together in the narrow side entrance of Fenway Court was a goodly portion of the Rogers Hall girls and another crowd probably from some other private school. At first it seemed as if we should not be able to see anything on account of the numbers, but in a few minutes they began to move on, the more eager hurrying ahead and the more judicious lingering for a really good look.

In the front room are a number of fascinating sketches by modern artists, some by Zorn, a long bridge by Whistler, and some pictures by Matisse. One could easily spend an hour there. Crossing the hall we came into a larger room, in which was a miscellaneous collection of pictures, portraits and landscapes, most of them by modern artists, among which was that wonderful picture by Whistler "The Symphony in Blue." The lights, which dimly twinkle through the blue fog, the vague outlines of the buildings, have a constant charm. But more fascinating than any of the pictures was the Court itself. It is a reproduction of an old Italian Court. The four concrete walls are tinted from pale pink shading into rose. Some of the windows have balconies. An interesting point about the windows is that they were taken from houses and buildings in Italy. In the garden of the Court are walks bordered with beautiful flowers and palms. At one end is an old fountain with true dolphins at the sides. In the center of the garden was a mosaic floor.

On the second floor, the first room we entered was the "Chinese Room." It is full of beautiful screens and hangings.

There are many curious Chinese things around. From there we went into the "Raphael Room," which contains the "Pieta" by Raphael and many pictures by his contemporaries. In this room there is a large picture representing three scenes from the death of Lucretia by Botticelli. Then we came to the "Dutch Room," which I liked best of all. The queer, brownish tiles on the floor, the beams of the ceiling ornamented with pictures were most unusual. On the walls were many of Rembrandt's pictures. The "Burgomaster and his Wife" and the light green picture of Rembrandt himself as a young man, were there. In the picture of Mary Tudor one could almost tell that she was cruel by looking at her thin, hard lips. Every few minutes we would catch a glimpse of the Court from the window.

On the third floor the first room we went into was the "Veronese Room," which takes its name from the painting on the ceiling by Veronese. It is full of many Italian curios and pictures. One of the most interesting things in the "Titian Room," which is next, is a painting on wood by Giotto, "The Presentation of Christ at the Temple." In the long hallway, we saw a beautiful sight, a huge brass basin filled with exquisite lavender orchids.

All too soon the gong in the lower hall sounded and we reluctantly dragged ourselves downstairs. We could not resist the temptation to stop and look at the Court again. One may remember a few special pictures, but one never forgets the wonderful Court.

MARY G. LUCAS.

HELEN KELLER.

November 24th—

Through the kindness of the Middlesex Women's Club, we were enabled to hear Mrs. Ann Sullivan Macy and Miss Helen Keller.

Mrs. Macy began her talk in a most charmingly informal and interesting way, telling us how she had been sent by the Perkins Institute to attempt the education of a little deaf and blind girl,

Helen Keller. She dwelt with detail on Helen Keller as she had first seen her, a wild, strong willed, passionate little girl. She explained the methods she used, which are very interesting from a psychological standpoint, and told many interesting and amusing incidents, which at the same time possessed a quality of pathos. She spoke of the constant battle Helen Keller had to fight, the greatest of all being her four years at Radcliffe; then told us of her latest achievement, learning to speak! How impossible it had seemed at first, how everyone had discouraged her, but how in spite of all difficulties she had triumphed!

Some one then led Miss Keller on to the platform. She had that vacant, puzzled expression common to blind people, until her "teacher" took her by the hand and led her to the desk. Then her face lighted up with an indescribable smile which seemed to come from the very depths of her heart and which spoke volumes of happiness, trust, and love. Then I was surprised that I had not at once noticed her great beauty,—for she is beautiful, not only in feature but because of the soul which seems to shine out in her face.

She spoke so distinctly that with strict attention I was able to hear and understand every word. Her voice though continually on the same pitch, was not monotonous because it possessed depth and quality.

She summed up her simple talk in the closing sentence:

"Most of us have not begun to use the wonderful senses that the Lord has given us. We need to believe more in our powers; the world is full of miracles; look for them and you will find them."

That, to be said by a girl who has never seen the miracles of this world, the sunshine, the sea, the beautiful green of the grass, or heard the wind murmuring through the pine trees, or the songs of birds! What one of us but thought how little use we had made of our opportunities? "Having eyes and see not, having ears and hear not!"

After her talk people asked her questions which she read from the lips of Mrs. Macy and answered immediately with her happy smile.

"Can you feel the presence of your audience?" was one.

"Yes, the air about me is warm and throbbing with life." Then Mrs. Macy asked her to recite something familiar so that everyone in the room could hear.

She spoke the twenty-third psalm. Think of that psalm, then think of a girl who is deaf and blind standing in utter darkness before an unknown, unheard, and unseen audience and speaking that magnificent poem with a dignity and a feeling that caused a lump to rise in the throat of each and everyone of us.

To hear Helen Keller is better than to hear any minister, no matter how great he may be, and my wish is that every one, who feels that the world is not altogether treating him fairly, might hear her also!

KATHRYN H. JERGER.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

This year Rogers Hall has been very fortunate in its athletics. Besides having an abundance of good material, we have had exceptional advantages, a well-equipped gymnasium and excellent training for developing the possibilities of each girl. The enthusiasm which the new girls showed in hockey practice was unusual, for as a rule they seem rather backward at first.

This year on account of the rainy weather we have had opportunities for more basket ball and swimming than is usual, and consequently the hockey teams have not had the practice which they really should have had, but notwithstanding this fact both Hall and House produced excellent teams. Especial credit must be given the House, for practically all the members of the team were new girls to whom hockey was unfamiliar, while the Hall team was made up of old girls nearly all of whom made the team last year.

Regular gymnasium work, which we were unable to have last year until after the dedication of the new gymnasium the last of October, has been going on since the first of the year. After Thanksgiving, as formerly, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons are given over to swimming while the remaining afternoons are spent with æsthetic dancing, fencing and basket ball practice.

Certainly there is this year both opportunity and material to produce fine results and the struggle for the R. H.'s is bound to be strenuous.

M. ALEY.

HOUSE VERSUS HALL.

The game between the House and the Hall took place Wednesday, November 19th. Although it ended in a splendid victory for the Hall with a score of 7-2, the House put up an excellent defense.

As soon as the whistle blew the Hall took the ball and almost immediately scored, but the House was not easily discouraged and an interesting and enthusiastic game was played. At the end of the first half the score stood 6-0 in favor of the Hall.

After five minutes' intermission the whistle blew again and both teams returned to the field with renewed enthusiasm. This time the "one sidedness" due principally to "stage fright" was overcome and a far closer game was played. As time was called the score stood 7-2 in favor of the Hall. Both teams played a clean, hard game and all the players deserve credit for their faithful work this fall.

Especial mention must be made of the playing of Genevra Whitmore and Aida Hulbert while Hilda Smith on the House side proved as usual the mainstay of the team.

Goals were made by Genevra Whitmore, Agnes Kile, Marian Billings, and Marian Aley on the Hall side and Margaret Clarke and Hilda Smith on the House side.

The line up was as follows.

HALL.

Aida Hulbert, captain, H. B.
Genevra Whitmore, R. F.
Marian Billings, C. F.
Agnes Kile, L. F.
Marian Aley, B.
Maude Hall, F. B.
Thelma Berger, F. B.
Kathryn Jerger, H. B.
Katherine Steen, G.

HOUSE.

Helen Smith, captain, H. B.
Rosamond Norris, L. F.
Elizabeth Huston, C. F.
Margaret Clarke, R. F.
Hilda Smith, B.
Mary Lucas, F. B.
Margaret Bigelow, F. B.
Marjorie Wilder, H. B.
Arline Dowley, G.

Time—two twenty minute halves.

M. ALEY.

THE HALL DAY GAME.

It has always been the custom for the winner of the Hall versus the House to play the day girls so this year on Friday, November 21st the game between the Hall and the Day girls took place. This was the first time in years that the Hall girls had had an opportunity to play the Day girls for the House had claimed that privilege by winning the first game.

The whistle blew promptly at two thirty and the game started amid great cheering. The Day girls took the ball to their end of the field and, in a very few moments' time, made a goal. Then the Hall girls saw with what they had to contend and a hard struggle ensued in which the Hall girls, having a strong team, outplayed the Day girls. At the end of the first half the score stood 7-2 in favor of the Hall.

In the last half neither side played brilliant hockey and the game ended with victory for the Hall, the score being 12-2. In the last five minutes of the last half Constance Miller replaced Genevra Whitmore and Josephine Painter took the place of Maude Hall.

Leslie Hylan deserves a great deal of praise for her long and hard hits, while Aida Hulbert played her usual brilliant game.

The line up was as follows.

| HALL | DAY. |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Aida Hulbert, captain, H. B. | Edith Whittier, captain, H. B. |
| Genevra Whitmore, R. F. | Edith Stevens, R. F. |
| Constance Miller, R. F. | Ruth Greene, L. F. |
| Agnes Kile, L. F. | Leslie Hylan, B. F. |
| Marian Aley, B. | Laura Pearson, H. B. |
| Thelma Berger, F. B. | Helen Eveleth, F. B. |
| Maude Hall, F. B. | Eleanor Bell, F. B. |
| Josephine Painter, F. B. | Marjorie Stover, G. |
| Kathryn Jerger, H. B. | |
| Katherine Steen, G. | |

Time—two twenty minute halves.

M. ALEY.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

On October 4th, Alice Carnzu Abbott was married to Dr. George Oliver Clark. A number of Rogers Hall Alumnæ were present at the wedding in the historic Westford Church and afterwards at the reception at her home. Dr. and Mrs. Clark will be at home after December 7th, at 295 Commonwealth Ave., Boston.

September 17th, Charlotte A. Allen was married to Mr. James Thayer Fenner.

Mrs. Oakes Ames (Blanche Ames, 1895) had charge of one of the booths at the famous Equal Suffrage Fair held in November at the Copley-Plaza in Boston. Her sister, Mrs. Andrew Marshall (Jessie Ames, 1899) also assisted at one of the tables.

Dorothy Benton, 1912, is taking a course in Home-Making at the Garland School in Boston. We wonder if there is any significance in this of interest to her friends.

Opal Bracken, 1906, spent the summer traveling in Europe.

October 18th, Lilian Brown, 1910, was married to Mr. John Sarkwell Way. They will be at home the first and third Thursdays in January, at 37 Lee St., Cambridge.

Katherine Carr, 1909, was chosen secretary of the Appointment Bureau at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston after her graduation from Smith in June and finds her new work very interesting.

October 8th, Cully A. Cook, 1910, was married to Mr. Maurice E. Crumpacker. Her sister Cornelia, 1908, was her only attendant as the wedding was a quiet home one owing to Mr. Cook's serious illness. After a short wedding trip in British Columbia they will be at home at 407 Vista Avenue, Portland, Oregon.

This summer Florence Harrison, 1902, spent with Cornelia Cook and was present at the various festivities in honor of Cully's engagement.

Clara Danielson, 1895, has opened a Business Office at Trinity Court, Boston, and announces on her cards that she will do Secretary work, addressing of Invitations, Shopping and Reading Aloud.

July 9th, a third child was born to Mrs. Rolfe Smith (Mary Dewey, 1897). The boy has been named Justin Mackenzie and his Aunt Annie (Mrs. Mann) reports him as a very sturdy baby.

Mrs. Mann stopped at the school one afternoon this fall on a motoring trip and ran upstairs for a peep into her old room.

October 21st, Margaret Dice was married to Mr. William M. Prizer. Kathryn Dyer, 1910, was one of the bridesmaids.

Mrs. E. Reginald Williams (Dorothy Eckhart, 1902) has moved to Milwaukee.

Julia Edwards, 1912, is at Simmons College for the second year and her address for the winter is 24 Peterborough St., Boston.

In September, Helen Edlefson, 1910, announced her engagement to Mr. Robert Cooper Barr of Boston.

Mrs. James Woodman (Ethel Everett, 1902) had a son born this summer.

September 10th, Alice Faulkner, 1902, was married to Mr. Walter E. Hadley at her sister's home in Norwell, Mass. As Alice knows so many of the Alumnæ from her years at Rogers Hall as student and teacher and as a most energetic President of the Alumnæ Association, many of the girls were present for the beautiful wedding. Her roommate of Rogers Hall days, Lucy Walter was her maid of honor. Alice's new home is 513 Parkway Drive, Fairfield, Alabama. In a letter from Alice we learn that she is very busy with her Southern housekeeping in addition to society demands and that she is very proficient at the furnace!

August 22nd, a son, Henry, Jr., was born to Mrs. Henry Wilder (Polly Farrington, 1905) and just twenty-two hours later Nancy arrived in the home of Mrs. Robert Parker (Madge Hockmeyer, 1910). The Parkers have moved to Boston and are living at 6 Richards Street, Brighton.

October 11th, Marjorie Fish, 1908, was married to Mr. Kenneth S. Billings. They will be at home after November 1st, at 151 Longwood Avenue, Brookline, Mass.

April 3rd, Helen Fisher was married to Mr. Chester M. Clark. They will be at home after November 1st, at Livermore Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

November 2nd, Clara Francis, 1903, announced her engagement to Mr. George Hobson, brother of Sally Hobson, 1910. Clara

says the engagement is the result of her catching Alice Faulkner's wedding bouquet. November 7th, Sally gave a small tea in honor of Clara's engagement, when Rogers Hall girls were prominent at the serving table and among the guests.

September 16th, Hazel Horton, 1909, was married to Mr. Glenn Morse. Ruth Sprague and Carolyn Newton were the bridesmaids while Katherine Hopson and Gladys Lawrence acted as her ribbon girls. Louise Hyde Mason was also at the wedding so they had quite a Rogers Hall reunion. After November 1st, the Morses will be at home at the Park View Apartments, Corner St. Clair and Callowhill Streets, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. Granton Dowse (Juliette Huntress, 1904) has been on a trip to Panama but was disappointed to find that Priscilla Howes, 1905 (Mrs. George Goethals) had left for the North owing to her poor health. Priscilla has been staying at Vineyard Haven and is stronger since she came home.

August 18th, a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Orlando Maiden (Irma Fogg).

Mary Kellogg, 1900, spent the summer in Europe traveling and also studied dancing in Rome and at Paris. Rogers Hall is benefiting by Mary's studies since she comes out every few weeks this fall to give the girls a lesson in social dancing.

Anna Kuttner, 1911, is at Barnard for her Junior year while Alice Billings is at Radcliffe and Tracy L'Engle, Bonney Lilley and Helen Munroe are again at Wellesley enjoying Junior dignities and festivities.

In September, Gladys Lawrence, 1908, began her probation at the Massachusetts General Hospital. She writes the work is tremendously interesting in spite of its difficulty and the long hours of being on duty. She hopes to come out for a visit to Rogers during the fall.

Mrs. Gardiner Beals' (Bessie Ludlam) new home is at 328 Marlborough Street, Boston.

In a recent letter from Elizabeth Huston she writes of the interesting ceremonies in connection with the unveiling of a monument to Major-General Braddock of the French and Indian War. Famous persons were present representing King George of England as well as from Canada and our National government

Elizabeth was one of Ethel Forbes' house guests at Ethel's large coming-out dance.

September 1st, Mildred Mansfield announced her engagement to Dana Wingate, Harvard, 1914. Mr. Wingate was Captain of the Harvard baseball nine last year and has the unusual honor of being Captain again of this year's nine.

July 22nd, Margaret McKindley was married to Mr. Walter G. Amundson. Helen and Leslie Brown and Helen Gallup were among her bridesmaids.

Susan McEvoy, 1912, is at Vassar for her Sophomore year.

Marjorie Miller, 1910, has a younger sister, Constance, at Rogers Hall this year. Other sisters, this year, are Marion Huffman, Hannah Benton, and Doris Newton. We hope for visits from Marjorie and Helen Huffman (Mrs. John Miller) during the year.

Kathleen Nelden of Paterson, N. J., has announced her engagement to Lieutenant Lawrence Hilburn of the U. S. N.; at present Lieutenant Hilburn is stationed in Washington.

Thanksgiving evening Anna Ogden was married to Mr. Charles Homes Shoemaker in Bridgeton, N. J. They will be at home after February 15th, at 944 Central Avenue, Ocean City, N. J.

Mrs. Harrison King (Harriet Parsons, 1905) has been visiting in Cleveland recently and lunched one day with Hilda Talmage, Mrs. Lundoff.

Mrs. John Rogers (Edith Nourse, 1899) is in Washington this winter. Her husband has been prominent in Congress this summer and has made a very favorable record for a new member, having been appointed to several important committees.

Molly Pillsbury, 1906, has accepted a position in one of the libraries connected with the University of Chicago and is greatly enjoying her new work.

May 1st, Mrs. Winthrop Nottage (Alice Coburn) had a little daughter, Carol.

October 8th, Mrs. Gilbert Oakley (Beatrice Mudgett) had a son, Gilbert, Jr.

October 1st, Geraldine Simonds, 1908, was married to Mr. Frederic S. Angus.

Elizabeth Talbot, 1912, has returned to Miss Madeira's school in Washington for a second year. Last year Elizabeth was for several months one of the Student Government officers, this year she is the head of that organization.

October 16th, Marjorie Wadleigh, 1911, announced her engagement to Mr. Horace Seward Proctor of Lowell.

July 30th, Ethel Walsh was married to Mr. Henry W. Cleveland.

Ruth Woodbury has announced her engagement to Mr. Karl F. A. Hill.

September 5th, a daughter was born to Mrs. George B. Woodcock (Henshaw Waters).

This fall Edith Richards announced her engagement to Mr. John Lyman Martin of Boston.

September 30th, Frances Billings, 1909, was married to Mr. Cyrus Woodman. At the small home wedding, her sister Alice, 1911, was her only attendant. Many Rogers Hall girls were amongst the guests at the reception. Mr. and Mrs. Woodman are at home on Clitheroe St., Lowell.

October 25th, Rebecca Reynolds was married to Mr. Charles F. Lewis. They will be at home after January 1st, at 115 Lincoln Street, Worcester, Mass.

Margaret Sherman enjoyed a round of Rogers Hall visits during the summer and writes that she is now working hard in cooking and dressmaking classes. Her address is 2243 Scottwood Avenue, Toledo, O.

November 16th, a son, Charles R. Corwin 2nd was born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur R. Corwin of Somerville (Calla Wilson.)

At the Annual Supper of the Lowell College Club, Lena Bowen, 1898, sang and Harriet Coburn, 1895, entertained the club with her famous "chicken" stunt, known to so many Rogers Hall Alumnæ.

In the Charity Ball of Lowell, given by the Lowell Guild to raise money for its work this year, many Rogers Hall names were prominent amongst those responsible for the success. Mrs. Boyden Pillsbury (Estelle Irish) had charge of the advertising, Edith Nourse Rogers the dancing and Sue Simpson Hylan the decorating.

Ethel Merriam (Mrs. Barvis Van Horn) and Mary Easton (Mrs. Wescott Burlingame) have called on Miss Parsons at the school early this fall.

Lucy Walther, 1902, has a position this year at Dobbs Ferry N. Y., and finds the work very congenial.

Belle Shedd is to spend the winter in Egypt with her mother, sailing early in December.

Caroline Wright, 1903, has written another novel which has been accepted and will be published this coming year. Success to Quincy Germaine!

The class of 1913 is continuing its activities in widely separated cities, some are at school, others at home and college.

Mr. and Mrs. Derby Farrington (Alice Ramsdell) have moved to Boston and they are now living at 2 Brimmer Street.

January 21st, a daughter, Gail Hollister, was born to Dr. and Mrs. Helmer (Gail Hood).

Miss Hochdorfer has been visiting Dorothy Kessinger and Margaret McJimpsey this fall.

In June, Eva Gregg died of appendicitis. She had been on a trip around the world with her parents and was taken ill in Japan. She was hurried home but lived only a few days after the operation was performed.

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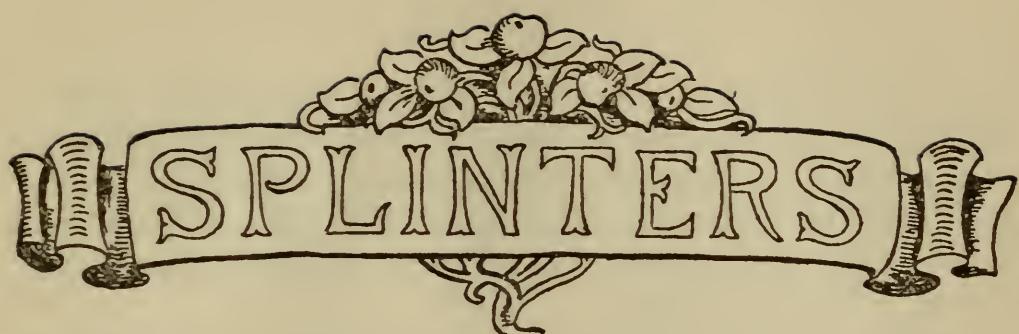
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Subscription to Splinters is two dollars a year payable to Helen Smith,
treasurer.



SPLINTERS

Vol. 14.

FEBRUARY, 1914.

No. 2

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EDITORIAL.

“WAIT-A-MINUTE”

“Johnny!”

“Wait a minute, Mary, I want to finish whittling this stick,—there, now I’m ready.”

“Just a minute, dear, and I’ll get the book. Tell Miss Rice,—” a series of glib excuses then followed

“Wait a minute,” “Just a minute,”—how many times in the course of a day we say, or hear others say those words! On the street, in school, at home, arise circumstances which, we fondly

imagine, necessitate this remark. Yet how many times could it be avoided? In the rush of twentieth century American life we all try to crowd hundreds of things into the twenty-four hours of a day. We rush from one thing to the next, trying to do all that has to be done and a great deal besides. And everywhere arises this cry of "Wait a minute!"

Perhaps Johnny should have been a model boy and jumped up when his sister called; but, true to childish instinct, he finished his play first. Then Johnny's remark was only childlike and natural, but the sister's,—surely she was not a child, yet she also said, "Just a minute." Had the sister said, "Here, dear, is the book," we feel that Johnny would have been less apt to make the remark again. She did not have the book ready, however, and it seems certain that the next time Johnny thought, "Oh, she isn't ready; I'll wait a minute."

How many of us could be called "wait-a-minute girls"? A short time ago a Boston paper published a tirade against the "wait-a-minute woman." Very few of us profess to be women as yet, but we all are women in the making. Do we wish to be the kind against whom even the daily papers talk? Of course you all say, "No," and I agree, yet how are we going to help it?

For the last few days I have been alert to hear this remark. How many times I have heard it, I cannot count. I have seen girls rush to the car, calling to some girl to have it "wait a minute." I have heard girls begging the maid to "wait a minute" before announcing breakfast, so that the tardy ones might go through the drawing room. The teachers can tell of girls who ask them to "wait" until the end of school for a piece of written work. In all these little ways, in being late to classes, late to meals, late for the car, late with work, we are building "wait-a-minute" characters. Surely we do not want to go through life with such a character.

Think how many women you know whom you might designate as "wait-a-minute women." Probably you can think of a dozen. Are they people with whom you like to make appointments? Would you trust them with any important errand or message? Do you respect them? I think not; with such characters one would not call them trustworthy. Surely we do not wish to be designated as untrustworthy. Why should not we, now in our

school days, try to abolish this phrase? Let's strike it out of our vocabulary, let's make ourselves worthy of trust, and our school known for the promptness of the girls, so that we can say that not one of the many "wait-a-minute women" in the world ever went to Rogers Hall.

KATHRYN REDWAY.

OUR DAY NURSERY.

Until this year I had never had the great good luck to become acquainted with Day Nurseries. In fact I believe that I had never given them a thought except as I had heard them spoken of from time to time by certain ladies of my acquaintance who had taken up settlement work as a delightful and interesting pastime; ladies who made it a point to spend at least one hour of every week inspecting the children in various Homes and ministering in a certain degree to their needs,—all of which is, of course, indispensable and greatly to be admired. Settlement work to them meant a huge machine to be kept running at any cost. What they saw was the immense structure, and no one of them to my knowledge ever seemed to know that there are screws and bolts and rods. Sometime they will learn that hurried inspection and no interest in individuals means very little to anyone.

Our Day Nursery is on the East Side of the city in a district swarming with the poor of every nation. We have Italians, Russians, Jews, Hungarians,—every color and kind. I remember one morning a little Greek mother brought her two children to us for the day—and the time we had with them! They could neither speak nor understand English. Hour after hour they sat in one corner of the room, wide-eyed and tearful, and could not be persuaded to smile. However, when lunch time arrived, they managed to eat their share and swallow their grief along with the soup and bread.

Many of the Italian women who work long hours in the cigarette factories are more than glad to pay five cents a day to

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have their babies fed and doctored. Not a few are too poor to pay, and it is these deserving poor that we are most anxious to reach and help: women whose husbands are imprisoned, women who have been deserted, and widows with large families to support.

The Nursery is an education in itself. Wealthy girls who have given it their time and money, who have never before come in contact with the very poor, have gained almost more than they have given. And it is the same with all of us,—these people repay us fully for all that they receive.

There are classes in singing conducted by one of the ablest teachers in the city, and it has never ceased to be a wonder to me how these girls find time to gather in such numbers to sing, girls that work hard, hour after hour, in factories and stores, but whose lives are so starved for music that they will walk blocks in the cold after a day's work rather than miss one lesson. There are classes in dancing and sewing, and a small library on the fourth floor. It is interesting to see how anxious the mothers and sisters are to read and learn.

If I should tell all I know about these families, their struggles and dreams and all their plans for the future that would seem so trivial to you and mean so much to them, it would take too long. There is Andrew, for instance, whose father insists upon his being a day laborer, whose mother waits for the time when he will be that enviable personage, a policeman,—Andrew, who dreams night and day of being an artist! Was ever anything more laughable or more pitiable? Then there is Joe, who knows some day he will be a carpenter,—he is ten years old now. For three Christmases he has waited for a box of tools and thinks surely it will come next year. Babies two and three years old, who come to us and cannot walk from being poorly nourished, are beginning to toddle unsteadily across the room within three months after their arrival. These are the things I should like to tell you of,—the things that the ladies who rush in and out on their errands of mercy, pat a child on the head (being sure to pick out the prettiest), scatter a few dollars in their wake and think that is all there is to do, never know of. When spring comes, to take the older ones to the parks and zoos, to ride on the ponies and roll in the grass, is to find out what a few hours' amusement means to these little

children of the slums, to whom the elephant in his cage is something to talk about for days afterwards, to whom a wide, grassy space to tumble in is far more valuable than the whole city with its wealth of buildings and wide streets.

To know them all, that is the thing!—to know their names and what they do. After all they are much the same as the little ladies in furs that ride with their mammas on Fifth Avenue and look out enviously when they pass through the Park and see Tommy and Joe rolling blissfully in the grass, quite unrecognizable from the layers of earth that encrust their happy faces. Tommy and Joe gaze with delight at the great limousine passing by and wonder how it seems to ride, wonder only for a moment, and then are lost in the absorbing adventure of coaxing a squirrel to eat peanuts from their hands. GERTRUDE HAWXHURST, R. H.'13.

HAPPY, HAPPY LAND.

This is not going to be the story of my life because I realize, though I am, as everyone says, very old for my age, eleven is hardly a time to compose the "story of my life." I must wait until I am very, very old, fully thirty! This is merely a chapter out of the book of my life (I love that because it sounds so much like our minister). I warn you now, gentle reader, this is going to be sad, because it is about a futile attempt to do good; but do not weep when you come to "the end" because, though I was not happy for fully a week myself after the sad occurrence, I can even smile now when recalling it.

For perfect ages I've been thinking over the sinfulness of the world,—as father says, I think greatly for my years. I had decided to become a missionary, but I just adore chinchilla furs and mother has promised me a set when I grow up, and of course I never could wear them way down in Africa; besides cannibals are not just the people for a young lady to associate with—they

are so boisterous—so I decided that brother could go and reform them and I'd clean out Tammany Hall.

Tammany Hall is a great big hall where men go to be entertained, and even if it is in America and the United States, father says it can stand lots of cleaning. Goodness knows how I hate to dust and sweep, but I decided it was my duty! I told mother about it one night when she wasn't at the opera or the Anti-Suffragette meeting and she was perfectly scandalized! She took me on her lap, because there wasn't any company for dinner and she didn't have on a shimmery dress. I won't tire my readers with all she said, besides I didn't understand it all; anyway she said because I'm a girl, I can't go out of "my sphere" (whatever that means—going out of the yard alone I suspect), and that if I want to do good I can improve myself, first. Somehow I didn't like that because it's a heap nicer to improve someone else, but by and by I thought of a plan so I could improve myself and other people, too.

It was in spelling that I had the idea—Louise said she did, but how could that have been, when it was directly after Miss Fisher said, "The next girl who talks may leave the room,"—and not Louise, but I, left?

"H. H. L."—of course you don't know what it is, do you? How could you? for there were only five of us in the secret. "Happy, Happy Land" was a fairy kingdom, we were fairy sisters, our family name, so to speak, was Bell. Louise was Tinker Bell,—(I wanted to be but Louise is an only child, so I thought it better to give in). I was Silver Bell; Nancy, Daisy Bell; Peg changed her name every time we played and besides she was a traitor! Our King Papa was very busy ruling, so no one had to pretend him; nor our Queen Mamma, who was occupied with her throne and wearing her crown. Of course not even Fairyland could be without a "don't-get-your-feet-wet" person; but this one wasn't right in the Kingdom,—she was as far away as we could get her—at the North Pole; and as her name, "Mother Wisdom," implies, she knew everything (now this is where the reform part comes in). Whenever we were bad,—pointed at anything or spoke in an unfairy-like way—we would hear a rustle, then stand in a circle with our heads bowed and say, "Mother Wisdom, we pray thee

forgive us, for we are very, very sorry, madam." I used to point at things sometimes just so we could say that "pray thee" and "Madam," it was so impressive!

We put most pains on our royal brother, Prince Strong Heart,—he was lovely, always nice to his sisters. (If a certain person is snooping round my papers, it will serve him right to read that.) He slayed all the dragons, drove out the bad fairies, and found all the hidden treasures. We took turns being him with great delight.

"Happy, Happy Land" was very small because, of course, all the boys—the little ones, "the worse," and the big ones, "the worrest"—had the great big yard, while we had the space between it and the schoolhouse. To everybody else it was full of rocks and stones and three old benches, but that's because they weren't fairies. If they had been, they'd have seen wonderful precious jewels for stones, and for the benches, castles, ballrooms, throne rooms, forests, deep, dark dungeons and countless other things only known to fairies.

The fence between our yard and the boys' meant lots and lots of miles. The boys were wicked dwarfs, whom we could completely annihilate at any time, but we greatly preferred to let them live, only keeping watch over them through the cracks in the fence. Peg used to like to watch them more than to play sometimes, so we appointed her sort of policeman over them to report to our King Papa any particularly bad behavior. Sometimes the dwarfs used to come over the "miles" in no time, but that was generally after their baseball, which was invisible to fairies, so of course, we couldn't be expected to throw it over to them when they called for it.

Things went along scrumptiously until that fatal day,—I never, never will forget the date as long as I live. It was—well, I will think of it later on! The day began by brother hiding my books, which made me late to school for the first time that week; then to add to that, Peg corrected me twice in American History, and I distinctly hate to be corrected, especially by Peg. She also was at the head of the class in spelling. I got through the morning knowing that at recess it was my turn to be Prince Strong Heart and I could let off steam on the dragons anyway. As

usual we ate our luncheon just as fast as we could so we could begin to play.

We fairies always slept in flowers, and every morning, when the sun opened them, we'd wake up and fly gracefully to the ground, (of course we didn't actually fly—I've only seen Peter Pan and the Darling children do that—but we waved our arms up and down as we skipped along). We curtesied to each other and said, "Good Morrow, Sister Goldendrop," "Good Morrow, Silver Bell."

Peg always used to giggle like a mere child, but this monumental day she not only giggled but absolutely refused to make a courtesy; I told her she must, and then thought it was a good time to tell her how awkwardly she flapped her arms for flying. Peg never could take advice and got mad, so then we told her all her faults we could think of and she stamped out, banging the door after her. We all asked Mother Wisdom to forgive her, which, even if I do say it, was certainly kind of us; then we went on playing.

Ugy Ug, "Happy Land's" worst enemy, had captured the fairy sisters, and I, Prince Strong Heart, was trying to rescue them. It was hard because he had imprisoned them in an invisible castle in the bottom of the ocean. I could only find it by following the rustling of Mother Wisdom's wings. After nearly being sawed in two by a sawfish and swallowed by a whale, I reached it, and after the magical word "Isyumbobium," the castle immediately became visible. I summoned Ugy Ug out to battle (that's the way they talk in "Ivanhoe") and had just slain him, gave him his death-wound with the words, "Die, villain!"—when a loud burst of merriment came from the schoolroom windows. I looked up and what do you suppose? There were all the high school girls, even Julia (the one I'd just given a rose and a whole row of my ping pong pictures to, just the day before), and Miss Fisher and Peg—! And they were actually laughing! Peg called out, "Go it, Prince Strong Heart!" And then they had to go and laugh some more.

The insult was tremendous but I swallowed my wrath and continued to play. I let my sisters out of the castle and, of course, they should have fallen on their knees in gratitude for my rescuing them, but instead they—giggled! I suppose, of course,

I shouldn't have done it, but I saw a lot of the dwarfs sitting on the fence and so I told the girls to shut up. Peg called out, "Oh, Prince Strong Heart, ask old Mother Wisdom to forgive you!" That was too much! I had borne enough insults and ingratitude but that—that was beyond even a fairy's endurance!

"I hate you! I hate you, Margaret Elizabeth White! And you, Miss Fisher—and you, Julia! I hate everyone of you!" I screamed as I dashed out of the yard and locked myself in the cloak room; Louise and Nancy laughed, too, and besides it was so hot in the yard killing dragons my eyes were sort of red and I wanted to cool them off. As for Julia, when she tried to get in, I wouldn't even answer her because I resolved never, never again to speak to her, and I determined to tear up her picture just as soon as I got home.

The bell for school rang, but I didn't move until Miss Fisher came and told me I had to come to class immediately, so I decided I might as well.

Everyone was in his seat. I looked at Nancy and Louise, but they didn't look at me because I hadn't let them into the cloak room, so I thumped just as hard as I could to my seat to show them I didn't care. Miss Fisher told me to go out and come in quietly. I did it much against my will. I tried to hum "Yankee Doodle," but after a glance from Miss Fisher I decided I couldn't carry a tune anyway and might just as well stop. No sooner was I seated than that detestable Billy, with the red hair, turned around, waved his arms up and down, and simpered "Good morrow, Sister Cowbell!" I slammed up my desk cover to end his unpleasant remarks, forgot that the little screw things were out, and bang! went the desk on Billy's head. I suppose I should have been sorry, but I wasn't!

Miss Fisher turned around from the board where she was writing something and said, lifting one eyebrow, the way she does when she's mad, "Barbara, I'm surprised!" She wasn't a bit more surprised than I was and I told her so! She said I was impertinent, and was saying something else when I heard Peg say to Nancy, "Barbara has been crying."

"I have not!" I said jumping up, and Miss Fisher almost jumped up, too, because she thought I said it to her. She calmed

herself and told me to go home and that I needn't come back until I apologized. I sort of left like Fido does after I've spanked him, but I didn't intend ever to apologize because why should I?

George got sent home for pulling Peg's hair—Miss Fisher had the habit then—but I wouldn't let him catch up to me for two whole blocks, and then I only did because my books were heavy. I wouldn't speak to him until he gave me a stick of licorice and I wouldn't have done so then, except I naturally had to thank him.

Let us draw a curtain over the sad scene after I reached home, and for a whole week. It was awful to have one's reforms blighted so, and though I resolved never to reform anything again, I've changed my mind because George does need reforming very much, and I guess I'll marry him when I grow up—so—to reform him of course!

KATHRYN H. JERGER.

MR. HART'S JEST.

Mr. and Mrs. Hart were in my estimation the most amusing couple I had ever seen. Their married life had now drifted into its twenty-fifth year. In very comfortable circumstances, they lived in a charming little house. They had brought up a son, a daughter, a niece, and a mongrel dog. As this last member of the household had died and the young people had married, Mr. and Mrs. Hart were left to each other's society.

Mrs. Hart was rather talented; she painted exquisitely, was very artistic in her dress, and spent most of her time playing bridge and winning prizes, in fact, she was considered the cleverest card woman in the little town. Her husband was of a very different type. One was never sure whether he was in jest or earnest, pleased or the contrary, although no one doubted that he had a strong sense of humor. He was well-read and took great pleasure in his library. Clubs did not appeal to him, he cared little for the theatre, and detested cards, but he was always

popular because of the bluff friendliness of his manner. Every morning of his life he got up the last minute, swallowed two soft boiled eggs, complained the rest of the day of indigestion, and dashed out of the house in time to catch the car which took him to his office. At noon he always caught the 1.10 home for luncheon. On this trolley were most of his men friends in the neighborhood and a jolly atmosphere prevailed.

One Saturday noon, in a corner of the almost empty car, sat the illustrious "Widow Bailey," who nodded and smiled to every male passenger whom she knew. Next to her sat a prim old maid. She was exceedingly tall, and from under her gray skirt, number ten shoes obstructed passing in the aisle. On her tightly drawn-back hair rested a small black hat and large rimmed spectacles adorned her thin nose.

Mr. Hart boarded the car, made his way down to the front, incidentally falling over the feet of the maiden lady, and sat down beside the widow. The latter lost no time in telling Mr. Hart about her five charming daughters,—how many new gowns they had, their numerous engagements, and their many ardent suitors.

"Well," remarked Mr. Hart jestingly, "I'd really like to adopt a daughter—anywhere between four and forty—as entertaining as you claim your daughters are. But then, you know, that might break up Mrs. Hart's regular attendance at her 'bridges'. Yes," he repeated as he rose to leave the car, "I surely would like to adopt such a daughter!"

At the first sound of the word "adopt" the spinster had pricked up her ears and gently edged along in order to catch more of this conversation. But by the sudden departure of Mr. Hart she was disappointed in the endeavor to play the eavesdropper. As soon, however, as Mr. Hart had left the car, the lady in gray lost no time in inquiring who the gentlemen was. By the time they had arrived at the end of the car line, both having gone by their stop, the old maid had drawn from the widow the whole Hart genealogy.

That afternoon a tall lady in gray was ushered into the Harts' reception room. From the drawing room across the hall came the gay chatter of Mrs. Hart and her friends at their daily occupation

round the card table. Rather vexed, the hostess crossed the hall to discover the cause of the interruption, expecting to find a bothersome peddler or a book agent.

"Well?" she questioned ungraciously.

"Mrs. Hart, I believe?"

"Yes."

"I have come on a very peculiar errand and I hope you won't feel offended."

"Oh, these peddlers," sighed Mrs. Hart to herself.

"I am from the Orphan Asylum in Bridgeport. We have a darling little girl whom we should like to place in a comfortable home, and as I heard your husband remark in the car this noon that he wanted to adopt a daughter, I have taken the liberty to come and see you."

From across the hall came the sound of suppressed laughter, which heightened Mrs. Hart's indignation. She threw up her hands in holy horror. "Oh, heavens!" she cried, "I've brought up three children and a dog and I don't want anything more on my hands."

The spinster became offended at once, and after informing her that she was a hard-hearted brute, wheeled around and left the house.

That evening when her good-natured husband came home, he was greeted at the door by his wife, who at once began to sputter out her annoyance over her unexpected visitor of the afternoon.

"The next time, Charles S. Hart," she snapped, "that you make a remark about adopting a daughter, don't shout it out in a trolley car!"

MARION R. BILLINGS.

PETER CHANGES HIS MIND.

"Oh, Jack," whined Peter, "I don't want to go for the cow to-night."

"Well," Jack replied in his crushing older-brother manner, "well, I've told you before that if you would do the milking, I would go after Bess."

As nothing could be said in answer to this very true statement, Peter swallowed grimly, and was silent; yet he vowed inwardly that he would not stand such treatment much longer. "I'll find a way to get even with him," he muttered.

The two boys were for the summer at a cottage near a lovely lake, and as the house was several miles from any source of supply, their father kept a cow. Of course having fresh, thick cream on their cereal at breakfast and on their raspberries at night was very fine, but to take care of Bess was quite a different matter.

The great pasture was nearly a mile square, thickly wooded and full of underbrush which had a bothersome way of swinging back and striking one full in the face. As is the nature of cows, Bess liked to spend the hot summer afternoons lying in the shade of the wide-spreading trees, serenely chewing her cud; and so, of course, when Peter wanted to find her by the tinkle of her bell, not a sound was to be heard and he had to wander through the woods calling, "Co' Boss, Co' Boss!" until she chose to come or until he ran upon her in some unexpected place.

To-night before he started he went to his mother where she was sewing on the porch.

"Mother," he said, "you see—well, I—well." Then thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, "Mother, I want to learn to milk Bess!"

"Yes," said his mother, smiling to herself, for she had been waiting for this.

"You see," he rushed on, "it's terrible to have to go for Bess just before supper when you're awful hungry and then not get back sometimes till late, and get all scratched up and then p'raps not find her after all. If I could just milk her, then Jack could go for her and it would be fine. See?"

"Well," said his mother, "if——"

"Say, I want to take the pail with me to-night and try it out in the woods. Then if—well, perhaps I might not like it, so we'll just keep quiet about it,—you see how it is, don't you, mother?"

Then he plunged off for the pail and the unsuspecting Bess. He scrambled through the back fence and stumbled over a stone in his path.

"Oh, hang," he growled, "don't you s'pose you can stand up straight?" Now he plunged through the bushes in a hurry to try his new experiment, and a twig snapped in his eye, and now he stumbled into a hole. At last he fell headlong over a decaying log. He jumped up and gave an angry kick to a nearby branch, but it refused to budge, and left a very unpleasant feeling in his right toe.

At last he came upon poor Bess peacefully drinking in a small stream. She was muddy and wet, and he had a hard task to coax her out on the bank. After much pushing and pulling he got her to stand for him by a tree. Then he settled down to milk her. He had just begun when slap, came the muddy tail against his head. He could hardly control his anger now. The tears came to his eyes and he began again.

"Looked awful easy when Jack did it," he thought. With much hard labor he managed to get about an inch of milk into the pail. I don't believe I can get any more out of her. I guess someone must have milked her before I got here."

Slap! came the muddy tail again. It was no longer any use. He jumped up and gave the gentle Bess a resounding thwack on her side.

"You vicious brute, you," he cried, "are you tryin' to kill me?" But the peaceful Bess, unused to being treated thus, jumped away and upset the pail. The affair had reached its climax and Peter was boiling. There was no one but the mild-eyed Bess to pound, however, nothing but the sturdy trees to hit and kick, and nothing but the darkening silence around to scold.

"There's no use," he said, "everything is against me. Why was I ever born? I wisht I could die away off in the woods or robbers would kill me and hang me on a tree, and then they would all come and find me so cold and dead, and they'd a wisht they hadn't sent me off in the woods all alone to get Bess." Filled with these pleasing thoughts, and quite comforted at the vision of his lifeless body hanging on a nearby oak, he came slowly home and entered the dining room with the air of a martyr.

After a warm supper he began to cheer up, and even condescended to help crack nuts and listen to jokes and stories around the open fire.

Next night he went willingly for Bess. He tied her by the milking-bars and came running up on to the porch where his mother and Jack were talking.

"Bess is out by the bars," he said. "You'd better hurry up and milk her before supper," and he began to swing vigorously back and forth in the hammock.

"What made you so keen about going for her to-night?" inquired Jack. "Don't you want to come out and try milking her now?"

"Not on your life! I've discovered a patent way to find Bess," Peter invented cheerfully. "I guess I'll go for her the rest of the summer and maybe p'raps I'll learn how to milk her next summer."

His mother laughed to herself. "Wasn't it a success?" she inquired unthinkingly.

"Mother!" groaned Peter, trying to warn her by a frown. Jack pricked up his ears and asked sharply.

"Wasn't what a success?"

"Oh, nothing," said Peter, reddening and trying to look unconscious.

"Well," said his mother calmly, "Peter thinks that he has the best of the bargain and—perhaps he has."

A new idea lighted Jack's face suddenly. He smiled knowingly at her and his right eyelid drooped in an unmistakable wink.

ALICE BEAL BAKER.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND.

The cold rain beat down on the tents and tarpaulins with a roar that drowned every other sound and left only three or four sparks to the camp fire. It was an ink-black night, and I knew it would be my last chance to escape from the cattle rustlers, who were watching me because of their fear that I might give evidence against them. Several times I had spoken of going

home, but their manner of urging me to remain suggested that departure would be difficult, perhaps impossible. I was in the enemy's camp, an unwilling visitor.

When the din of the rain was loudest I was already dressed, even to my black slicker. The whole camp was asleep. Cautiously I felt for the teepee flaps, unsnapped the icy clasps, and crawled out noiselessly. The cold rain chilled my face; so dark it was that I could not see my hand before me, but I knew perfectly the location of my teepee, and the smouldering camp fire kept me in the right direction. I stole from it, carefully avoiding the ropes, and kept as far from the other teepees as I could without losing my way. Luckily I walked slowly, for once my foot caught in a rope, and had I taken another step, I should have pulled the teepee down and aroused the whole camp. I shivered at the thought of what might have been my fate; without stopping to think about it, however, I pushed on toward the corral. The high grass that grew in front of it swished around my feet and made me realize that I was almost there. In the darkness I groped for the corral, stretching my hands as far in front of me as I could, until finally I touched a slippery pole. As I reached it, I gave a sigh of relief. Then stumbling along until I found the bars, I crawled through them. Now I was totally at sea as to how I was to find my saddle and horse. I dared not call him for fear of being heard.

Through the mud I plodded, searching for the saddles. Suddenly I tripped and fell. When I had recovered my breath and courage sufficiently to examine the cause of my fall, I found that it was a saddle. Carefully I felt of it; my fingers brushed across the hairy cowhide on the pommel. The next one I discovered was a silver mounted saddle which belonged to Slim. Finally I felt a smooth one without any ornaments or designs on the leather. To be sure that it was mine, I searched for my horsehair quirt, and having found it, I dragged my saddle to the gate of the horse-corral and left it. I fumbled at the gate to find where it opened, and at last put my hand on the wire that fastened it. Stealthily I swung open the gate and walked in with my bridle in my hand. I knew most of the horses were bronchos, but my only hope of escape was in some way or other to find my horse, Eldy.

I put out my hand and touched a horse, but his hide was rough with long, shaggy hair; then reaching out with my other hand, I came in contact with a coarse, bristly hide, which moved aside as I touched it. Advancing a few steps, I felt of another horse, his mane was all snarled and tangled; I was sure he was not Eldy. Again I put my hand out. This time I touched a sleek hide and glossy mane that was free from snarls. To be absolutely certain that it was my horse, I felt under his neck for the scar of his wire cut; having found it, I groped on his left thigh for his brand, and when I discovered that it was IR, I bridled him and led him through the gate. In my excitement I could hardly saddle him quickly enough. While I hunted around for the outside gate, I was paralyzed for fear some one might discover me. At last I found it and we slipped through noiselessly. My stirrup was cold as I grasped it to get on the horse, and my saddle was wet, but I was never before so glad to ride in a wet saddle and a pouring rain. At first we dared not go faster than a walk for fear of disturbing the rustlers. Eldy seemed to understand this as well as I did, for he picked his way carefully, now and then nibbling at scattered tufts of grass as if he were a horse grazing. When we were out of hearing distance of the camp, he broke into a brisk trot. I did not attempt to guide him because I was certain that he knew the way much better than I did. All night long we rode without stopping. When the first streaks of dawn appeared, I saw the dim outline of the Badger Creek Hills that surrounded my father's ranch. My horse saw them, too, and broke into a lope.

DOROTHY McMURRAY BURNS.

DEERFIELD.

OLD DEERFIELD, MASS.,

August 17, 1913.

DEAR COUSIN LAURA:

Of course I can't begin to tell you about all the places where I've been during my five weeks' visit in Massachusetts. This letter must just keep to quaint little old Deerfield, where we are staying on for a day or so to explore the wide, elm-shaded streets, though, of course, we came here principally to see the pageant.

A few years ago came the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Deerfield, and to celebrate the occasion the townsfolk gave an immense pageant, which represented the whole history of this New England village. Because it was so well liked, many people asked to have the pageant repeated this summer; and I'm glad they did, for otherwise I never could have seen it.

The stage was an enormous meadow with a little stream across the foreground, and groups of maple and pine trees clustered together made a splendid background. The opening scene was where the first white men came in canoes up the Connecticut (the little brook pretended to swell itself up for the occasion) to barter with the Indians for corn. Then followed the coming of the white settlers, the Indians' attacks upon them as they made their way to meeting, the carrying of the captives to Canada, their sad return, and many other thrilling scenes.

The one I liked best (perhaps you think I have queer tastes) was the Bloody Brook Massacre. Several ox carts loaded with grain were to be taken down to Springfield, and this is why we saw from our seats on the hill opposite the field, the men of old Deerfield in their quaint Puritan costumes, taking leave one bright day of their friends and families. For weeks no Indians had been seen lurking in the neighborhood, so that the settlers had relaxed their vigilance, and even stopped on their long journey to eat some grapes which hung temptingly over a brook. Suddenly the banging of guns and the mingled cries of the Indians and white men were heard in the distance, and after a breathless suspense a lone man rushed back to tell of the terrible slaughter at Bloody Brook by King Philip and his crafty redskins.

The scene was so vivid that we were carried straight back into those olden times. We felt that we, ourselves, were saying good-bye to our friends, and that we were joining in the grief of those wives and children after their sorrowful news. Perhaps you know the poem by Edward Everett Hale called the "Lamentable Ballad of the Bloody Brook." It's thrilling!

Then came the events of the Revolutionary War, a Tory Tea Party, and later the time of the Civil War with the great Cheapside Ball in celebration of the addition of Cheapside to

Deerfield's possessions. The Tory Tea Party was a splendid sight! All the ladies were in heavy satins and wore their hair powdered, and the men were also in satins with laces and frills and silver buckles. After dancing a dainty minuet and drinking the forbidden tea, they departed in a high, old-fashioned stage coach, drawn by four prancing horses.

And now I do not wonder why the people of Deerfield are so proud of their little village and wish to keep the homesteads and surroundings as they were. There is one long, wide, central street with great drooping elm trees, and the houses are old spacious colonial homes that were built of hewn logs,—built to last for generations. Over several of the houses are the dates of years in which they were built, some of them as far back as 1700, but few earlier than that, for the original houses have been torn away. The histories of these old homes are most interesting and the interiors fascinating. They have great, wide chimneys with queer Dutch ovens, and the doors have old-fashioned latches. How I wish you were here to explore them with me!

Down one of the side streets is a museum called Old Memorial Hall. In it are many relics of the early settlers in the Connecticut Valley. From the house of Ensign John Sheldon, there is a rough wooden door which was shot through and battered down by the hatchets of the Indians. There is an old-time kitchen and bed room; an Indian room full of such things as tomahawks, stone mortars, and arrow heads; a library; a domestic room with implements for carding, spinning, and weaving; a military room; and an alcove of Deerfield authors. I could have wandered around looking at these relics for hours.

There is a great number of tablets and monuments at different places around Deerfield, one showing the spot where stood the home of the Reverend John Williams, the first minister; another the site of the home of Jonathan Wells, "the Boy Hero of the Connecticut Valley"; and a red sandstone slab marks the scene of the Massacre at Bloody Brook.

I spent one whole afternoon wandering around in the old burying ground, reading the inscriptions on the grave stones. (I guess you will think me insane, or in love!) But the table tombstones and slabs are so queer and old-fashioned that I had

to stop and read each one. Here is an epitaph that I especially remember:

Hope humbly, then
With Trembling Pinions
Soar; Wait ye Great Tea;
cher Death & God.

The descendants of many people buried here are living in the old homesteads, and in the pageant, as far as possible, the most important parts were taken by descendants of the original characters.

Modern Deerfield has become the center of many kinds of industry—pottery, basket making, weaving, blue-and-white needlework, metal work, rug making, and photography. I have spent most of my time (and also most of my money, I fear) wandering around among these old homes with their beautiful handicrafts. These industries were all taken up originally by small societies in an attempt to revive the beauties of the old-time arts; and since then they have grown into profitable forms of business. I am sending you in this mail a piece of blue-and-white embroidery, which I bought in one of these houses. The little flax-wheel with the letter D in the corner is the mark of the Needlework Society. Don't you think it will be lovely in your blue room?

With much love from

Frances.

Alice B. Baker.

A WISH THAT CAME TRUE.

"Lowell Sun and Americ'n! Lowell Sun and Americ'n! Paper, mister? Mister, want a paper?" Not a man or woman escaped Johnnie when he knew that the disposal of only a few more papers, if you call twelve a few, meant home and supper.

It was a bitter cold night, and Johnnie's overcoat was none too thick, yet he still wore the cheerful smile for which he was noted.

"Lowell Sun and Americ'n, evening edition, all about the big fire!"

"Johnnie, got a Traveler?" called one of his daily customers.

"Nope, but I got a Sun."

"No, I want a Traveler."

"Wait a minute, I'll git yer one. Mike, gut any Travelers?" shouted Johnnie in a voice that could be heard throughout Merrimack Square.

"Naw," snarled Mike.

"Bill Green, gut a Traveler?"

"Yep, but you ain't goin' ter git it," was Bill's reply.

"Never mind, Johnnie, I'll take a Sun."

"No, wait a minute, I know a feller down here what'll gimme one," and he was off before his customer could stop him. In a few minutes he came back with a triumphant smile, waving a Boston Traveler in the air. "Only eleven more now. If I sell 'em all before six o'clock, I'll buy yer a sody," exclaimed Johnnie to the very same Bill Green who, but a few moments before, had refused to lend him one paper.

Ten minutes later the two boys saw, coming toward them, someone whom they both recognized as a man who always bought one paper, sometimes two. They both started to run. Johnnie reached him first, but Bill, who was the larger, arriving close behind, pushed him aside with a mighty shove. The man, who observed this, ignored Bill and bought his two papers from Johnnie. Bill was obviously angry and so Johnnie, peaceful and generous little creature that he was, presented him with the two pennies. Looking back, the man regarded this behavior but passed along without remark. Now that Bill was satisfied, Johnnie started off again, grinning, to sell the rest of his papers.

"Lowell Sun and Americ'n!" Now his grin broadened, for whom did he see coming but a number of big boys, and if there was anything Johnnie loved, it was this very crowd of boys because they often joked with him and he liked that.

"Hello, Johnnie Joy, what are you doing?" asked one of the boys.

Johnnie laughed. "Selling papers like I allus are. Want one?"

"What do I want a paper for to-day? I bought one yesterday."

"Aw, read about the big fire."

"What fire?"

"A lady's mattress gut all afire and they had to throw it out the winder."

"Where?"

"Kirk Street."

"Where's Kirk Street?"

"Where I live," replied the urchin. Passing to the next boy in the crowd, grinning incessantly, "You buy a paper, will yer?" he asked.

"I can't read in the day time, I go to night school."

"Aw, quit yer kiddin'!" Very little of the slang of the street escaped Johnnie.

The boys relieved him of the remaining papers and he ran off whistling.

"My hands is froze," shivered out from the blue lips of another little paper boy as Johnnie ran past him. The result was that Johnnie stopped and what he did was explained that night when he arrived home, for the orphans' home was the only one he had. "Yer see," he said, upon being questioned as to the missing gloves, "I gave 'em to O'Connel 'cause his hands was froze and he hadn't sold all his papers and I had." How could anyone scold the youngster?

About seven o'clock that night Johnnie was summoned into the matron's room. He appeared upon the scene with his customary grin; he went out with a broader one. What was Johnnie's surprise to find that he had been called before the kindly Mr. Weare, the gentleman of the afternoon's "two penny episode."

"Good evening, John," said Mr. Weare.

"Good evenin', Mr. Weare," replied Johnnie, in some embarrassment.

"Well, sir, have you spent your two pennies yet?" questioned the visitor.

Johnnie blushed. "Yes, sir."

"Well, John, what would you do if you had two hundred cents?"

The boy meditated, then suddenly burst forth with, "Buy a bat and——and a glove and a ball and a suit!"

Mr. Weare could not suppress a smile. "So you want to be a baseball player, do you?" he questioned.

"Yes, sir, and be like Walter Johnson and Ty Cobb."

"Well, well!" Then followed a short pause, during which Johnnie was deep in thought. Mr. Weare broke the silence with "John, what would you think if some morning you woke up and found yourself in a big house, and you were the owner of a nice new suit and warm overcoat and a baseball bat and glove?"

Johnnie's eyes stuck out of his head and that usual grin broke into a laugh. "I don' know," he replied.

"That's just what's going to happen to you, John. Run now and pack up your things, and I'll guarantee that you'll wake up in just such a house to-morrow morning."

"Yours?" questioned Johnnie.

Mr. Weare nodded.

HELEN EVELETH.

SKETCHES.

OLD FAITHFUL.

The porch of the Inn was crowded with guests, waiting eagerly for Old Faithful to spout. The first warnings of its activity were deep, hoarse growls and little fitful spurts of steam. Then with a loud, terrific roar and mighty rush, a great white column of scalding, steaming water was hurled one hundred and fifty feet into the air. There it was held for a period of three minutes, a ghostly white spectre against the dusky background of the forest. Then gradually it sank back into its mighty cauldron, where the rumbling again began.

Later in the evening, when that towering, hissing volume of water was lifted into the air, the rays of a searchlight from our hotel were thrown upon the geyser. The steaming, quivering

column then took on all the delicate hues of the rainbow,—reds, yellows, purples, and greens, mingled and intermingled. The whole lofty column became a jewelled form, sparkling, glittering, and flashing. Then suddenly the splendor vanished, all was darkness, and nothing was left of Old Faithful but the angry murmuring and growling of the water.

ELEANOR BELL.

AT ST. MAURICE.

One May morning, five of us left Paris for a short trip on the Seine. We took a boat, a sort of ferry, and rode down the Seine by Charenton. There and for half a mile beyond, the banks were lined with wine barrels, and barrels, and still more wine barrels, reaching in solid ranks from the top of the banks to the edge of the water. Up and down the Seine, immense long, flat barges loaded with barrels were continually being towed by chugging tugboats.

At St. Maurice, a small town on the outskirts of Paris, we left our ferry. There we wandered through the very narrow streets, paved with rough cobblestones. Spying at the top of a steep hill a small variety store, the only one in the town, we instantly made that our goal. There we bought some postal cards and acquired a little information concerning St. Maurice. Stepping into the street again, we saw an old woman, jabbering and sputtering French, to the effect that she had delicious cheese to sell. She was pushing a small, clean, white cart, scooping out cheese as one would ice cream, and serving it in pasteboard boxes with tin spoons.

"Will you not try my cheese, Mesdames?" she questioned eagerly.

Suddenly from around a corner raced a troop of a dozen or more boys in light blue blouses and slouch caps, yelling and squabbling until they caught sight of us. Then, at once, the noise stopped. They regarded us in the most peculiar manner, for as we found out later, they had never seen any Americans before. As the boys were on their way to school, they followed us down the hill and began again their boisterous conversation. A girl

who was with us and who understood French well asked them a few questions, but before they could answer, a bright little dark-eyed, black-haired boy, who seemed to be their "chief" piped up mockingly,

"Qui êtes vous? Des survivants Irlandais du Titanic?"

F. LESLIE HYLAN.

THE SILENT NIGHT.

No peace, no quiet, everything is turmoil. The endless noise goes roaring on, even in my sleep. The street cars' monotonous moan drives me mad. The hurry and bustle of the crowd below on the pavement make me restless. In vain I try to forget the commotion; on and on it goes forever.

Oh, for one hour of the silent land I love, where at twilight, just as the last glow of gold disappears in the west, only the sound of the crickets' soothing chirp is heard. The crackling smudge of sage brush drives away the last buzz of the mosquito and then dies into glowing sparks upon the ground. The lonely howls of the wolves and the coyotes break the stillness of the night, the cry begun by one band on a distant hillside and in turn taken up and answered by other bands, until the hills echo with it. One by one the chorus diminishes until only the leader keeps up the dreary yell, which dies into a wail and finally ceases. One star peeps through the darkness overhead, then another and another until the sky glitters with them. The continuous pumping of the windmill comforts my tired nerves, and the tarpaulin rustles softly as I pull it over my head. Quickly I drift into the slumber of the silent night.

DOROTHY McMURRAY BURNS.

YOSEMITE FALLS.

The stage rumbled over the creaky bridge, the horses snorting and plunging, their hoofs resounding on the hollow planks, and with a scraping and jarring of brakes halted at the hotel entrance.

We scrambled out over the wheels and were soon picking our way through the fragrant meadows to the cool, pungent woods beyond. The fallen leaves and twigs crunched and crackled under our feet, and the merry twitter of birds came to us as they flew to and fro among the trees.

Presently a deafening roar disturbed the quiet of the forest, and soon we saw before us the mighty falls of the Yosemite. From hundreds of feet above us they plunged, a roaring, crashing, tearing volume of water. Half way down, its maddening plunge was interrupted by a projecting cliff, but over this it dashed, a swirling, turbulent, greenish mass, to the mammoth rocks below. Around and over these it hissed and tore in its wild career to the swiftly flowing Merced beyond.

ELEANOR BELL.

KENILWORTH CASTLE.

The ponderous gates clanged behind us. We passed through a cool, green grape arbor with the late afternoon sun filtering through the leaves and checkering the ground, and there before us rose the red, ivy-covered ruins of a once stately castle.

We climbed up the green slopes, dotted with peacefully grazing sheep which paid no attention to our approach, and entered one crumbling ruin after another. Cautiously we crept down into dark, damp holes, which once were dungeons; climbed broken and footworn stairs to the windy top of a turret, where we gazed out over the peaceful landscape; and scrambled over fallen rocks to gain entrance to the banquet hall of Queen Elizabeth, the floor now overgrown with weeds and moss, the crumbling windows screened with climbing ivy, the roof formed only of the cloudless blue sky.

As we went from the castle, the English twilight was slowly closing in, and strange and illusive shadows appeared among the ruins. The silence deepened and was broken only by our echoing footsteps. These soon died away and the castle was left to silence and solitude.

E. B.

SCHOOL NEWS.

COLLEGE CLUB THEATRICALS.

December 3rd—

Though the "birthday girls" always have a cake and a little dance after dinner, they rarely, if ever, have a real afternoon party and so they considered themselves very fortunate to be invited by Miss Parsons, with the girls on the council, to attend an entertainment given by the Women's College Club.

The program began with Austin Dobson's "Proverbs in Porcelain." They were very charming because they contain so much delicate wit. The scene between Babette and her grandfather was full of pathos, and Babette's songs were exquisite. Most of all, I think that we school girls appreciated the last two "proverbs." "Tu Quoque," the lovers' quarrel, was very amusing, and the conversation of the two young school girls could only have been written by someone who possessed a great deal of delicate humor.

A large group of women sang a roundelay, a hunting song, and last a medley, which was composed of every good old song from "Fair Smith" to "Way down upon the Swanee River."

Lady Gregory's "Spreading the News" ended the program. In this little one act play true Irish humor and pathos are so mingled that you find yourself sad and merry all in a moment. The dear old Apple Lady you cannot help but feel sorry for, even when you laugh at her, because she is so deaf that she misses all the gossip, and we are sorry, too, for the man who foretells his own fate so well when he says, "If anything bad is going to happen in this world you may be sure it will happen to me."

KATHRYN H. JERGER.

MISS WILLIAMS' TALK ON VENCE.

December 6th—

Miss H. Isabel Williams, who used to teach French at Rogers Hall, but who is now a member of the Department of French at Smith College, came to give us a lecture on Vence. The "lecture," much to our pleasure, proved to be an entertaining recital of reminiscences of Miss Williams' visit to Vence, where she spent eight delightful months. Pictures of Vence, shown by means of the new reflectoscope, added to our enjoyment.

Miss Williams told us that Vence is an old walled town, high up in the Maritime Alps. The streets of this old town are very narrow, and in many places the houses, which look cold and dreary, almost meet and form archways over the streets.

To Miss Williams the most charming thing about Vence is the wealth of violets, which are grown there to be used in the manufacture of perfumes. Just outside the city are terraces that are a mass of purple bloom. Can anyone imagine a prettier sight than these terraces in the early morning, with the dew glistening on the violets, and the peasants in their bright-colored costumes, coming to pick the flowers? The peasants come in the morning and gather the violets all day; at night they bring them into Vence on donkeys with capacious panniers on their backs. Miss Williams told us that she used to go out and buy huge bunches of violets. Soon the peasants knew that the American lady loved violets and they would bring her enormous bunches. Miss Williams made us all have a desire to see this old town and to buy some of the beautiful violets.

MARY R. LUCAS.

MR. FERRIN'S TALK.

December 8th—

Through the kindness of Mr. Ferrin and the other Trustees we are the happy possessors of a very good stereopticon. This was used to good advantage, one evening, to illustrate Mr. Ferrin's interesting talk on "The Life of Christ."

THE DANSANT.

December 13th—

I wonder what the schoolroom thought when in came Thomas and carried out all the desks? A piano was moved in; next came an army of dustpans and brooms that literally swept down upon the room. The blackboards were dressed up in their green velvet covering. If it were a wise room, as it certainly ought to be, it would have known something was going to happen—and indeed it was! For Miss Parsons was giving us a wonderful treat,—a Thé Dansant—that very afternoon.

Bye and bye such Christmasy perfumes of holly and evergreen were wafted upstairs, that we had to sneak down to see and admire the transformation.

The drawing room was beautiful with the tall vases of roses on the tables and mantelpieces; the windows were hung with holly wreaths. The office and library were most attractive, for on the table in each were tiny Christmas trees, fairly shining with tinsel trimmings.

It didn't seem as though any amount of "prinking" would make four o'clock ever come. But at last it came! Miss Parsons and those receiving with her were in the drawing room, into which the guests were ushered. Very naturally they next wandered either to the drawing room or office for refreshments, and next, still more naturally—to our way of thinking—to the schoolroom where dancing was going on. One simply couldn't help but dance to the music, it was so good! Miss Kellogg had chosen it, and we tried to dance our best, glad enough of the opportunity to do some of the numerous dances she had taught us. Everyone was having a splendid time—young and old were dancing.

"Time flies" never was so true as on that afternoon; it seemed to be a minute between the time when the first guests arrived and the moment when we were bidding the last good-bye.

KATHRYN H. JERGER.

THE CHAFING DISH SUPPER.

December 14th—

Sunday evening, Miss Parsons gave us permission to have our supper in the gymnasium instead of in the drawing room, and we were allowed to use chafing dishes.

When we entered the door of the gymnasium we could smell the good things cooking, and knew they were going to taste delicious. Half a dozen girls were standing here and there by chafing dishes, and as we made the round to see what each was cooking, we found that "chicken wiggle" and welsh rarebit were the specialties of the evening. Then there was a huge bowl of cider on a little table at one side, which was served with sponge cakes.

Two or three little catastrophes took place during the evening, such as setting Miss Macfarlane's wicker table on fire, and emptying the entire contents of a very large box of paprika into one chafing dish of welsh rarebit. But these accidents only added to our fun and had no really serious results.

When we had eaten all we wanted the chafing dishes were put to one side, and as usual on Sunday evening, we had some music, Katharine Steen singing two songs. Then Kathryn Jerger read us a very interesting story, "The Community Christmas Tree." It was rather cool in the big gymnasium so we had a glorious fire in the fireplace; it was around this we sat, a very attentive crowd.

Service followed,—Helen Smith led prayers, and still humming our favorite evening hymn, "Now the day is over," back we went to our rooms and to bed.

MARJORY WILDER.

OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY.

December 17th—

For many days preparations had been going on for our Christmas party. Our songs were learned with great care, for Miss Robbins and Mrs. Underhill were to be with us.

The night which we had so long anticipated came at last. The girls, in their white dresses, passed through the drawing room to meet the guests. Then very quietly a small group of girls detached themselves from the others and gathered in the school-room. At the first notes from the piano they started slowly forward, two by two, singing one of the old English carols. They walked through the hall and into the drawing room, where candles were burning and green wreaths were hung at the long, white windows; then they turned slowly and wandered out to the dining room, still singing. Soon the dining room filled and the little groups formed a semi-circle at the large open door where they sang the old hymn with the ringing chorus, in which everyone joined:

“Noël, Noël, Noël, Noël,
Born is the King of Israel.”

After the song was finished we all had time to examine the tables; a red glow seemed to radiate from the whole dining room; holly and Christmas greens added their air of cheerfulness; for the teachers were old-fashioned bouquets of rose buds, and for the girls a beautiful Florentine post card at each place.

Soon we were enjoying roast goose and other Christmas dishes. Just before the last course the same group of girls sang another quaint old English song. It was a wish for the New Year set to music:

“Love and joy come to you
And to your Wassail, too,
And God bless you and send you
A Happy New Year, a Happy New Year.”

After dinner the girls scurried for their wraps and everyone went to the gymnasium.

When we first entered, the room was dim except for the centre where in a blaze of light stood the Christmas tree, to which were tied variously shaped packages.

The teachers gathered by the fire; two by two, all the white-clad girls came in singing, “O Tannenbaum,” and the big room echoed with their voices as they marched slowly, round and round the tree. “Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht” rang out next, and then three familiar English Christmas hymns.

Just as the last notes died away, an opening was made suddenly in the line of girls and Santa Claus came bouncing through, jingling his bells and calling gayly, "Merry Christmas, people!"

Everyone formed a circle around the tree, and sitting down in Turkish fashion, waited for Santa Claus to distribute the gifts. Quickly the tree was stripped of the packages, each of which proved to contain some trifle comically appropriate for the one who received it. They were opened with great merriment. One girl, whose fondness for staying in bed was well-known, received a miniature doll's bed; another, who is a trifle stubborn, was presented with a toy mule; and still another, who is known to "knock," received a hammer.

When all the packages had been opened, compared, and laughed over someone started the victrola and we danced until it was time to make our farewells.

THELMA BERGER.

CONSUMERS' LEAGUE.

January 11th—

Miss Mary C. Wiggin, Secretary of the Consumers' League of Massachusetts, came out to the school to tell us a few things about the League. Of course the name Consumers' League was a familiar enough one; we had all heard it, and most of us knew that it has to do with the protection of public health through the agency of sanitary conditions for the producer. But beyond that, our ideas were somewhat confused. One girl thought the League to be an organization for founding tuberculosis camps, others had equally hazy notions.

Miss Wiggin began her talk by asking us to make believe, for the moment, that we were working girls who must depend upon our efforts for our daily existence. She then went on to tell us of the eight and ten hour days of those girls—in some cases, even, as in Vermont, of the thirteen hour days which some girls must endure; days filled with monotonous, grinding work, which, whether they feel like it or not, must be done, day after day,

week in and week out; of the dreariness of it all, and the feeling when night comes, that they don't care what happens to them, and their only aim is food and sleep.

And not alone of the long hours did she tell us, but of the unhygienic conditions under which the majority of the producers must work; and of the dangers, such as are found in shops from which, in case of fire, it would be impossible to escape.

It was because a feeling of social responsibility came to some people that they were led to investigate the conditions under which articles we all buy are made—articles such as shirtwaists, petticoats, lingerie, neckwear, etc., etc.

This knowledge carried with it the feeling that something must be done against these prevailing conditions, and done by the most powerful agent—the consumer. It was for this reason that the Consumers' or Purchasers' League was formed—that the buyer might insist on articles made only under sanitary and safe conditions—and by insisting, benefit both himself and the producer.

Miss Wiggin told us that we could all help by asking, when we shop, for goods bearing the Consumers' League label. This, many of us decided to do.

After she had finished talking, several of us crowded up to her to ask questions, all of which she answered, though how is a mystery, considering the confusion caused by everyone's talking at once.

By the end of the evening we were all anxious to sign the little cards Miss Wiggin gave us, which would admit us into the associate membership of the Consumers' League, and give us, too, a chance to help in this great relief movement.

KEITH'S.

January 10th—

"Do you want to go, Sue, and do you, Marian, and how about Polly? Give me a check, quickly, for the bank is open only about ten minutes and I must get the money. Oh, surely you want to

go,—don't miss anything like this! They say there's a fine bill on this week,—a minstrel show, trained bears, good singing, and a fine Pathé Weekly. You know one week we saw part of a football game there. It's great to be able to do that in the middle of the winter. Good for you, Conny; anyone else decided to go? Well, you don't know what you are missing! All that entertainment, and then some people say they would rather stay home and mend stockings!"

Such was the chatter that went on before our start for Keith's, where a jolly crowd of us spent the afternoon.

KATHRINE KIDDER.

LITTLE WOMEN.

January 15th—

As the curtain rose for the first act, we saw the "Little Women" sitting in a cosy, homelike room with a cheerful fire dancing on the hearth; Meg and Beth with their knitting, Jo lying on the floor, and Amy with her easel and pencils.

In no part of the play did our interest lag; for who could fail to enjoy Meg's courtship, Jo for her own dear "tomboyishness," Amy with her airs and graces, and last, but by no means least, sweet little Beth, the pet of the family. Do not let us forget Laurie, the boy from the big house across the way, who shared the girls' joys and sorrows, or Aunt March, "who settled the question."

The humorous speeches and queer antics are so intermingled with the sad parts, that out tears and laughter became quite hopelessly confused.

The last scene was laid in the orchard at "Plumfield," and after the curtain had gone down for the last time upon our "Little Women," it was with rather a sigh that we found ourselves in the commonplace world of the Majestic Theatre, for it truly seemed as though we had been paying a visit to the dearest, funniest people in the world.

M. ELIZABETH HUSTON.

OUR EVENING AT THE COUNTRY CLUB.

January 20th—

I think it had been whispered around school that something delightful was going to happen! The rumor proved to be reality when it was announced that on the following evening we were to dine at the country club so that we might have a chance to enjoy the tobogganing and skating.

The next night we all piled into a special car and rode up to the club. I suppose that the people in the clubhouse must have thought us a rather dilapidated sight because we were all bundled in our oldest, warmest clothes. We began to dance as soon as we had taken off our heavy caps and sweaters, a victrola taking the part of an orchestra. Dinner was quickly ready for us and how good everything tasted! Between each course someone started the victrola again, and nearly everyone jumped up and danced.

After dinner we all bundled up again and went in search of sleds. I ran after my companion, who was some distance ahead of me. "Where are you going?" I called. "I don't know," she screamed breathlessly. As there seemed to be nothing else to do, I followed and soon saw a low, dark barn loom up through the grayness of the falling snow. Here many toboggans were laid in a row. We hastily chose a sturdy one and started to run. Though we reached the top of the huge hill without difficulty, we found that we still had to drag the sled up to a little pavilion at the head of a long flight of slippery steps. To the left of these were two icy tracks, one for dragging the sleds up, the other for coasting.

What a lively scene greeted us at the top of the steps! At the corners of the platform were torches which threw flickering lights over the glowing faces of the girls. A sled would be put upon the starting place, three or four girls would jump on it, and the rest of the crowd would help push.

What a glorious thrill it gave one to rush down the steep chute, over bumps in the glazed track, and then on to the very, very end of the slide. When the sled refused to go further, there was always a wild scramble to get it out of the track before another

one crashed into it. While walking back to the starting point, it was great fun to watch the "bobs" go whizzing past, a cloud of powdered snow flying like a plume behind the sled.

The time went entirely too fast, and long before anyone was tired we had to go home. All the way back we sang and compared notes on the wonderful evening we had just enjoyed.

THELMA BERGER.

THE RECITAL.

January 24th—

Several weeks ago we heard the rumor that Miss Parsons was to have a musicale and tea. Of course we were pleased, but when we were told that Mr. Vieh, director of music at Smith College, and Mrs. Sundelius were to give the program there was great excitement. We old girls all know and love Mrs. Sundelius not only for her glorious voice, but for her own dear self. We all remember when she taught here and are glad to welcome her when she visits us. Immediately we began to tell the new girls what a treat was in store for them and we waited impatiently for the day of the recital to arrive. Needless to say, we were not disappointed, for Mrs. Sundelius seemed as perfect as ever; and we added Mr. Vieh to our list of people whom we admire.

We add Mr. Fleet's comments, which appeared in the "Lowell Courier-Citizen":

| | |
|---|-------------|
| 1. Sonata, G Minor—Op. 22 | Schumann |
| 2. (a) Quand je dors | Liszt |
| (b) Si mes vers avaient des ailes | Hahn |
| (c) Air from Louise | Charpentier |

MRS. SUNDELIUS

| | |
|---|--------|
| 3. Waltz, C Sharp Minor—Op. 64, No. 2 | Chopin |
| Nocturne, D Flat—Op. 27, No. 2 | |
| Etude, C Minor—Op. 10, No. 12 | Chopin |
| Ballade, A Flat—Op. 47 | Chopin |

MR. VIEH

| | | |
|----------------|--------------------------------------|---------------|
| 4. | (a) Mavourneen | Margaret Lang |
| | (b) Plague of Love | Dr. Arne |
| | (c) The Daisy's Secret | Sinding |
| | (d) The Fairy Pipers | Brewer |
| MRS. SUNDELIUS | | |
| 5. | A Humming Bird (miniature) | Vieh |
| | Gnomenreigen | Liszt |
| MR. VIEH | | |
| 6. | (a) Solveig's Song | Grieg |
| | (b) Mother, Dearest Mother | Grondahl |
| | (c) Swedish Folk Song | |
| MRS. SUNDELIUS | | |

"Mr. Vieh proved an artist of ample technical ability and showed an intellectual grasp of the music he presented that was admirable. The difficult Schumann sonata was finely done, the scherzo being given with the verve it needs and the rondo well conceived and portrayed.

In the Chopin group the Nocturne and Etude were especially effective. A dainty little composition by the pianist himself well suggested by its light repeated notes the title Mr. Vieh had chosen for it, 'The Humming Bird.' The 'Gnomenreigen' of Liszt was given a brilliant reading, the difficult passages for the left hand being skilfully managed.

Mrs. Sundelius gave rare pleasure in three groups of songs and again added to her beautiful voice an artistic interpretation of the various numbers. In the group of French songs the familiar 'Depuis le jour' from 'Louise' was admirably sung, and made us wish, as we have had occasion to say before, that we could hear Mrs. Sundelius give it in its operatic setting. Her voice seems eminently suited to it.

Very simply and quaintly sung, the beauty of Dr. Arne's 'Plague of Love,' one of the finest of the English ballads, was expressed most artistically.

Nothing could well have been more dainty than 'The Fairy Pipers' as Mrs. Sundelius gave it to the bewitching strain of the elfin pipes suggested so deftly by Mrs. Dudley Fitts at the piano. And here a just tribute should be given to this accompanist, who

throughout the program proved sympathetic to every mood of the singer of the song.

The Scandinavian songs, with their plaintive melodies and characteristic rhythm, and the Swedish folk song, brighter in tone, were sung in the native tongue, but none the less made their appeal."

After the recital coffee and frappé were served downstairs around the swimming pool. The palms bordering the pool and the Japanese lanterns strung all about produced a very picturesque effect.

KATHRYN REDWAY.

LOWELL CHORAL SOCIETY.

January 27th—

We had the privilege of hearing the Lowell Choral Society present "A Tale of Old Japan" and "Fair Ellen." They both were splendidly rendered by the chorus of about one hundred and fifty voices; the solo work was done by Miss Grace Kerns of New York City, Mrs. Ada Child of Boston, Mr. Arthur Hackett of the same city, and Mr. Reinald Werrenrath of New York.

The first song, "A Tale of Old Japan," is a quaint love story of a poor little Japanese girl who falls in love with a painter above her station in life, who, in return, loves her. But he, tempted by the lure of gold, goes away and marries a wealthy girl whom he does not love. Years later he returns to his first love, who has remained true to him. She learns that he is married, and after telling him to return to his wife, dies in his arms.

After this selection, several solos were sung, and an "Overture to Mignon" was played by the orchestra.

The song, "Fair Ellen," is a thrilling tale of the siege of Lucknow,—this brought the very enjoyable program to a close.

GLADYS MASON.

PEG O' MY HEART.

January 29th—

The dramatization of J. Hartley Manners' novel, "Peg o' My Heart," formed the basis for Miss Gale's reading, which the Drama Class had a chance to enjoy. There is no plot worth the name in this little play,—a bank breaks and the Chichesters are left penniless; miraculously it reopens its doors and their fortune is restored,—but one feels quite untroubled by the improbable timeliness of events, for one is simply present to enjoy winsome Peg and her dog, Michael, her songs out of Tom Moore, and her love affair with Mr. Jerry. Nothing matters but her rebellious red curls. The snobbishness of Mrs. Chichester, Helen's folly, and Alaric's absurd behavior "for the honor of the family" were all cleverly emphasized in Miss Gale's reading, but her best effort went to the portrayal of bewitching Peg.

HÄNSEL AND GRETEL.

January 23rd—

A few of us spent an enjoyable afternoon at the recital of "Hänsel and Gretel" given by Mr. Hubbard of Boston, who is quite well-known for his interpretation and portrayal of characters. First he gave us a short introductory talk on the existence of fairies, whom nowadays people are wont to scorn, showing us that some of the things we felt not at all dubious about were perhaps no more true than fairies. Before he finished we had all fallen into the spirit of the story and were ready to believe that once a long time ago Hänsel and Gretel had been lost in the woods and that they had come upon the gingerbread house of an old witch who ate little children and who planned to eat them, but whose plans were foiled by clever little Hänsel. While Mr. Hubbard was reciting, the pianist played snatches of the opera very softly, making us feel as if we heard the strange little voices of tiny

beings who were working around us; and when Hänsel and Gretel were deep in the woods at night and the sandman came to sprinkle sand in their eyes, we really began to feel sleepy ourselves. It was over only too soon, but much to our delight Mr. Hubbard also had time to interpret for us "The Secret of Susanne," which proved to be very entertaining.

MARIAN ALEY.

HAMLET.

January 28th—

More than thirty girls availed themselves of the privilege of seeing Mr. Forbes-Robertson play Hamlet. Very few had seen him before, and as this is his farewell tour, we were especially pleased to see him in this famous rôle.

THE MEISTERSINGERS.

January 29th—

We attended a concert at the First Unitarian Church, given by the Weber, Schubert, and Harvard Quartettes of Boston, who call themselves "The Meistersingers." The songs were chosen to please different tastes; they ranged all the way from "The Garden by the Sea," to "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup,"—the latter of which fairly convulsed the audience. In addition to the vocal selections there were several violoncello solos by Mr. Van Vliet, which were encored as much as the songs, and there were also two readings by Miss Ada Phillips. On our return we gave such a very enthusiastic account of the evening that everyone else wished that she had gone, too.

DOROTHY DECKER.

ANDOVER CONCERT AND DANCE.

January 31st—

"What's your man's name? Mine is Park." "What a name! Let me draw again, Marian. Please!"

Such were the cries on the morning of the eventful day. We all had to make out our programs and hand them to Marian Aley to be given to our respective partners as they arrived. We waited expectantly for the afternoon. The men were to arrive at five o'clock, so a few minutes before the hour we hurried over to the gymnasium to greet Miss Parsons. The men came upstairs in groups, went to the stage where they did some mysterious thing to the piano, and the concert began with a song by the Glee Club. They were followed by the Mandolin and Banjo Clubs and then the Glee Club sang again. The concert was very good, and we girls certainly did enjoy it.

The men then formed in a long line, which reached the length of the gymnasium, and the girls anxiously waited to see who were to be their partners for the evening. Whoever would think of the school room as a banquet hall! But here it was that we had our supper, and began our acquaintance with the Andover men.

After supper back we hurried to the gymnasium, where almost immediately we began to dance; for who could keep from dancing when the fascinating strains of "Nights of Gladness" and the clear floor called for the "Boston" or "Hesitation"?

Here again we thanked Miss Kellogg for her dancing lessons and were glad to have a chance once more to show Miss Parsons how we had profited by them.

When Miss Andrews simply refused to play another note, we were surprised to have the men suddenly fade from beside us and appear in a mass at one side of the hall. Then a deafening cheer for Rogers Hall rang out. When they had ended the evening with their school cheer, we all applauded heartily to thank them for the very good time that they had given us at the Andover dance.

KATHRYN REDWAY.

ATHLETIC NEWS.

The annual election of officers for the Athletic Association took place at the beginning of the winter term and the following girls were elected:

Aida Hulbert—President,
Mary Holden—Vice President,
Katherine Steen—Treasurer.

Aida Hulbert and Mary Holden are both R. H. girls and have an enviable reputation in athletics. Aida Hulbert, whose second year this is, was captain of the winning hockey team, and Mary Holden, who has been a R. H. girl for the past four years, has, during that time, captained one of the teams each year. The list of her numerals is quite too lengthy to describe in detail. She has already been elected captain of the Day Basket Ball team for the coming year; the House and Hall elections are coming soon. There is an unusually large number of girls who have had considerable experience, while the House and Day teams will have to be built up largely of new material. For this reason the Inter-house games will be postponed until as late as possible, and the alumnae game played first, probably in March.

This year the umpiring is being done largely by the girls. The experiment of training one girl in umpiring has been tried for the last three years. This year, however, different girls are being asked to undertake this somewhat difficult task as it undoubtedly adds a great deal to one's knowledge of the game to umpire skillfully and also is almost as good a training as the game itself in "speeding up" one's mental processes.

As the Shedd Park skating rink has been in fair condition most of the winter, we have enjoyed considerable skating. One or two fine snowstorms made good coasting and sleighing, and the best night of the winter was the one spent at the Country Club. Tobogganing was a new experience to many, but of all the winter sports that would probably be voted the best. We are all hoping for another tobogganing party, and it looks now as if we

might get it, for after two weeks of bare ground we are again in the midst of one of those New England snowstorms that we have all heard so much about.

MARIAN ALEY.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

In November, Annis Kendall, 1906, announced her engagement to Mr. Malcomb Stearns of Boston. Mr. Stearns is a graduate of Dartmouth.

December 28, 1913, a son, Henry Llewellyn, was born to Mr. and Mrs. George V. Tompkinson (Charlotte Tibbetts, 1907) in Brattleboro, Vt.

December 16, 1913, a daughter, Edith Catherine, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Sharp (Kate Field).

December 26, 1913, Ruby Abbott was married at her home in Goshen, Ind., to Mr. James Rowley Hendry. They will be at home after March 1st, at 341 Pennsylvania Ave., Detroit, Mich.

January 17, 1914, Clara Francis, 1903, was married to Mr. George Foster Hobson, brother of Sally Hobson, 1910, at her uncle's home in Lancaster. As Mr. Hobson is now stationed by the war department in Washington, they will make their home at 1841 Ontario Place, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Mrs. J. Rodman Tompkins (Emma Arnold) who was married in September writes that she is now living in Haddonfield, N. J., (107 Potter Street) since her husband is in business in Philadelphia. But they rather expect to move to South America before the year is over. Emma rejoiced to receive her copy of SPLINTERS and found it brought many an item of interest.

(May the Alumnæ editor say here that all the Alumnæ could do their share in making this department more alive, if they would be careful to send to her or to Miss Parsons any items of interest either about themselves or the other girls.)

January 21, 1914, Betty James was married in St. Albans, Vt., to Dr. Harry Gordon Sloan. The church wedding was followed

by a reception at her mother's home. The Sloans will be at home after March 1st, at 11326 Hessler Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

A recent letter from Alice Faulkner (how much more natural it sounds than Mrs. Hadley!) tells more about her domestic activities and says that spring shows signs of being on the way so that Fairfield's social demands are increasing. Alice's letters to school are chiefly requests for recipes and even come special delivery sometimes.

Edna Krause writes of making Eileen Patterson a visit in Omaha and that it seemed so natural to be together again that they could hardly realize the scene was not Rogers Hall. Edna is at home this year in Grand Rapids and is devoting herself to social service work, at the same time continuing her voice lessons and work in arts and crafts.

Eileen Patterson expects to come East in the late spring and hopes to come out to school, though probably, before Commencement time.

Helen MacCorquodale is teaching dancing in Lewiston, Idaho.

During the Christmas holidays, Harriet Jacobs had a large coming out tea at which Agnes Kile and Anne Starr were present. The tea was given at the Country Club in Akron and three of the best soloists in town entertained the guests with songs.

Lili Lilber is greatly enjoying her work at Chicago University and has been pledged to Mortar Board, one of the best societies of the University.

Edna Foster Smith has written of the birth of her son, Henry Oliver, Jr., in December, and three weeks earlier Cyrena Case Kellogg had a second son, Spencer Kellogg, second, so the two mothers are anticipating comparing many notes about their babies.

Hilda Talmage Sundoff, 1906, and her husband have been spending some weeks in Dunedin, Fla. They went via New Orleans so that Hilda had a chance to talk with Madge Mariner Towne who is living there now. Hilda is very happy in the prospect of having Betty James for a neighbor in her new home and Dr. Sloan is an old friend of their family.

Mary Kellogg, 1900, is in New York for a few weeks and writes that she is to dance the new dances for exhibition at the

Waldorf, January 30th, for the most exclusive patronesses in New York, the first time that they have been publicly done there. These are the new dances that Mary has been teaching the girls at school this winter.

January 31, 1914, Mrs. Underhill and Dorothy sailed from Boston on the "Canopic" for Genoa. They will spend a few weeks there, then go on to Florence for a month or so and probably spend some more time in Northern Italy before returning home, late in the spring.

Mrs. William A. Mitchell (Belle Read) has moved to 52 Clark Road in Lowell.

Dorothy Rice (Mrs. Donald Palmer) is now living in Houlka, Miss. January 23rd, a boy was born to them, named for his father, Donald, Jr. Dorothy's cousin, Cora Robertson from Padukah, Ky., is at school this year.

Harriett Davey, 1905, has been making a round of Rogers Hall visits and sends us much interesting news. She was recently with Harriet Johnston in Bradford, Pa., who will make her a return visit in the spring, and is soon to see Edith Harris de Goly for the first time since they left school together. Harriett herself is occupied at home with meetings (she says she belongs to nearly all the charity societies in Amsterdam) and social demands, but hopes soon to visit school with Edith Harris to see the new gymnasium.

March 7, 1914, Nellie Calvin sails from New York for a year's trip abroad.

Mary Titus French (Mrs. William W. Phalen) writes that she and her husband and son are living in the old home at Shortsville, N. Y., as her mother has been an invalid for several years.

Mildred Moses, 1909, is on a round of visits West and is now in Chicago.

Helen Huffman Miller, 1909, has been visiting in Philadelphia and Washington and also in the West and has seen Marian Chandler Gale and Elise Gardner Hume and their babies.

Cornelia Cook, 1908, is studying design this winter at the Art School in Portland, and is President of the Junior League, one of the most prominent charity organizations in the city. Cully Cook Crumpacker, 1910, spent the Christmas holidays

visiting Mr. Crumpacker's family and since her return has set up housekeeping for herself.

Gertrude Hawkhurst, 1913, who is in school in New York this winter has sent SPLINTERS a contribution which is appearing in another department. The Board wishes that other ex-editors would follow her shining example!

Betty Bennett has given up her position as Secretary at Wellesley College and is now doing secretarial work in and around Boston for various authors. She writes that she helped Eleanor Paul pick her apples this fall.

Clara Danielson is very successful in her secretarial work of which there is an account in the last SPLINTERS.

Clara Smith Case writes that her son, Lebbius Smith Case, was born December 5th. Like his brother now five and a half years, he is a "book infant" and thus far is a model baby. Clara recently heard from Florence Reune Soule who is living on Long Island. Florence has three children, the youngest of whom is four years old.

Clara Ginn is East again after spending several years in California.

Frances Dana sends a card from Paris to say that the weather there is very cold and rainy and that she is glad to be on her way to Italy.

Tracy L'Engle, 1911, has been most generous to us and sends in the following very interesting and thoughtful article from Wellesley.

"Why did you come to Wellesley?" asked a tall, quiet Senior.

I groaned inwardly, it was perhaps the sixtieth time I had been asked that same question during my Freshman year, and for fifty-nine times, I had smiled and answered something vague, or something about wanting a college where Latin was not required. I was ready to make a similar sixtieth answer to that sixtieth question, when something held me up, I wanted to know myself why I was in a place I disliked so much.

"Why, I—" There I stopped. "Why—, well, I really think it was because I flunked my German entrance examination,

and I wanted to prove that I could enter Wellesley—I could do something."

And that, by the way, is the reason I came to Rogers Hall, to learn a bit of German—and some other things. Having learned the bit of German, and many other things; having proved that I could become a member of the Class of 1915, a good many people have wondered what there was in Wellesley College to hold me here. After a few months of rather keen dislike of college, perhaps the person who wondered most, that I staid, was myself.

I extremely disliked to walk in cold weather—walking, and cold weather both rumpled my Southern temper; I extremely disliked to mix—to be democratic—which only showed how little I was, and extremely young in real wisdom—which is all the more amusing when I say that my last objection to college was the youthfulness of my classmates! In spite of all these dislikes I staid—to stick it out.

One day, in the spring, a little thing happened that changed and upset a good many of my ideas. The President of the Class asked me to take charge of our Class Social. I don't know where the new feeling came from, or how it crept in, but it was there, and there to stay, a desire to work with my class—that vulgarly democratic, youthful class of 1915!

That opportunity to do something for someone else, to work for the good of all, to express ourselves, our thoughts and ideals in action, is the spell which holds us true to Wellesley. Our motto, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister" is a very real, living, and work-a-day principle.

What are the opportunities, the things one can do? There are a great many organizations, and each one must be kept alive, for each supplies a given need, so choose the work you like best.

The biggest organization, of course, is Student Government, for every girl is a member, as she is a student. Every class is represented on the Student Government Boards, though there is a larger representation of the two upper classes than the lower; every girl feels herself a vital part, though she may not attend the meetings. When we know we can go to Boston without asking permission, or be away over night if our chaperon is

approved, and that we have many other similar rights, we recognize how vital a thing our Student Government Association is.

Perhaps the next largest organization is Christian Association. There are meetings held every Wednesday night, with short addresses given by members of the faculty, outside speakers, or students. Closely associated with Christian Association is the Student Volunteer Movement; students from all colleges, from all over the world, who are seeking to render aid in the mission fields, at home or abroad.

Then comes "Barn-Swallows," which is really an association for the prevention of too much Academic. "The Academic," as it is spoken of here, with a capital A, is anything that has to do with work or class appointments. To the Barn we go to play. The building, as its name implies, is an old Barn, but fixed up with a floor for dancing, and a stage. Here we have our Harvest parties, Mock Athletic Meets, Horse Shows, where the girls are horses as well as jockies, and our theatricals. There are two Class plays, Junior and Sophomore, and usually three Barn plays, the cast for the latter being chosen from the college at large. No doubt I am a little prejudiced—we all like our own hobby best,—but there seems to me nothing in college more fun than a Barn play. There is a mad rush of the long waiting line, when the Barn doors are opened at 7.15. The minute everyone is seated a great buzz begins.

"Do you know who has the leading part?"

"Of course, haven't you seen Anne and Betty going to the Barn twice a week for the last three weeks?"

"Oh, I'm crazy to see the setting, you know they borrowed all my furniture."

"One of the girls on the Committee told me everyone would just weep dreadfully, but I bet I won't."

And so it goes until someone starts a college song or a cheer, then everyone stops talking to sing "Wellesley is the only college."

Suddenly someone yells "shrr"—the lights go out, all except the footlights, and there is the President of the Barn, standing in front of the curtain reading the cast and the scenes. After a deafening applause, someone in the back says "Hitch" and with one accord all move their chairs forward until you are packed close

together, your knees poking the girl in front of you. But no one minds the knees in her back, for the curtain is going up and the play beginning. This audience is at the same time the most critical and most responsive; those who walk the Barn stage must do their little best.

In the Barn that "best," however small, is such a fine "best." In some way we manage to keep out of our Barn all the little petty jealousies, all the work is just play, for it is done so gladly. I remember Sophomore year when I first served on a Barn committee, I was just thrilled to walk miles (remember my Freshman aversion?) around this campus to hunt up something for one of the costumes. I never knew how much fun it was to give someone else, besides myself, a good time until I worked in the Barn.

I can understand what a great satisfaction it must be to the athletic girls to win honors for the rest of the class. All our athletics are inter-class affairs, and there is the keenest rivalry and very fine team work done by all the classes.

Besides these big organizations there are ever so many smaller ones, to fit all the different "likes" of all the different girls; there is the Debating Club, the Philosophy Club, the German and French Clubs, the Club for the Study of Socialism, the Suffrage League and ever so many more with last but not least, the Glee and Mandolin Clubs. These last two are most important, for they give two concerts a year to which one asks the most fascinating men, and when one is a Senior there is a big "Man dance" after the February concert.

Speaking of men reminds me that Wellesley is sometimes called a matchmaking institution where "Harvard supplies the sticks and Wellesley the heads."

As you remember, I was asked many times during my Freshman year why I came to Wellesley; during my Sophomore year I was often asked why I came back to Wellesley, now I have been asked, rather indirectly, why I stay in Wellesley, what is it that I find worth while here? It is "mid-year's"—examination time—of my Junior year and I am about to begin the last lap. Well, I think I am still here, and am going to be in at the finish, because I have found out what it means to mix with people, to learn to know many different kinds of girls, with as many different ideas

and ideals,—in short, to learn to know human nature,—and myself. I have found the satisfaction there is in real work, both in Academic and Non-Academic activities—the satisfaction of knowing I can mold and create, that I can express myself, that I can do something, for Wellesley truly teaches “Not to be ministered unto, but to minister.”

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Subscription to Splinters is two dollars a year payable to Helen Smith,
treasurer.



SPLINTERS

Vol. 14.

APRIL, 1914.

No. 3

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EDITORIAL.

RESPONSIBILITY.

"Did you ever see anyone so absolutely irresponsible? You can't depend upon her to do one thing. Why, at our church fair——" The voice faded away as the speaker passed me, but the impression remained and I thought of the women I know who cannot be depended upon. Is this lack of responsibility innate

or is it a habit which they acquired in their girlhood? We are now girls, and if we acquire a sense of responsibility while we are still in school, when we are women, we shall be the ones upon whom others can depend even if it be for nothing more than a church fair.

A boarding school is a colony of girls, a miniature city in which each girl has her share of work to make the life as business-like, as smooth, as altogether delightful, as possible. We have our student-government, which is the law making body of the school, but a city is made up of citizens who must keep the laws. We can't all be on the student-government board at the same time, so the rest of us are all just plain citizens of Rogers Hall, and it is our duty to make our city as perfect as possible. We ought to care about carrying out promptly and efficiently the duties that are ours. In order to do this we must have a sense of responsibility.

Every village, no matter how small, has now an Improvement Society, which works for the æsthetic pleasure as well as the bodily comfort of the community. The first improvement is generally that of cleaning the streets. Then let us keep clean and neat the grounds, the schoolroom,—and our own rooms. Thus we shall feel a pride in having our school look well, and is this not a responsibility?

One very genuine source of annoyance and mortification in our school life is the irresponsible borrower. One borrows a pencil, a block of paper, or a sweater, and forgets to put it back. A few days later the loss is posted on the board or announced at the desk. Of course the borrower has by this time forgotten that she ever took the article and it is lost for weeks, or sometimes until the end of the school year. Anything purchased is borrowed until paid for, and how long do we use articles which are really only borrowed? Girls frequently receive bills week after week without paying them. Of course they intend to do so sometime, but they ought to realize that, to carry on his business, a man must have capital. What if all his creditors felt no responsibility about paying their bills?

Another duty which, I think, is often neglected by school girls is that of "keeping one's mouth shut." Someone may hear

a little unkind remark about a girl—is it necessary for her to repeat it? Such chance remarks ought just as much to be kept to one's self as is any information which is deliberately given in confidence. But a girl longs to tell "just my roommate," who, in turn, must tell her best friend. Dire consequences have resulted from just this habit, and we really should try and look upon confidences as a responsibility and a very important one.

After all, isn't responsibility simply love and unselfishness? If we really and truly love our friends, don't we try to make them happy? Don't we try to put ourselves into the background in order to do for others? By this I don't mean the self-righteousness which a person assumes who walks around school with an air of martyrdom because she has given up some trifle for a friend. I simply mean that one should endeavor in an honest, good hearted, happy manner to efface herself and her wishes as much as possible, and feel a responsibility about giving the best that's in her for the other girls and Rogers Hall.

KATHRYN REDWAY.

TOO LATE TO MEND.

I drew a sigh of relief for my roommate had gone at last,—and now I could work on my theme without further interruption. It was the hardest one I had ever tried to write,—the subject was "Success." After a great deal of mental effort I started, "Success is the doing well all the little trivial things which come to one——"

"Clara, Clara!" I heard accompanied by the sound of flying footsteps. The door banged open,—there was Louise again, wildly waving an opened letter in one hand and a check in the other!

"What do you suppose has happened?" she screamed.

I didn't choose to suppose anything; anyway I knew it was a check, and as mine had come and all that was left of it was a fond memory, a string of beads, and a package of hairpins, I

didn't care to enthuse over hers. I was writing a theme, too, Louise knew it and she ought to have had more regard for my feelings.

"I suppose you think it's this check, but it's much nicer!"

I began to be interested, for when a check arrived and was only a secondary matter something had happened.

"Your family are in town, you've gotten a bid to some prom or you've passed your German exam!" I wasn't going to give her the satisfaction of surprising me.

"No, it's about you!" I was all attention then.

Louise curled up comfortably on my clean bedspread and began, "Well, you remember the talk we had the other day about what we were going to do when we graduated from school this year?" I nodded assent though I wished Louise would get straight to the point for once. "You said you wanted to do something, earn your own pin money, and your family did not want you to. Do you remember my telling you about Aunt Kate, the fussy old Aunt with 'Archibald,' the pug dog, and an aversion to curling irons and suffragettes? I had to write and thank her, the other day, for that dictionary she sent me, and to fill up space I told her all you said about what you want to do.—She wants a companion, doesn't care a bit for a brainy sort of person, you know—and so she wants you!"

Louise paused to get her breath; I didn't care for the remark about "brains" at all. "Doing something" anyway wasn't looking after an Aunt Kate and a poodle. It was more like having your breakfast in bed, reading the last novel you had written, or, perhaps, writing another and having people ask you for your picture or your signature.

"And what's more she wants you right away as soon as school closes, for she is going to sail for Europe the tenth of June to spend all summer!"

"Land sakes! Louise, do you mean it?" The very height of my ambition—a trip abroad and that without three younger sisters to look out for and an older sister to be bossed by. Of course there was that Archibald—and Aunt Kate but—

"You know Aunt Kate wanted me to go with her but I preferred to stay home—"

"England—France—Paris—this very summer!" Louise and I danced around the room with joy—I because I was going,—Louise because she was not!

When we were calmed down sufficiently we read the letter. It was mailed from the town where her Aunt was staying until she started on her trip. She was coming out Saturday to see us and talk it over.

"Oh, that will never do, Clara. She'll look in everything and take a tape measure to see if our bureau drawers are arranged systematically; she might even unroll our stockings to see if they are all darned!"

"Horrors, no!" I decided then and there to take a day off and go over my wardrobe.

We conceived the bright idea of going in to see her. It would be a lark to get into town and perhaps she might take us to the matinée.

"Oh, hurry and write her, Louise,—tell her the trip out is too long and hot and tiresome and we'll go in."

No sooner said than done. The first thing to do was to get permission; mine was granted readily enough, but Louise had already used her monthly privilege—not even the fact that she "didn't have a pair of shoes to her name and simply had to get some" had any effect, so we had to be content to my going in alone.

It was then Monday and not a bit of studying did I do the rest of the week—I couldn't, for I was too busy! I made a list of all I needed to get before my trip, so that when school was over I wouldn't have to take time to decide about anything.

I composed a letter to the family which I would wait to mail until after I had made the arrangements with Aunt Kate so that they would just have to let me go. Wouldn't they be astonished! I could picture father pacing up and down when he got to the part about my receiving a salary like a regular companion! And sister,—I addressed the letter to her because whenever I used to talk of my plans for the future, she'd always say, "You do anything, why you can't even darn stockings!" Darn stockings indeed—I guess she could stay home and darn away to her heart's content while I climbed the Alps (I wondered if Aunt Kate and the poodle would) and perhaps I would bring her home some

little novelty French work box from Paris! I also made a list of all the presents I would bring back to my friends; it was difficult because I didn't know how much my salary would be and whether I'd still get my allowance. I made two lists—one in case I was poor and the other to use if I was to be comparatively wealthy.

I bore up under the abuses of my teachers very well. Of what importance was it to know fifty-seven varieties of French verbs, when I would so soon be in the land where French would come as naturally to me as swimming to a duck? Then, of course, the teachers did not realize how I had passed from my school day girlhood to that of an independent woman of the world. In fact I forgave them for all the unkind things they said in so far that I decided to dedicate my book on my travels "To the Instructors of My Youth." I could not decide on the title for the book, should it be "How I Earned My Way Abroad" or "Young America in Ancient Europe"? I rather inclined to the latter.

My cute, little hat with the perky stick-up in front, Louise said would, never do,—Aunt Kate did not like saucy-looking things. This was a fearful blow, for that hat was the pride of my life! I had a feeling that Louise thought I would let her have it; if she did, she must have been disappointed, for I ripped all the trimming off and retrimmed it myself. Louise laughed at the result, but I did not mind, because I knew it was merely sour grapes.

Of course, Louise is a dear and my very best friend, but there are times when she tries me sorely,—she did especially this week. When I was away off in Paris buying clothes, she'd bring me back with a bang by suggesting that I get all my clothes mended, or else she'd talk about the poodle.

"You know, Clara, the first time you showed me all those pictures of dogs you cut out of magazines, I thought you ought to see Archibald, because you like dogs. That's partly why I hated to go abroad with Aunt Kate, because I hate animals so, and he is such a snappy, cross dog! Isn't it fortunate you love them?"

Love dogs? Oh, yes, of course I did, or why would I cut out their pictures? Hadn't I always adored dogs' pictures—that is—dogs? "Oh, yes, I adore them, Louise!"

"You can give him a bath for me, for whenever I go to see Aunt Kate, she makes me give him a bath—a joyous time of it, that poodle and I have!"

Give him a bath! But I thought how I had always said one could not begin at the top of the ladder—maybe that poodle was my first step.

Saturday morning finally came, and what a rush I was in. I had to stay to write twenty stupid French sentences—then I couldn't find a thing. Though I turned everything topsy-turvy, I couldn't discover a pair of tan stockings. I was forced to ask Louise for a pair.

"Here's a pair that has a tiny hole in the heel—let me darn it!"

"No, no, I'm in an awful rush; it will never show!"

When I'd gotten my hair all arranged and my sad little relic of a bygone saucy hat on, Louise surveyed me with disapproval.

"My dear, Aunt Kate will have fifty fits at your hair way down over your ears, and she distinctly hates a hat on the slightest bit of an angle."

"Botheration, I can't skin my hair back forever!"

"Now, don't be a crosspatch—while they are announcing you in the hotel, you can slick back your hair, and when once you're on the steamer and the gang planks are up, you can let all those little ringlets out—of the curl papers!"

"All right, goodbye!"

I just reached the station in time to board the train—and sank into a seat utterly exhausted from hurrying in the heat. The man beside me was almost buried behind the morning paper. I read the headlines in a sort of aimless fashion, "Four People Bitten by Mad Dogs." Goodness, how terrible! I didn't get very far, for the man turned over the page. I had gotten enough to know that because of the intense heat Boston was just full of mad dogs. Now, if there was anything that I was afraid of, it was a dog, anyway—that is, of course, not poodles or nice dogs, only stray dogs—and mad ones! Why hadn't we let Aunt Kate come out, after all?

We reached Boston, and I hurried into a subway car. It was only half past eleven, and I had not planned to go to the

hotel until one o'clock, because unless Aunt Kate possessed a heart of stone she'd invite me to luncheon, so I decided I'd better look at some clothes in the shops. Those mad dogs! But I would keep both eyes open, and a shop would be very easy to run into if I saw one coming. Accordingly, I got off at Stearns', where I remained for some time. There were some fascinating things I simply could not go abroad without, and if I waited until school closed, they might be sold—so I had several things sent out to school, "C. O. D.," for surely Aunt Kate would give me some of my salary in advance, and if she did not, I could write home for my August allowance. The shop windows were alluring, with all the dainty summer hats and dresses. I looked and admired with one eye, and watched for mad dogs with the other. When I saw an unattached dog coming, I went into a store to price some of the hats in the window. As there were many dogs out, it took me quite some time to get down near the hotel. I stopped once at Huyler's, in case Aunt Kate did not ask me to lunch with her.

The hotel was way off the main thoroughfare, opposite the park. I couldn't help thinking what a terrible place to meet a mad dog; by the time you ran up the steps of a private house and rang the bell, the dog would be upon you. Well—I just must not think about it,—maybe all the mad dogs had already worn themselves out by biting people. How would I greet Aunt Kate? I'd smile my sweetest (the way father says I do when I want him to take me any place), and then I'd say, "How do you do, Aunt Kate?—You don't mind if I call you that, do you? So this is Archibald? You dear, cunning, cute little doggie! Come here, sir! Why, I just love you already!"

What was that? Surely, I heard some one call "mad dog!"

"Help!" There was a dog tearing down the street right at me; it was too far to the hotel, the only thing to do was to climb the park fence! Giving my tight skirt a jerk, I gave one enormous bound and clung to two bars! There wasn't anything to put my feet on, so there I hung! The dog came right up to me and barked,—he wasn't foaming at the mouth, but he was probably in the first stages! It seemed centuries that I hung there,—I wondered if my hair had all turned white (people's hair did turn

white with fright)—would it be becoming to me? Oh—I couldn't hang on any longer! How the family would feel when they learned of my death! I wondered if the children would put on mourning,—they'd look frightful in black!

"Archibald!" An elderly lady came out of the hotel and called, "Archibald!" It must be Aunt Kate, for who else would name a dog that?

I must warn her of the mad dog, and tell her to bring some one to shoot him.

"Aunt Kate! Aunt Kate!" I called, "I mean Miss Van Horton,—mad dog! Help! Don't come over here—don't!" But, in spite of my cries, she came on toward me; the dog ran over to her! I closed my eyes to shut from view the horrible scene, and waited in agony for Aunt Kate's last cry upon earth. Instead I heard,—

"Archie dog! Come here, sir! Was 'ums bad dog scaring foolish young misses!"

I opened my eyes—Aunt Kate was patting him!

"My dear young lady, come down off that fence,—What would your mother think if she saw you?"

I obeyed, but inwardly shuddered when the dog came over to me.

"Isn't the poodle mad, then? Is he yours?"

"Mad, indeed! Did you hear that, Archibald? A young lady who climbs fences on the street and wears high heels and her hat over one eye thinks you are mad, because she is herself!"

"Oh, but I don't wear my hat over one eye,—that is, I was going to straighten it while they announced my name!"

"Why, the child is positively mad!"

"No, I'm not! Aren't you Aunt Kate,—that is, Miss Van Horton?"

"I was certainly christened Katherine Van Horton! How did you know it? Who are you,—one of those female reporters?"

"No—oh, no. I write, but I'm not a reporter—I'm Clara Wells!"

"Oh, you are!" Aunt Kate stiffened up perceptibly. "So you are Clara—Aha!"

"Yes, and you know, I really do love dogs,—but you see, I read in the papers 'bout the mad dogs! If I'd looked twice, I'd have known Archibald wasn't mad! N-ice d-oggie!"

"When does the next train go to Lowell? It's now half past one!"

"Why, there's one at two o'clock, I believe—why?"

"If you hurry, you can catch it—come on, Archie!" She started to walk off.

"But, Aunt Kate—"

"Indeed, I do not care for any more relatives!"

"But we haven't made our arrangements!" I pleaded. Oh, dear! There she thought I was scared of her old pug dog!

"My dear young lady, a—"

"But I just love pug dogs—"

"Maybe you do, it's evident that you don't love to darn!" And she walked away.

I was crushed,—absolutely crushed! She had seen that hole! Well, there was nothing to do but go back to school; first, I cancelled all the purchases I had made, and bought in their stead—some darning cotton!

KATHRYN H. JERGER.

SUNSET TIME.

"Tom, let's take the boat and row up the river and meet the people coming home from the picnic."

Thus spoke a small girl in a very soiled gingham dress up to her knees, to a small lad in a very soiled shirt and dirty pair of khaki pants. Nan Scott was nine years old, and her cousin, Tom Reed, to quote Nan, was "just six months older than me."

It was late in the afternoon, the lake was very calm, and the sun was fast sinking behind the mountains. The children's parents, with several friends, had taken the canoes that day, and, leaving Nan and Tom in charge of Hannah, whom older people called the nurse, but whom they refused to regard in that light,

had gone off for an all-day picnic up the river. All day long the children had played about the little camp, in the woods, and down on the float. They had been having just as good a time as possible; of course, there had been the customary squabbles and admonitions to "please be good." Tom had told Nan she was "no sport and couldn't swim, anyhow," and Nan had retaliated by falling into the lake, but of course these were only minor details. As they were really old enough to take pretty good care of themselves, Hannah did not bother much about them.

Nan and Tom were allowed to use the broad, flat-bottomed boat, and they often spent hours rowing about the lake. They were forbidden to venture up the river, which was narrow and enclosed by densely wooded shores, so that a little fear helped to keep them within bounds. Now, however, all thoughts save those of getting up the river and surprising the picnickers had faded from their minds, and they ran down to the float, jumped in, pushed off the boat, and, with Tom rowing, started. They crossed the lake after much laborious work on Tom's part, for he was interrupted by the necessity of getting his breath, and of letting Nan take the oars to prove to herself that she could not row the boat.

At last they reached the mouth of the river. By this time the sun was a great red ball of fire hanging over the edge of the mountains; the woods looked very dark and deep; weird shadows moved about. Over all was that deathly stillness that comes in the woods in the last hours of a hot summer day. Tom looked at Nan, and Nan looked at Tom. Both felt a shiver of fear run down their backs, but neither would admit it, so on they went. Suddenly, out of the stillness, from the very depths of the woods, there came a sharp scream! It might have been that of an animal, or it might have been a human voice. It rose into a prolonged shriek,—then died away, and all was as deathly still as before.

With one panic-stricken look at his companion, Tom turned the boat and pulled down the river just as hard as the muscles in his brown arms could pull. Once out in the lake, he rowed the boat as far away from the wooded shores as he dared, and then struck for home. All the way down the lake, the two ex-

changed not a word, and they were very white-faced, quiet children who pulled up at the float. Nan and Tom were glad enough to see father and mother that night, but it was some time before the story of the trip up the forbidden river came out, and when it did, no one seemed to take much stock in it,—except as an “I told you so,” to be used in future need.

* * * * *

One cold winter night, some ten years later, a very grown-up, well-dressed, altogether “comme il faut” young lady sat in front of an open fire in a cozy city house. Opposite her, in another chair, lounged an equally correct young gentleman, who was spending the evening calling on his cousin. They were talking over “old times.” (Have you noticed how youths and maidens of nineteen love to talk over “old times”?)

“Tom, do you remember one summer years ago at Katahdin, when one afternoon you and I rowed up the river and heard an awful shriek?”

“Do I remember it, Nan? Shall I ever forget it? And that makes me think of a story I heard up in the woods last summer. I’ve been meaning to tell you about it. You know I was at a lumber camp a little above Katahdin, and one day I got into a conversation with some of those old French-Canadian lumbermen. They were swapping stories—ghosts, and all that kind of thing, you know. All at once, something or other—I don’t know what—made me think of the shriek you and I heard that day, years ago, and I began to tell Dave Arnold about it—you remember the old guide who used to take me off in the woods when I was a kid. When I’d finished, Dave said, ‘D’yer know, son, y’ere lucky to get off with yer life?’

“Superstition is pretty strong in some of those men, Nan, and I confess I shivered when Dave began to tell me about a lonely hut there had been on the bank of our river, where an old man and his wife lived. He was a lunatic, and considered dangerous, but people used to go up occasionally to see them, more out of curiosity than anything else, and they always told the woman that she was taking a big risk in staying there.

"One day just about sunset, Dave, paddling up the river, heard a fearful shriek, half animal and half human, coming from the woods. The thought of the old man and woman flashed across his mind, and, pushing inshore, he fought his way through the underbrush to where the sound seemed to come from, until he found the hut. Outside the door, he saw the woman lying in a pool of blood, and the old man lying near her with a hunting knife through his heart!"

"Unable to do anything alone, Dave turned towards the canoe, determined to paddle back to the village and get help. Just as he stepped in and was pushing off, he heard a sound that made his blood run cold,—a fearful shriek came from the woods in the direction from which he had just come. The unearthly cry was too much for even Dave's hardened nerves, and he paddled down the river faster than he ever had before—anything to get away from that 'den of ghosts,' as he expressed it. He hurried to the village and got help, but when it came to going back himself, he couldn't do it. The shriek still rang in his ears, and the sound of it drove him wild. The murder itself had not shaken him at all, he said.

"When the men got back to the village that night, and Dave told them his whole story, they laughed at him for being so unnerved; but many times since then Dave and other people paddling by the place just at sunset have heard the awful shriek ring out in the darkness, and those who have heard it,—well, they don't laugh much afterwards."

Tom paused and gazed into the crackling fire. For a minute neither spoke, and then Nan said,

"And I shall always hear it, too, as I heard it on that afternoon so long ago. Just think, Tom, it's ten years, but one can't forget a thing like that!"

HILDA SMITH.

MOTORING THROUGH SOUTHERN ENGLAND.

"Thank you, Miss," said the porter, as he pocketed my shilling.

"Take this rug, too, and be sure not to forget the hatbox."

"No, Miss. Thank you, Miss," and across the hall shuffled the porter in his dark blue blouse and tiny cap, with long coats, short coats, and steamer rugs thrown over his arms and piled up to his shoulders. He had to peek over his armful to see where he was going.

Everybody, from the hotel manager to the bell boy gathered around the automobile, jumping here and there to lend a hand, so as to receive a tip at the last moment. A few small boys sauntering down the street stopped to see what was going on, and joined the onlookers.

At last the trunk was slipped into its black leather covering, the clasps snapped, and we were ready to start.

Exeter was soon left far behind, as we sped through the sunshine and exhilarating air of an English spring, toward Torquay.

The long, winding road that stretched before us was as clean and free from dust as a newly swept room. On we went through that glorious country. Low, rolling hills encircled us, with beautiful green valleys dropping between them, and yet higher hills could be seen in the distance, enveloped in a dim, blue haze. Still, there was room for immense stretches of flat land marked off in square lots, with green hedge-boundaries. The shadings of the reddish brown earth of the plowed squares, with the plain green spaces and hedges, made a beautiful contrast, and a picture in the mind never to be forgotten. Every now and then we saw a pheasant sail by, or a wild rabbit leap across the road before us, and scamper into the bushes. Then, at times, we caught glimpses of deep blue water between the hills.

With such scenery we rolled on over the road to Torquay, which is, by the way, the Newport of England; but June was too early for the fashionable throng to have assembled,—the prome-

nades were deserted and the beaches vacant. There we bought some huge, luscious strawberries, raspberries, apples, and delicious little fancy cakes for lunch, which we ate on the beach by the sparkling ocean, as it dashed up against the rugged cliffs about us.

From Torquay, we ran down to Plymouth, such a different Plymouth from the one over here. There was a very wide, long promenade stretching for half a mile by the sea, and a very high, interesting monument of Drake, facing the wide expanse of ocean.

After leaving Plymouth, we motored seventy-eight miles down to Penzance. The sun had gone down, leaving, even at half past nine, a wonderfully alluring twilight, which was almost as bright as day; there was no need of artificial light. As we whirled on, we could see the long, white road, as smooth as glass, winding among the hills. Far ahead of us, we saw a black spot moving rapidly over the road, speeding up inclines and around curves, just as we were doing. Then suddenly, it disappeared over a hill crested with blossoming trees.

In the distance, we caught sight of one solitary steeple, looming up in the midst of fields, it seemed. Soon it grew larger and more distinct, proving to be the steeple of a little white church at the end of a small town. Both sides of the main street were lined with low, white, thatched houses, each with its tiny garden, filled full of hollyhocks and larkspur.

Before long, we reached Penzance. By this time the moon was rising. We could just catch glimpses of it as the clouds raced by, and it glistened on the water, lighting up St. Michael's Isle, which pointed heavenward, looking like a tiny mountain rising from the ocean. We strolled up and down, up and down, by the hotel, gazing at this marvelous scene, until weariness forced us to our rooms, in spite of our desire to stay out all night and watch the ocean and the racing clouds.

F. LESLIE HYLAN.

THE VOICES OF THE NOTES.

In a musty, little shop, back from the main thoroughfare, sat an old man, musty as the shop itself. He fitted perfectly into the atmosphere of his surroundings. The place seemed to breathe quietly and softly and to murmur the words, "I have been here a long time, and many interesting people have spent happy hours here." On a low stool, under a window, sat the old man, bending earnestly over the violin which he seemed to be loving into form. He caressed the strings and pressed them into place. Occasionally he lifted his head and sat quite still. He was listening and thinking, and his eyes rested on the dim, shadowy corners of the music shop, in which queer voices produced fascinating sounds.

"Do you know that we are bidden to the King's palace to-day?" said a deep baritone voice.

"To the King's?" piped a chipper voice.

"Oh, not you," scoffed a third, a pompous-looking person with more fine feathers than stable thoughts. "What can you do? The King wants beautiful, brilliant people around him, not crisp, little jumping jacks like you."

"Shall I go?" asked a quiet voice far back in the corner.

"No, indeed, you won't be needed," replied the pompous gentlemen, "you never say a word. Of what use are you?"

"Silence!" said the baritone voice. "The King will send the Court Musician and he will call the favored notes. Cease this ugly wrangling!"

* * * * *

Not far from the shop, on a high hill, stood the King's palace, and on this day the King told a story to his Court Musician, a boy of marvelous genius and a pupil of the musty old man in the shop. When the King had finished the story, he said to the boy, "Can you make music for my fantasie? Can you make me see the country folk walking through woods and fields? Can you make them loiter beside the little brooks, where bubbling water plays over uneven pebbles? And can you make my eyes brighten at the sight of merry children who clamber over a rustic fence?

Later, in the quiet of the summer day, can you wrap me in the delight of sunset time, with its changing colors and its lights and shades? And can you make me see a bridge, spanning a gentle stream? Tell me, boy, can you make such music?"

Dreamily the boy replied, "Only give me a day, Sire, and I will try."

* * * * *

Swiftly to the old shop ran the King's Musician. As the boy came through the door the old man rose, and his face warming in a smile of welcome, he put both arms around his pupil and looked into his eyes. Then the boy told the King's story.

"Write as I tell you," the old man said. "Let us use three-four time, and let us call forth from some of the secret places some quarter notes."

"Ah, yes," said the boy, "they may be the country folk walking through woods and fields. Over their heads, I shall put the word 'Andante,' our music term for 'going.' What next, my master?"

"Then the retard must slacken the footsteps beside a little brook. Shall we not use eighth and sixteenth notes arranged in runs and phrases, as the water plays over the pebbles? Tuck in crisp staccatos or a grace note, for the uneven pebbles."

"And now the dear children, master, what shall we do with them?"

"Yes, the children, God bless them!" The old man's face lighted up as had the King's, when he spoke of them. "May we not use a series of notes for them, arpeggios and roll chords, let us say? Then the biggest can lend his strong arm to help all the little midgets over the rustic fence. And let him come down on the other side in the guise of an accented quarter."

"And for the sunset time, Master, ah, that is a lovely hour! Can it be all chords which shall wrap the King in his delight? Pianissimo chords for the delicate azure shades, and mezzoforte and sforzando for the brilliant reds and purples. With the changes of light and shade, why not a minor chord? As the sunset fades away, let there be a gradual retard, which shall end in an absolute whole rest. This shall be the bridge, and two single major notes shall end the King's fantasie."

The old man looked lovingly and proudly at the boy while, in the dim recesses of the shop, where all was shadow now, the wise old baritone was saying, "You see, notes of all kinds used by the master's hand, make harmony of the whole."

RUTH BILL.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

There was much excitement in the little village of Westfield, for the new Baptist minister had arrived. He was thirty, attractive, and unmarried. Almost every girl in the village walked a dozen times a day past the parsonage to catch a glimpse of the newcomer, and some were lucky enough to receive a bright "Good morning!"

Nothing could compare with the excitement that reigned at Widow Allen's. Her husband had left her in rather poor circumstances, with three daughters and a small farm. The elder daughter, Jane, was tall and thin and exceedingly awkward. Her twenty-fifth birthday found her still doing more than her share of the housework, while her next younger sister, Ella, spent most of her time dressing up in her best clothes and making daily trips to the drug store to chatter and flirt with Alex,—Alex being a red-haired youth who made "the grandest sodie water you ever did taste." Mary, the baby of the family, was a short, stout maiden of about nineteen. Her highest ambition was to be literary. She cared little for anything but books and bored her mother and sisters by spasms of reading aloud and reciting poetry. She was careless about her appearance and combed her thin, brown hair tight back from her face, which, partly obscured by huge steel-rimmed spectacles, usually wore a look of disgust at the frivolity of Ella.

The arrival of a young, unmarried man in the village, caused a new scheme to pop into Ella's head! Of course she must be the first one to cultivate the acquaintance of such a desirable acqui-

sition to the life of Westfield. Although she was in the habit of lording it over the household, her ability to express herself on paper was limited, so she condescended to take some advice from the family and, sitting down, diligently wrote at the dictation of all three. The invitation was finally completed and sealed. Immediately the whole family set to work on the preparations. Ella elected herself chairman and took the entire responsibility upon her shoulders. All the carpets were ripped up and thrown out into the back yard for Jane to beat. The curtains were pulled down and put to soak. Mary was sent to the store for furniture polish, and on her return was handed some cloths and told to rub every bit of wood that came under her nose. With a lackadaisical air she took the necessary articles in one hand, a book in the other, and squatted cross-legged on the floor in front of a chair newly painted white, and started to rub. Mrs. Allen was by no means idle; she scrubbed the floors, washed the windows, polished the silver teapot, and darned their one white table cloth. That night a tired little family went to bed early with the pleasant thought of what the morrow would bring.

Five o'clock the next morning found everybody up in the Allen household. The widow was confined most of the day in the kitchen, preparing for the festive supper. The girls were busy up to four o'clock, setting things to rights again. Then Mary stole off to a corner to read in peace, while Jane, painstakingly, ironed her only white muslin frock. Another hour elapsed and Ella was still debating whether to wear a crimson or a white rose in her hair. When her toilet was completed she went into her mother's room and tried to help improve on her beauty, then she passed on to Jane's, and lastly came an unsuccessful attempt to make Mary "look human," as Ella expressed it.

The hour appointed for supper was half past six, and after setting the table with the greatest care, the three daughters went into the little parlor and sat in state, awaiting the arrival of their guest. Quarter past six and no Parson Reed; —half past, and still he did not come. At quarter of seven Ella was in a terrible state of anxiety while her mother's scolding voice could be heard from the kitchen. At last Ella became impatient and walked over to the desk to arrange the flowers for the fiftieth time. Her

eye caught something white behind the desk. She stooped down and picked up a small envelope. What a calamity! In all their excitement they had forgotten to send the invitation.

MARION R. BILLINGS.

AN INDIAN GRAVE.

"Twin Buttes show up pretty clear to-day, don't they?" remarked Bill from the nail keg where he sat filling his pipe, while he gazed lazily down the quiet valley with the red hills on either side. Here and there the slopes were marked by the shadows of fleecy, white clouds, and streaks of black made by ravines that crossed the valley and threaded the hills on either side.

"What's off there, anyway? Nothing but just hills and hills?" I asked.

"Oh, some Indian graves to show that there are a few less of those sneakin' savages left," he answered, as he lighted his pipe.

"I guess you don't like Indians very well," I ventured.

"Like 'em!" and he bristled at the word; "well, I should say not,—a man don't care much about 'em after they've killed every one of his family except himself, does he?"

"Of course not," I replied.

"I hate an Indian worse'n poison," he went on, giving a ferocious puff at his pipe. "I guess the one I hated about the worst was old Black Hawk, a Cheyenne; he was the one that killed my father. I always knew I could tell if ever I ran across him, because three fingers were missin' on his right hand."

Bill looked down the valley over the yellow, waving grass, with an eye that saw more things on those hills than anyone else could see. His gaze was fixed intently on the two Buttes, which stood out from the other hills. So peaceful was the scene that it seemed impossible hate could exist there. The sky was intensely blue, and the clouds looked like down, as they floated along in

the wind. Then Bill blew the smoke of his pipe lazily through his nose, crossed one leg over the other, and began:

"A freighter's outfit was goin' to Miles City with a load of grain to exchange for supplies. I was in the last wagon with a fellow by the name of Kingston. Late in the afternoon we were drivin' through a dry stretch of country pretty well broken up with washouts. The sage brush was most as high as a horse's back, and the alkali dust parched our faces as we drove along. We were discussin' how much the grain would bring when—Crack! a bullet just grazed the top of my hat. Our four horses started on the run, and we were kept busy for a little time holdin' to our seats and tryin' to stop the teams. By the time Kingston had the horses pulled in, we were a good ways from the scene of the shootin'. 'Got some enemies in this country, Bill, I guess,' he said, kind of scared.

"It was gettin' dark in the valleys, but on the hills it was still pretty light, and we had only about eight miles to drive to the little log cabin where we were to stay all night. As we were goin' through a little gulch, another shot rang out. This time its aim was truer. Kingston groaned:

"'Take the lines and drive as fast as you can to Lonely Cabin!'

"He clutched at the back of the seat and looked pretty white, but he gritted his teeth and cracked the whip on the lead-team. We left a cloud of dust behind us but several shots were fired in our direction.

"'They're Indians,' gasped Kingston, looking back, 'and Cheyennes, Bill, so if you value your hide, get out of here as quick as you and those horses can.'

"The frying pan tied on behind the wagon and the water bucket on the side banged like mad, and it seemed as though we were ridin' on a thunder cloud with the noise that lumber wagon made. Every time I hit a rock, there was a crash and a jolt that made poor Kingston groan and swear. Finally, I could see the little cabin on a hill half a mile ahead of us. It looked as near to Paradise that night as any place I've ever seen.

"The horses were unharnessed in a second, and I carried Kingston into the cabin. I managed to get my bed in, too, and

a few things to eat before I saw the Indians sneakin' toward us. I jammed a log against the heavy door, and then went to look after Kingston; he'd been shot through the leg.

"We'd been in the cabin about an hour when I saw an Indian, with a red blanket, with orange arrows in it, across his shoulders, stealin' up toward the door. I put the barrel of my rifle to a knot hole and watched the Buck till he was in line with my gun; then I fired,—and he fell in his tracks. His body was covered by the blanket, so I couldn't see his face or hands. I didn't dare go out and drag him away, because it would mean certain death to me. After waitin' and listenin' long, we heard another Indian creep up and I saw him throw the dead body of his comrade across his shoulder and steal toward a thicket of plum trees.

"At dawn the next morning we started on our journey again. I got the bullet out of Kingston's leg, but it still hurt him. Our next camp was to be between the Twin Buttes at a little spring. When we got there, we saw that there had recently been a camp fire. Kingston and I decided that it must have been the Indians. I scraped away the ashes and noticed that the ground under them had been disturbed. I dug up some dirt,—then something led me on to shovel more away. About a foot down, I came on an eagle feather, bent and broken. Next, some long, bristly black braids with red calico wound in them, showed up. He was buried standing. A little more diggin' and I came to the dead Indian's hands. You bet it didn't take me long to see that three fingers on his right hand were missin'. Now, I had my revenge—old Black Hawk was dead!" DOROTHY McMURRAY BURNS.

THE TRIALS OF MRS. JONES.

The great feminine cry of to-day is, "We want competent help!" Why do so many women fail to be satisfied in this demand? Is it all the fault of the servant? Perhaps—but let Mrs. Jones relate her heartrending experiences, while battling with this most intricate problem.

Said Mrs. Jones, "Mrs. Hill, are you having servant trouble, or are you a woman in a thousand? My life has been shortened by the trouble caused by these insignificant, ignorant working girls. To think that any one of them would dare to defy or question my authority! As you well know, they should be everlastingly grateful for a comfortable home and wholesome food, but I haven't had the good fortune to find a grateful, appreciative one as yet. Let me tell you of some of my experiences.

"The first maid whom I employed appeared to be satisfactory, but 'A new broom sweeps clean, indeed!' Why, Mrs. Hill, one afternoon when she had completed her usual work, not wanting her to be idle, I proposed that she wash the walls and beams of the attic. They truly needed it badly. What do you think the hussy did? She threatened to throw a dish at me, and said the most horrible things about my wanting a slave, instead of a paid servant. Needless to say, she left immediately.

"The next maid I tried was a young Irish girl. I took rather a motherly interest in her, and, naturally, when I saw a letter lying about her room, I read it. One day she discovered me inspecting her correspondence, and was very insolent. Another day, I happened to be listening over the telephone to a conversation between Kate and a friend of hers. I heard them mention the 'Fire-House' in a laughing way, and I thought that they were referring to my home, as I had never been able to secure a worthy servant. I resented this insult, and told Kate so. She flew into a rage, and said that she would not stay where she could have no privacy or freedom. She explained, by way of excusing herself, that the 'Fire-House' was the place where the fire engines are kept, and where her young man worked. She, too, left me.

"I always watch my maids very closely; they are so extravagant and destructive, don't you think? When my next maid came, I put a live fly into the sugar bowl, just to see if she used the sugar when I was out. Clever of me, wasn't it? As you might suppose, the fly had disappeared. You see how deceitful they are! I reprimanded her for this, and the impudent girl exclaimed that she wasn't used to second rate food, and straight-way gave her notice. Now, of course, I buy second grade food

for the servants; food is so high just now. One might think that they had been used to the best of everything!

"I do not permit my servants to have callers at my home,—they are so noisy, and they disorder the kitchen; neither do I let them stay out late nights. It is the duty of a respectable mistress to demand respectability in her servants.

"I truly believe that half of the servant class are insane. I had, once, a masculine appearing person, whom I saw turn a handspring one day. It came over me, suddenly, that the individual was a man masquerading in woman's clothes. It didn't take me long to get rid of her, and would you believe it?—she walked off with my silk umbrella and diamond ring.

"The last maid proved to be a combination of Madame Melba and Paderewski; for one day when I returned, I was greeted with the most harmonious strains, which proved to be Bridget at the piano. Was anyone ever so tried, Mrs. Hill?"

Mrs. Hill, who knew Mrs. Jones' elocutionary powers well, had not attempted to interrupt the recital of her woes. She now returned, "I certainly realize that the servant problem is a big one. Do you not think, Mrs. Jones, that you would be more successful if you regarded your servants as human beings, and not simply machines?

"You must remember that young girls like freedom, happiness, and pleasure. Above all, do not look down upon them; they have feelings and it cuts them. Why not show a wholesome interest in them, gain their confidence, and let them entertain their friends occasionally? Their gratitude and respect for you will pay you doubly. Show them that you think that they are good, trusty, capable girls, and the servant problem will be greatly simplified. if not solved."

MADELINE J. POTTER.

THE ROSE LEATHER BOOK.

It was only an old, torn book, but how much happened in connection with it!

One day, as I was passing a dingy-looking little bookstore, I went in, more out of curiosity than anything else. As I opened the door, a bell tinkled; I shall never forget the sound of that bell,—it seemed to be the beginning of an interesting adventure. At my summons, a little, old man, dressed in brown, came out and asked me what he could do for me. He seemed to fit into the shop, with its dingy-looking, brown shelves lined with books of all kinds. I told him that I was a queer sort of fellow, who had a fancy for old books, and that I wanted to look round and see his things.

"What kind of books do ye like,—travel, 'istory, romance or h'adventure?"

"I think, sir, I incline towards romance," I said, half jokingly.

At this, my book-friend went to one of the shelves and brought down a small volume, very much worn, although one could see that it had once been bound in rose leather and stamped with gold letters. There seemed to be a mysterious enchantment surrounding it. Even before I had looked inside, I liked the little book, which proved to be the love tale of a knight and a fair lady, written in verse. On the fly leaf, in a very old-fashioned but beautiful hand, was the name Ellen Grey.

"How much will you take for this book, sir?" I questioned.

The old man in brown rubbed his chin thoughtfully for a few minutes. "Well, sir," he said, "I'll let ye have it for a shilling."

With the book in my pocket, I went out of the store, in which I seemed to have left our present busy life, and to have stepped back into the dim age of powdered hair and pompadour silk gowns. I was anxious to get home and read my verses.

Sitting down in front of the open fire in my bachelor apartments, for I shall have to confess that I am a bachelor and that I have a few grey hairs, I opened my little book, from which came

the scent of lavender. The writing and the name on the fly leaf were interesting, and I tried to imagine a picture of the writer. I decided that she was an elderly lady with a kind face, soft brown eyes, and a wonderful but rare smile. The story was nothing more than the tale of a knight going to battle and leaving his lady love to mourn for him. After I had read for awhile, the book slipped into my lap and I sat dreaming. Suddenly the bell rang. It was the postman with several letters and bills, which I looked over indifferently, until I came to one in a pale gray envelope. The address, it seemed to me, was written in exactly the same interesting hand as that on the fly leaf of my new book. Quickly I tore the letter open and looked at the signature,—Ellen Grey Merville.

Who was Ellen Grey? Hastily I scanned the page before me, and found that she was a very old and dear friend of my mother's. "We should like thee," the letter ran, "to come and make us a visit. Thee may find us very dull after thy busy city life. But we will try to give thee a sincere welcome, if thee wishes to come."

My curiosity and interest were aroused, and without hesitation I decided to accept this kind invitation.

So James packed my valise, and at the last minute I put in the rose leather book. On arriving at the little town, where my hostess lived, the coachman met me at the station, and drove me in a very smart looking trap to the old, country mansion. I was welcomed at the door by a very sweet old lady with white hair and wonderful brown eyes, who showed me to my room, and told me that dinner would be served at seven. After putting on my evening clothes, I went downstairs, where my hostess met me and led me into the dining room, softly lighted with candles. Standing at the table, arranging flowers, was a very beautiful young girl, tall and slender, with wonderful reddish brown hair.

"Ellen, dear, I want thee to meet our guest. This is my daughter, sir."

When the younger Ellen turned towards me, I saw that she had the same brown eyes that her mother had.

During the meal, I told the story of my worn, rose leather book. My hostess was very anxious to see my treasure, and I

decided that there was a story connected with it. After dinner, I brought the book downstairs, and, while we all sat around the fire, Ellen at her mother's feet, we heard the story of the rose leather book.

When my hostess was a girl, she had been engaged to a very gallant young soldier. One winter evening as they sat reading from the rose leather book, by the very fireplace where Ellen and I heard the tale of the courtship, there occurred the quarrel that separated them forever. In hasty irritation he had gone from the house, unconsciously carrying her rose leather book in his pocket. Three years later, my hostess had married Mr. Merville.

I stayed at the Grey homestead for several weeks, partly because I loved the quiet, refined life there, and more especially because I loved one of the dearest, sweetest girls in the world, Ellen Merville. When I finally returned to the city, I was no longer a bachelor, with a disgusted idea of life, but a very happy man. I thank my lucky stars every day for giving me a sense of curiosity and a liking for romance. Because otherwise, the rose leaf book would never have been my choicest possession.

MARY R. LUCAS.

SKETCH DEPARTMENT.

THE PLACE I LOVE THE BEST OF ALL.

The little river winds down through wooded hills for miles, just a tiny stream of silver, gradually growing larger until it widens into Fairhaven Bay. Across the Bay, it flows on through woods and meadows and villages, to the bigger river, and then to the great ocean.

I love Fairhaven Bay, for here is something to satisfy each different mood. There are days when I love to lie in the bottom of my canoe, gazing up at the sunny skies, as I float lazily down stream. There are other days when I draw my canoe up on one

of the beaches, and, throwing myself prone upon the warm sand, lie curled up there for hours. If I care to read, I push the canoe into a shady cove, and, hidden there, I sit, propped up by cushions, and read until the light fails. Or, on a day when there are heavy clouds and threatening winds outside, and a storm within me, I love to paddle up the river and fight my way across the Bay. I like to feel the strain within me to keep my canoe in a straight course against the winds and waves.

So the place I love the best of all is no one shady nook or sunny garden,—it is the whole Bay, sun and shade, calm and storm, the whole of the great outdoors. HILDA SMITH.

THE PITCHER.

He stood in the pitcher's box, a slender, boyish figure, his face white and strained, his lips set in a hard line, and the moisture standing in drops upon his forehead. Many a time had he found himself in a similar predicament, many a time had he stood in the silence of a great throng, a silence showing that a crisis was at hand, but never had he felt the chilling fear which he was now striving—almost in vain, it seemed—to overcome. Nervously he hitched at his belt and pulled his cap lower, as he looked from the batsman to the men on first and third, then at his comrades, tense as he, but uttering words of encouragement.

Suddenly, scarcely knowing what he did, he turned towards the catcher, and raised his arm.

“Strike one!” cried the umpire.

Again the ball shot over the plate.

“Strike two!”

Amidst absolute silence, he raised his arm for the throw that would bring to his club fame and a pennant, or disappointment. A swift bend of his body as the ball sped on its way, the voice of the umpire in the distance,—

And then, unsteady but smiling, he walked from the box, was caught up by friendly arms, set on friendly shoulders, and borne from the field. ELIZABETH E. SUENDERHAUF.

AMONG THE ALPS.

Before me stretched great fields of dazzling, white snow. On every side rose rugged mountains, patches of snow clinging to their jagged sides. Between intervening cliffs spread giant glaciers, their crevasses of unknown depth of a delicate blue. Beyond, in fantastic forms, other peaks towered, draped in their snow mantles trimmed with glittering ice.

The air was clear as a bell, the silence was impressive. I felt as if I were in another world, one of grandeur and of peace.

Below me, turbulent mountain streams dashed over precipitous cliffs, to become hardly more than swaying, transparent veils of mist before they reached the valley floor. In the green, sloping valleys, cows were peacefully grazing; as they moved here and there, their bells sent up to me faint musical tinkles, like the music of fairy trumpets. Perched alone on a bare, rocky slope, was a picturesque, weatherbeaten châlet, the only bit of habitation in all this rugged solitude. Way, way below, a little jewel of a lake lay embedded in a green meadow, like a sapphire in a setting of dark green velvet.

As I looked up again from the green valley to the snowy peaks, I felt myself held by the spell of Switzerland.

E. B.

COFFEE ICE CREAM.

We were threading our way through the narrow streets of the old part of Paris. As the day was warm, we decided to stop for refreshment at one of the numerous cafés. We selected a table for four, set directly on the sidewalk, and soon there appeared a white-aproned waiter, who took our orders for glacé café. After we had waited a long time, we saw our waiter at last approaching, dexterously steering his way among the numerous tables and bustling customers. On a tray held high above his head were

our orders, which he swiftly deposited before us. Then he stood, with arms akimbo, waiting for his tip. But what was our disappointment to see, instead of our coffee ice cream, tall glasses filled with a dark, muddy liquid, in which floated huge chunks of ice. We gazed at each other in dismay, for the drink looked anything but inviting.

We tried to make the waiter understand that he had given us the wrong order. Immediately he became excited, rattling off French and gesticulating with his hands until we feared for the contents of the glasses. Two words of his tirade were all that we could make out,—“glacé café,” which he emphasized by pointing to the glasses before us. At our vain entreaties and urgent explanations to make him understand our wishes, he only shrugged his shoulders. Suddenly his face beamed, and, beckoning us to follow, he dashed into the café itself. We found ourselves in a low-studded room, the floor covered with sawdust. Soon we saw, by his actions, that he wished to know if we could find what we desired among the things there displayed. With a bright idea, one of us flew to a big cake of ice, which she pointed out to him. He nodded. Then, spying some bottles of cream, she put them beside the ice. She pointed first to one, then to the other, and went through the motions of churning. Then, choking with laughter, “Ice cream!” cried we all in unison.

“Ah,” exclaimed our delighted waiter, a smile breaking over his face, “Café glacé!”

ELEANOR BELL.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

COBWEBS.

The dew is in the garden,
 The morning sun is bright;
 And the fairies have been dancing
 On the flowers all the night.

The Queen sat on her poppy throne,
 Her subjects all around;
 While fireflies shone in the air
 And glimmered on the ground.

Now, morning's come, alas! we find
 The fairies are not there,
 But on the ground there lie instead
 The veils that decked their hair.

E. C. B.

TO A FAIRY.

Little fairy,
 Pretty fairy,
 With your wings of moon-rays bright;
 How they flutter,
 How they glitter,
 As you dance into the light!

When you're dressed in airy goss'mer,
 And your head with gold is crowned,
 Then my airy
 Little fairy
 You're a queen the world around.

ELLEN CROSBY BURKE.

SCHOOL NEWS.

PASQUALE TALLARICO.

February 12th—

Never, perhaps, has Lowell been so fortunate in procuring a pianist of such eminent ability as Pasquale Tallarico. It may have been on account of the interesting and popular program which was given that so many people assembled in Colonial Hall; certainly, no one went away disappointed.

His opening was the Bach Prelude, perhaps not as popular a number as some of the rest, but it proved him possessed of no small amount of technical ability. His Beethoven Sonata was remarkably well rendered, causing no little favorable comment, but his selections from Chopin were probably the most popular of the evening, and he played them with such ease and expression that the audience was quite enthusiastic. His own compositions were very interesting, with strange little melodies running through them, not at all unlike MacDowell. His closing number was the "Gnomenreigen" from Liszt, always a great favorite among music lovers.

What I particularly liked about his playing was its genuineness and utter lack of affectation, which is so apt to detract from one's enjoyment. Although he does not claim as yet to be a second De Pachman, surely in time we may consider him a rival.

MARIAN ALEY.

HALL ENTERTAINMENT.

February 14th—

"Was the Hall entertainment good? What was it like?"

"Of course it was good! Did you think it wouldn't be? They gave an extremely funny play called 'Omelette and Oat-

mealia,' a take-off on Shakespeare's 'Hamlet.' Omelette's father, Chanticleer, was killed by 'Milk,' his queen. Oatmealia, the heroine, continually talked about germs and pure food, which were besieging 'Illville.' The speeches were recited or sung to old, familiar songs, as 'The Campbells are Coming,' 'Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground,' and numerous others.

"It was one of the funniest things I have seen for a long time. The costumes of the players were in accordance with the play, the soldiers wearing tin pans for hats. The parts were all acted so well, I laughed until my sides hurt.

"After the play, chocolate ice cream with whipped cream and little cakes were served. Somebody started the Victrola, and a comical sight it was to see the players in their costumes dancing with the other girls. We House girls decided we would have to work very hard if we expected to get ahead of the Hall girls."

MARY LUCAS.

MISS COBURN'S TALK.

February 15th—

Miss Coburn, a graduate of Rogers Hall, gave us a very interesting talk on the social work of the day. She spoke of how the form of charity has changed since the day when people considered that they had done their duty towards the poor if they fed every tramp who begged at their back door. When it was discovered that one tramp would go to every house in the village and gather donations enough to feed an army, people began to realize that there should be some organized form of charity. Then it was that the Associated Charities, Free Dispensaries, Men's and Women's Christian Associations, and many other charity organizations were formed.

The public began to realize that the poor of any town needed aid along three lines: physical, mental, and moral. Therefore, gymnasiums and public baths, free hospitals, playgrounds, schools for the deaf, dumb, and blind, night schools for people busy all

day, and Bible classes were started, all of which are, at the present day flourishing. There is, however, a crying need for workers. Miss Coburn explained that, as the work is being carried on now, workers who have been trained are almost necessary, but the way in which we girls can help is by starting little clubs and classes for the children who have nothing to do but walk the streets. The enthusiastic way in which the children attend classes of this sort is conclusive proof of their need.

Everyone was delighted with Miss Coburn's talk, and a great many of us felt inspired to start small classes in elementary cooking, sewing, etc., in our own cities. DOROTHY DECKER.

MID-YEAR DANCE.

February 21st—

For days before the dance the girls were busy finding American flags and bunting, for our party was to be a real Washington's Birthday dance. They worked to advantage for when we entered the gymnasium before the dance, we felt very patriotic as we saw the Red, White and Blue festooned around the hall. After we had greeted Miss Parsons, we stood talking with our guests, and wondering why the orchestra did not arrive from Boston. Finally, the rumor came to us that the trains were hours late, because of the snow! What should we do? Someone mentioned the Victrola, so we danced to that music until we saw the orchestra appearing, and the Mid-Year Dance really began. This year the dance was a little different, for we had "stags," which made it informal and much more fun.

During the intermission we had supper around the "artificial lake," which, in everyday life, is the swimming-pool. Here again we had the Washington's Birthday idea, for the ice cream was in the form of soldiers, cannon, or cherry trees.

We danced until the orchestra simply rebelled against playing "Good-bye, Everybody" another time. Then we said good-night to Miss Parsons, and went home with a feeling that this had been the prettiest and gayest Mid-Year Dance ever given at Rogers Hall.

KATHRYN REDWAY.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

February 24th—

It was under rather inconvenient circumstances that the well-known Ben Greet players presented the "Merchant of Venice" at Colonial Hall. The stage was altogether too small, so that the actors were crowded, which gave a somewhat peculiar effect, but we soon forgot this and became very much interested in the play itself.

As the characters came on, we immediately began to recognize first one and then another. There was Antonio, the merchant, with his friend, Bassanio, who was very charming to us all. Then came Shylock, who was amazingly well represented. His make-up, voice, and actions could not have been more realistic. He almost gave one the feeling of fear, for he seemed so cunning. The real Jew was portrayed. Then, in contrast to the intensity of feeling produced by the character of the Jew, we had a laugh as Launcelot Gobbo, Shylock's comical servant, appeared. Jessica and Lorenzo were amusing in their lover fashion, Lorenzo entertaining his friends by his lovesick air. Portia was, perhaps, the least pleasing of the characters. She did not sufficiently express her joy at Bassanio's choice of the right casket. The part of Nerissa was prettily taken, and she had the fascination which Portia lacked.

With speeches so familiar and characters, too, we could not help but enjoy every minute of "The Merchant of Venice."

KATHRINE KIDDER.

THE COUNTRY CLUB.

February 27th—

A large number of us again passed a very pleasant evening at the Country Club. The tobogganing was even better than before—in fact, it was pronounced perfect.

THE ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE HALL.

February 28th—

When the poster was put up in the schoolroom, the Hall girls made many guesses as to what the entertainment might be. The poster told us to engage tables early from the head waiter, Lucas.

The eventful night finally came, and the gymnasium was transformed into a fashionable café, with dainty tables set about and many waiters running around. Then, when everyone was seated, an attendant came out and placed a card on a stand to the left of the stage, just as they do at Keith's sometimes. The card read simply, "A Pantomime."

The curtain opened slowly, and we perceived Marjorie Wilder in the rôle of bachelor, lazily ensconced in a comfortable Morris chair. The room was a sight,—coats were flung over the chairs, and books and papers littered the floor. The bachelor looked about him despairingly, then he walked to the desk and hastily wrote on a piece of paper, "Looking for a wife."

This he pinned to the door. Then, after a few seconds, there came a knock and Katharine Magee as a society lady came in. The bachelor refused her mutely. Then came Cora Robertson, dressed as a suffragette. She also was refused. Marion Sibley, as a little girl who giggled, Rosamond Norris, as a dashing chorus girl who chewed gum with a good deal of spirit, Gertrude Lowell, in the part of a very funny, little old maid, and Clotilde Hart, dressed as a flashing widow—all these characters were flatly refused by the bachelor. Last, a large person, with her face and head swathed in a bright green veil, came in and began to tidy up the room. Under her swift, skillful hands the place was quickly put into a semblance of order. Then the bachelor rose, and, walking over to the woman where she stood mutely and eloquently, he gently raised her veil—and fainted! For the marvelous housekeeper—who was Dorothy Burns—was as black as the ace of spades!

In the next number, Dorothy Scott and Clotilde Hart, as Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, came out among the tables and

danced the very latest steps for us. The audience was so enthusiastic that they were made to do it again.

The next feature was a play called "Rubber Boots." It had many laughable situations, and the acting was very commendable, especially the part of the tramp, who frightened the three sisters to death by getting into a pair of boots, and, placing himself behind the curtain, then moving the boots, which, of course, nearly scared the girls to death.

Then four very charming Pierrots gave us several songs intermingled with fascinating little dances.

The last number was a very interesting act. No other than Katharine Magee, as the famous Anna Eva Fay. A white-clad, ethereal figure was led out, placed in the center of the stage, where she looked up to the ceiling and murmured inarticulate nothings. A sheet was placed over her, and the waiters gave us all small pieces of paper. These slips of paper were collected and given to Miss Fay. In the dead silence of the room, Anna Eva would spell out a name, then the victim would be compelled to raise her hand; next a question followed and an answer, which proved to be a clever little hit on the girl. These questions and answers were greeted with roars of laughter. During the whole performance, the waiters had been running busily to and fro, bringing refreshments to the audience, and they saw to it that everyone was well supplied.

After the last act, the party broke up. We started our ever useful Victrola, and finished the evening with a dance.

THELMA BERGER.

. MISS ROBBINS' TALK.

March 1st—

All of us who, even occasionally, visit the moving picture shows, realize how large a part of the amusement of this country they form, but little did we know of their wide and varied uses until the Sunday evening when Miss Robbins spoke to us on this subject.

She explained how young doctors, who cannot attend operations by famous surgeons, now see every minute detail on the screen; scientists make use of motion pictures for their experiments; and schools, by the same means, make more interesting for the pupils, the geography of the world. Judge Lindsey, an authority on the management of boys, sees great possibilities in moving pictures for the education of boys to whom the use of books alone is drudgery. With the aid of Mr. Edison's methods, he hopes soon to have geography, history, and even sciences taught entirely from the screen. From a psychological point of view, it is well-known that the eye retains impressions longer than does the ear, so that these picture-lessons ought to prove effective.

In conclusion, Miss Robbins told us how carefully a reel of films was prepared, and what labor and expense went into its making. The invention has proved so widely acceptable that Mr. Edison alone receives seven thousand dollars a week as his royalty from the camera.

We are always very glad to have Miss Robbins with us, especially when she speaks to us, for she has many interesting things to tell, and such perfect enunciation that it is very delightful and easy to follow her.

MARION HUFFMAN.

ELOCUTION RECITAL.

March 6th—

"The first selection this evening is the 'Mustard Plaster' by Miss Jerger," announced Mrs. Corwin, the evening of her first elocution recital at Rogers Hall. We had all been waiting this evening with much interest ever since the first "Boat Ahoy!" had floated down the corridor Friday mornings.

Kathryn appeared on the stage, and, bravely facing her audience, told the story of the little boy who, desiring a mustard plaster as a reward, managed to get it by sacrificing the last piece of cake. It was a very amusing story, and we were interested from the very first.

Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott" came next, and Ethel Stark did credit to both Mrs. Corwin and herself by showing a great deal of feeling, and by putting her whole heart into her recitation. Dorothy Burns' "First Impressions of a New-born Babe" followed this, and she did it so well that we could easily imagine Dorothy a crying, squirming baby, energetically waving her arms and legs in the air. An A-B-C group was the next number, and Agnes Kile surprised us all by adapting her voice to three monologues, "A Similar Case," "An Incident on a Sleeper," and "Sawyer Brown," in which she was supposed to have been a man talking. She did them very well, and seemed perfectly at home behind the footlights. Katherine Steen next gave "Heard over the Telephone," and it was most realistic. I think Katherine must carry on quite a bit of telephone conversation, for her recitation was given with perfect ease. Marjorie Wilder closed the program with a monologue in negro dialect. Marjorie's opportunities to hear colored people talk showed in her number. It told amusingly the opinion that an old negress, Sis Angeline, had of St. Valentine's Day.

At Miss Parsons' request, Mrs. Corwin consented to read to us a Colonial story about the burning of Deerfield village by the Indians. She made it so vivid that we were completely carried away, and actually held on to our next-door neighbor to be sure we were really in Rogers Hall gymnasium. She generously responded to our applause with two very charming little encores, which made us realize that her first selection happened long ago, and took the picture of the burning village out of our minds before we went to sleep.

HELEN SMITH.

A SYMPHONY CONCERT.

We had the pleasure of hearing the Boston Symphony Orchestra give the first performance of the Symphony in E Minor, conducted by its composer, Otto Uraek. He made sketches for this Symphony in November, 1912, soon after his arrival in this

country. Although comparatively young, he has shown remarkable talent, and has already composed a number of sketches and short songs. The tonal richness, the euphony, and other fine qualities of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, inspired him with the idea of writing a composition of symphonic character. The sketches were completed early in 1913, and by August of that year, all the movements had been scored. The work is dedicated in "thankful veneration to Dr. Muck," upon whose advice Mr. Urack acted in coming to America. MARIAN ALEY.

KEITH'S.

March 7th—

Saturday afternoon several of the girls went to Keith's. The bill was an exceptionally good one, two of the best acts being a dancing number, and a performance on parallel bars. The latter was especially interesting to us on account of our own attempts to do "stunts" on the bars in the gymnasium. The star feature of the afternoon, however, was in the moving pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, showing them dancing at the Sans Souci Café in New York. We took back to school a mental picture of some of the most difficult steps, in order to learn them ourselves.

BILLIE BURKE IN "THE PROMISED LAND."

March 7th—

It snowed that morning, of course, but it made no difference to those of us who were going into Boston,—we should go unless we were actually stalled. Many of the girls went in early to shop and see all the lovely new spring styles and at one-fifteen all met Miss Linthicum at Dupont's for lunch. It was a merry meal, all

gathered around one long table, and all telling of the wonderful things they had seen and wanted to buy.

From there we hurried to the theatre on Hollis Street, found our seats and spent the usual fifteen minutes waiting impatiently for the curtain to rise. At last it did and we forgot the crowd around us, the very theatre in fact, and lived only in the interest of the exciting story played for us.

Billie Burke was the same charming little actress, and the part she took made her personality more pleasing.

The play itself was not suited for her, it was crude and rough in many ways and left the audience with a feeling of disgust after the second act that was not lost until the very end and then not entirely. However it was the kind of play that causes much comment and difference of opinion, some liked it and some didn't but I am sure everyone was glad to see it, and especially to see Billie Burke who never fails to draw admiration no matter how poor the play.

ROSAMOND L. NORRIS.

LITTLE WOMEN.

March 13th—

Of course as we had all enjoyed reading "Little Women," we were very anxious to see on the stage the March family in all their good times and in their sorrows too. The events in Miss Alcott's story are very closely followed in the stage arrangement, and in presenting them most of the actors came quite up to our expectations. Personally I did not care for Professor Blaer because from reading the book I had imagined him as a jovial, manly German, but in the play he seemed altogether insipid. We found that Laurie certainly came up to the expectations of one girl,—we noticed, at least, that she used the opera glasses frequently when he appeared. For my part I found Jo the most interesting as she was so many-sided. She was really heroic when she sacrificed her beautiful hair; and then on the other hand, her originality and

fun came out in the amateur play in which she so cleverly drilled her sisters.

KATHRINE KIDDER.

THE DARTMOUTH CONCERT.

March 15th—

The Dartmouth Musical Clubs give a concert in Lowell annually, but this is the first year that they have given it at Rogers Hall.

Miss Parsons very kindly invited the clubs to an informal supper before the concert, and after the customary introductions and "distributions" of men, we ate our supper sitting at the desks in the schoolroom.

As the gymnasium is very large we could easily accommodate outsiders, so that there were many Lowell people among the audience. The concert was excellent—we thought it much better than in previous years. A number in which one of the men gave several readings broke the monotony of listening only to the music. He gave Kipling's "Gunga Din," and two or three other very amusing selections, at which we became nearly convulsed. "Dartmouth Songs" was another taking number, and two violin solos formed a delightful contrast to the funny things. They closed the concert by singing their Alma Mater, cheering the Green, and giving a rousing cheer for Rogers Hall!

After the concert the floor was cleared, and everybody danced until quarter of twelve. We all felt that the Dartmouth Concert had been a most successful affair, but we had one more event in store; just as we were going to bed we heard many masculine voices outside singing, "Goodnight, ladies, we're going to leave you now."

HILDA SMITH.

LA TOSCA.

March 20th—

Saturday morning a number of us went into Boston with the intention of going to the portrait exhibition at the Copley Square but when we arrived found it a little too late, so went directly to luncheon. After luncheon we went to the opera "La Tosca" which we enjoyed very much although its story is very tragic. As Mme. Weingarteur was indisposed, Mme. Amsden took her place and sang the part very effectively. Marceaux, who took the part of Scarpia was excellent and quite as good an actor as singer, which is an unusual combination.

This is the last week of opera for this season but we hope next winter to see a great many more with as clever artists.

MARIAN ALEY.

MISS BOUTELLE'S TALK.

March 22nd—

It seems as though all of us who are at present spending eight months of the year at Rogers Hall ought to know something of the city which, for the time being, is our home. Lowell, with its many nationalities, attracted here because of the demand for millhands, presents a wide field for the social worker. It was in regard to the position that the Y. W. C. A. has taken among these foreigners here in Lowell that Miss Boutelle, the Secretary of the Association, came to speak to us. She spoke with much charm, because all that she said had the ring of enthusiasm which springs from eager enjoyment of one's work.

Miss Boutelle began her little talk with an account of the campaign for ten thousand dollars which the Y. W. C. A. has been conducting and which closed on the twenty-first of March with eleven thousand and some odd dollars. She had, of course, much to say in regard to the various means by which the Y. W.

C. A. ministers to the working people of Lowell, many of whom are starving for want of interest which shall bring them something of the joy of living. After the long hours of mechanical labor in the mills, the young people crave an outlet for their spirits, and this they find in the classes conducted by the Y. W. C. A. There are gymnasium classes, a basket ball team which has played many exciting matches with out-of-town opponents, sewing classes, classes in millinery, in cooking, and, of course, in the regulation school subjects.

The Association aims to provide wholesome fun, yet in Miss Boutelle's account of their good times there was a note of pathos, for the girls about whom she told us have had so little true fun. She spoke of a simple little chafing dish supper which the guests called a "banquet"; creamed chicken was to them an unknown delicacy.

In all the work that the Association undertakes the aim is to instill the idea of service into those who come there for instruction or for play. Each girl is made to feel that a responsibility rests upon her,—she pays her little share of the expense and she is expected to contribute toward the enjoyment of her companions.

Miss Boutelle closed by saying that after all a great amount of the good work of the Association was done by the volunteer workers. She hoped that some of us might feel an interest along that line, and she gave us a cordial invitation to visit the Y. W. C. A.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

This year, as we have our new gymnasium and new apparatus, the annual exhibition was a great deal more interesting than usual. We have been exceedingly fortunate in obtaining very good material in athletics, both for general gymnasium work, and regulation games. We had a large and very appreciative audience.

The exhibition was universally good, but the little girls gained the greatest applause. Their exercises on the ropes were extremely difficult, but they did them with apparent ease, which delighted us all. Some of the exercises on the window ladder were very well done, and showed that they were the result of persistent practice. The second year class in dancing was another number which deserves particular mention. They danced with unusual grace some of the most difficult steps which have ever been presented in school. The following is the program:

| | |
|--------------------------------|---|
| 1. Free Movements | 6. Captain Ball |
| 2. Rings | 7. Clubs |
| 3. Battle Ball | 8. Window Ladder |
| 4. 1st Year Dancing: Ostend | 9. Balance Beams 10. 2nd Year Dancing: Polka Boheme |
| How Do You Do | Frolic |
| Eloise Gavotte | Echo |
| Board Walk | |
| Waltz Minuette | 11. Jolly Fisherman |
| 5. Ropes | 12. 1st and 2nd Year Fencing |

MARIAN ALEY.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

Amy Condit, 1911, is at home this winter and has helped to organize a Junior League to assist the various Charitable Societies already in existence by active personal service. Carlotta Heath, 1911, and Amy are both enthusiastic coaches of rival basket ball teams in the local Y. W. C. A. Recently they lunched with Dorathea Holland, who was passing through New York on her way to a visit in Virginia. Dorathea also stopped at the school for luncheon one day before she went South.

Early in February, Sylvia Doutney, 1912, was operated on for appendicitis, but is recovering splendidly, so that she has had Matilda Kloppenburg with her for a visit.

Gladys Coursen has been living in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. (32 Hammersley Ave.), for the last three years. She has been giving violin lessons in Millbrook, and has played at different concerts. Early in February, she sailed to Naples for a four months' tour of Europe with her Uncle, and expects to take some violin lessons while she is in Paris.

Gwendolen Perry, 1911, has accepted a position to teach English in the Rockland, Me., High School, and began her work with the second semester, with great enthusiasm. While she was visiting in Bangor, she saw Ruth Lowell, who has a good position with the Anti-Tuberculosis Society.

Elsa Kiefer Danziger's (Mrs. J. C.) address is now 219 Van Dyke Ave., Detroit, Mich. She has two children, Frederick Skinner, four years old, and a baby daughter, Katherine Marion, who is a year and a half.

Lucy Pond, 1910, is taking a trip through the West Indies with her mother, and sent us a postal from St. Croix, showing some of the picturesque tropical foliage of which she speaks. They go on to the Windward Islands, Panama, and Jamaica, then back through Porto Rico and Cuba.

Rogers Hall old girls feel an especial sympathy with Wellesley in her disastrous fire, for one of our own girls, Tracy L'Engle, 1911, roomed in College Hall, and so lost all her possessions. Our other Wellesley girls fortunately roomed in other dormitories. Tracy gave us a very interesting account of some phases of college life in the last number of SPLINTERS. Along with her student activities, Tracy is to be congratulated on her record of work for the first semester, as she made her "credits."

Ellen Baxter, 1910, announced her engagement to Mr. John P. Reynolds, Jr., of Boston, during the first week in March.

At the second court of the London season, on March 5th, Mrs. Clarence Moore (Mabel Swift) and her daughter Frances were presented to the King and Queen by Mrs. Page, wife of the American Ambassador. This is an especial honor this year, as the number of presentations is limited, owing to the fact that their Majesties are holding one less court than usual.

March 8, 1914, a son, Baldwin, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Charles Smith (Marguerite Baldwin, 1910).

Ruth Griffin Pope, 1909, has sent a photograph of her baby daughter, "Tilly," that calls a smile and words of praise from all of us who have been privileged enough to see the picture, so that we look forward to the Field Day, when Ruth and her daughter will come to visit us.

The invitations are out for the wedding of Kathleen Nelden to Lieutenant Charles Kilburn of the Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., on Thursday, April 16th. A reception at her home will follow the church wedding.

Three of the old girls, Dorothy Benton, 1912, Alice Billings, 1911, and Betty Eastman, 1913, came back for the Mid-Year Dance, February 21st. Julia Edwards, 1912, spent a Sunday with us, and enjoyed the Hall Entertainment when the girls gave "Omelette and Oatmealia," a farce written by Ona Winants for a class reunion stunt at Smith. Recently Leslie Brown, 1911, gave us a pleasant surprise when she brought with her Kitty Hopson, who is making her a visit. Kitty is very well again after her two years of rest at home.

Cornelia Cook, 1908, is East with her mother, and has been visiting different girls around New York. She came out to school for the Gym Exhibition on the last day of the winter term. She and Florence Harrison will spend the Spring vacation together, staying at the Boston College Club.

Mrs. Underhill and Dorothy have spent two delightful months in Florence and on the Riviera and are now on their way up the Rhone to Geneva and Paris. We expect that Dolly will return a most accomplished needlewoman, for she took a lesson in Florentine embroidery every day she was in that city.

We are glad to hear from Mrs. George Mann (Annie Dewey) that she is coming for Field Day, and will bring her daughter, too, for her first visit to Rogers Hall. Annie has very graciously responded to a request for an article for this department, and we print with pleasure her contribution.

On receiving a letter recently from my worthy contemporary, your present Alumnae Editor, and now one of the Faculty of Rogers Hall, begging for a few words from one of the older girls, on Motherhood and the domestic side of life, it at once struck me that I ought to be qualified to fill pages on those subjects,

for the past sixteen years have brought me my share of both. But, when I began to write those pages, I found myself in the predicament of the small boy, who, on being told that he could take his choice of anything in his favorite candy shop, said, "I don't know where to begin." Some bright girl will say, "Begin at the beginning."

But then, I find that the beginning of Motherhood takes one back so very far, back to the days we used to take our beloved, even if armless, doll to bed with us, back to the days we used to hang around the kitchen to help (?) the cook, to the days of mud pies, and the lovely tea parties we gave our dolls with that old set of little dishes we all had years ago.

So, you see, there is very little that is new that can be said on this old subject, but certainly the methods in the training and in the care of the children of this generation are very different from those our own mothers employed.

Of course, our babies are all brought up by rule, and the days of rocking and singing the babies to sleep are a thing of the past, thank goodness, and it is no sin for "us poor, tired Mothers" to get in some Bridge and more dancing.

But, seriously, it has been proven beyond a doubt that such babies have a much better chance to grow and develop into strong, healthy children.

It is a fascinating problem that any Mother has before her, to solve the different temperaments and makeup of her family of children. You find that with No. I, there is nothing like a good spanking to promote good behavior, while with No. II, a spanking is altogether useless and harmful, and so you have your pet theories entirely upset, and must devise some other means of punishment.

In these days of domestic science and domestic economy, surely the girls are better fitted for all duties of household cares, and it makes me quite indignant at times, to think that all these studies have been taken up since my day! Never mind, though, the bride of to-day is, theoretically at least, unable to enjoy (?) the sensation of having her first dinner party a complete failure. Fallen cakes and éclairs burned to a cinder are all unknown quantities to her!

My friends often ask me, "How can you endure the country for all the year?" I am glad to say that country life never fails to interest me. I do not speak for the country woman, who, perhaps, never gets a taste of city life, but for the large class who really prefer the country for a home, and then to make frequent but short trips to the city. This seems to me the ideal life, and it is certainly the only place for children. The freedom that can be allowed them, taken with the healthful surroundings, furnish environment that is very necessary to their health and happiness. The wonderful winter sports that we are all so interested in these days, have done much to rob the long, cold season of its monotony. Tobogganing, snowshoeing, skiing and skating are all fascinating and exhilarating.

I do not know what advice is given the girls of today on leaving Rogers Hall. We simply got through, and had no eminent divine to advise us on our future life, but I do remember very well of going to the room of a certain staid teacher to tell her of my having decided not to go to college, and she simply remarked, "Then you would better get married." And so, you see, I accepted her advice.

O. P. Davis

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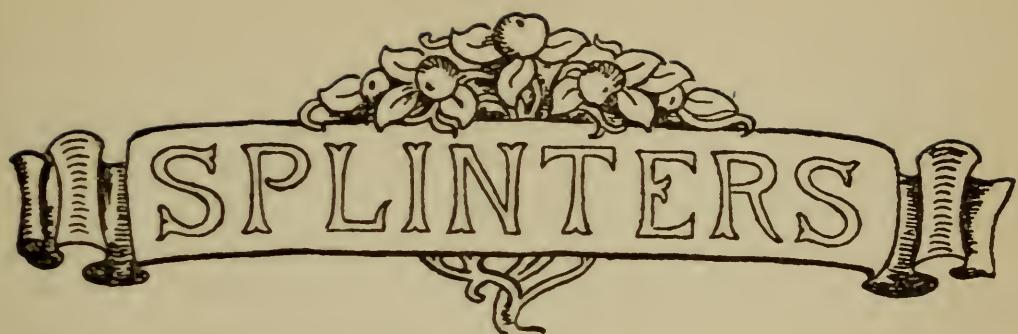
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Subscription to Splinters is two dollars a year payable to Helen Smith,
treasurer.



SPLINTERS

Vol. 14.

JUNE, 1914.

No. 4

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EDITORIAL.

Commencement was over, and, one by one, the carriages rolled away to the station. I, who was staying over for examinations, waved a last good-bye, and picked up my Latin book. Arm in arm, Æneas and I strolled through the grounds toward the apple trees. Oh, don't be shocked, for Æneas and I are old friends; we've hardly left each other for a day in almost three years. I sat in silence, for I was feeling very forsaken, and waited for my comrade to begin the conversation.

"Well?" he said, turning to me.

"Æneas," I answered, "you're not a very good one to talk about loyalty when one considers the way you treated poor Dido."

"The gods made me!" he flared.

"Poor Dido," I repeated, "but let's forget her for the moment, for I want you to be really serious and discuss the matter of loyalty with me. These girls are going to college, abroad, or out into society. It seems to me that they should carry with them a sense of loyalty to each other, to the world in general, and to Rogers Hall."

"You haven't been very loyal to me, considering the way you flunked your examination last year!"

With dignity, I drew myself up and replied, "Sir, we are not discussing my short-comings. I asked you to discuss the question of loyalty after the girls have left school. In order to keep up any kind of a school, the Alumnæ must be true to it, not only in the abstract but in a tangible way. How is Miss Parsons to know where the girls are and what they are doing, unless they write? How is SPLINTERS to keep an Alumnæ department unless the editors hear occasionally from the graduates? How are the girls to—?"

"Please stop those rhetorical questions and let me say something. My throat is dry from disuse. Of course the girls will write to Miss Parsons and to one another, and I am sure they intend to do so. While you were out having luncheon—you left me all alone on the library table—two girls came in. They wept in each other's arms, and I distinctly heard them say, 'You'll write every other day, won't you, Dot?'

"'Of course, dear,' the other answered, and I don't see how one could ask more than that."

"Humph!" I sniffed, "of course, they'll promise, but wait and see how many weeks they'll keep that up! Probably they're 'crushes.' They always promise to write each other, and they may keep it up for a while, but violent correspondences never last. There are some girls who have been friends in school who keep up their friendship for life. They may only write each other once in three months, but they remember, and they write Miss Parsons and send in little articles to SPLINTERS. If the

Alumnæ could only understand how much the editors appreciate these things, I'm sure they would all help us in 'spreading the news.'

"Now, Æneas, I wish you would stop talking and let me study!"

KATHRYN REDWAY.

"THE UNDERHILL HONORS."

"A sound mind in a sound body" was the ideal for which the ancient Greeks strove in the education of their youth. It is the ideal for which we are striving at Rogers Hall, and, to judge by the results of the work of the last year, it is one that seems to be on the way to realization.

The highest honor that the school can bestow on a girl bears the name of the "Underhill Honor." Three awards may be made, the first for the highest scholarship, the second for scholarship plus originality, and the third for scholarship and influence in the school. This year only the first and third of these honors were given.

The first, the honor bestowed for scholarship, was given to Laura Hildreth Pearson. Laura is a new girl in the school this year who is leaving us to go to Bryn Mawr. She has not only taken the first place in scholarship but has been active in athletics, playing on all three of the Day teams.

The second honor went to Helen Winchester Smith. Helen has been at Rogers Hall three years. During that time she has maintained a high average of scholarship and has been, as one of the old girls expressed it, "a pillar of strength to the school," a consistent supporter of all that is best in our school life. This year she has been elected to the office of President of the Council, and has done much to make student government a success. Helen not only has the right to wear the gold seal of the school, the "Underhill Honor," but also to wear the "R. H."

The award of the "Underhill Honors" and the "R. H.'s" was made after the Musicale on Monday afternoon, and it was very gratifying that, among those who were present, were the three girls who won the honors last year. We hope the Alumnæ will come to feel that June means a visit to school, and especially that these girls who have contributed so much to our school life, while here, will continue to make their influence felt after their graduation, for there is no greater asset that a school can have than a strong and active interest on the part of its Alumnæ.

THE "R. H.'S."

The right to wear the "R. H." is given to those who excel in athletics, to obtain which, a girl must win forty out of a possible fifty-six points. The points are given for membership on the teams, gymnasium work, sportsmanship, tennis, swimming, fencing, dancing, carriage and personal appearance. The possibility of winning an "R. H." is also dependent on scholarship, as work that is below grade excludes one from playing on the teams.

The girls who won their "R. H.'s" this year were Aida Hulbert, $46\frac{1}{2}$ points; Genevra Whitmore, $45\frac{1}{2}$ points; Hilda Smith and Thelma Berger, $44\frac{1}{2}$ points; Helen Smith and Marjorie Wilder, 44 points; and Ruth Greene and Leslie Hylan, 40 points.

It is interesting to know that the majority of the girls who have excelled in athletics are also on the honor list in scholarship. Helen Smith and Genevra Whitmore both have the Underhill Honor. Thelma Berger, Hilda Smith and Marjorie Wilder are all on the honor list for 1914. It is a record of which all these girls have a right to be proud.

LUCERNE AT NIGHT.

Lucerne, seen under the silvery light of the moon and the soft glow of Japanese lanterns and colored electric lights, is entirely different from Lucerne seen by the hot glare of the sunlight. A cool, mystic glamour seems to pervade the scene.

We walk up and down the quay under the arching lime trees, listening to the foreign chatter around us. From nearby hotel and Kursaal strains of dreamy waltzes and rollicking one-steps are wafted to us on the fragrant, flower-laden air. Farther away, bands are playing lustily, their music sweetly mellowed by the distance. Everywhere among the trees, Japanese lanterns sway to and fro in the gentle breeze; buildings and bridges are alive with myriads of sparkling lights.

Suddenly, at the farther end of the quay, out from among the dense shrubbery comes a hiss and a whir. Then into the black sky shoots a ball of fire bursting forth into a glittering shower of red, blue, green and yellow stars. The fireworks are on. The once darkened sky becomes alive with hissing, shooting balls of fire spurting into gorgeous showers of flaming stars and streamers, some balls even breaking into slowly unfolding flowers. At last the display is over. The sky is again a dark, fathomless pit with only the silver moon and the twinkling stars shining forth from the blackness.

We sit down on one of the benches facing the lake; at our feet the water gently laps against the bank. Here and there over the dark water swinging lanterns, gay laughter, the twang of banjos, and the chug-chug of motor boats indicates the presence of little pleasure crafts. Suddenly into the moon's rippling silver pathway darts a canoe; from the uplifted paddles the water falls like shimmering veils of gauze. Then, as swiftly as it came, it disappears again into the darkness. Beyond, loom the black mountains, their tops crowned with specks of twinkling lights, their sides, where in daytime the cogwheel runs, traced with zig-zag lines of flickering dots.

ELEANOR BELL.

THE PLAIN GOLD BAND RING.

It was nothing but a plain gold band ring, and, as I afterwards discovered, only ten carat gold, at that. Why it was that Grandmother was so choice of that little ring I had always wondered, until she one day told me the whole story. I shall never forget the time that the whole family returned from a day's tour in the country to find that burglars had broken in during our absence. Grandmother's face paled when she saw the broken pane, and she sat down limply in the nearest chair, while I, fearing that she was going to faint, ran for a glass of water. But she called me back, saying, "No, no, child, run and get my jewel case, quickly—the old rose one with the silver monogram." When I had brought the little old-fashioned box, she reached for it and her delicate little withered hands trembled so that she could not fit the tiny key, which had been lying against her heart, into the lock. I tried to help her, but she would not have me. She must do it with her own hands. It yielded at last.

She did not first open the compartment containing her diamonds, as I had thought she would, or even that in which was her sapphire bracelet, which had been an engagement present from Grandfather. Trembling, as though with the ague, she lifted the top layer and delved down into the innermost corner and drew forth the little ten carat plain band ring. "Oh, my dear," said Grandmother, weakly, "if those horrid burglars had taken this ring I surely should have died of a broken heart."

It was weeks after this little incident that, as usual, I stole softly into Grandmother's room where she sat knitting quietly on some little piece of lace. Grandmother and I had always been special chums, and I rarely missed my little good-night talk with her. All day long my mind had dwelt on the little gold ring, and I was determined to learn the story connected with it, if there was any.

"Grandmother," I broke out, "I—"

"Yes, child," Grandmother looked fondly at me over her knitting and waited.

"Will you tell me the story of the plain gold ring, Grandmother?" I pleaded.

Grandmother readjusted the filmy lace cap reposing on her snow-white hair, settled back comfortably in the deep, old, cushioned chair, while I made myself at home on a footstool at her feet, and began. "It was a long time ago, Granddaughter, oh, so long ago. Let me see, if I remember rightly—it was during 1849 when everyone had gone stark mad over the discovery of gold in the west. I was just about your age, Margaret, and very frivolous. Your grandfather lived twenty miles away in a neighboring town. He was a hard-working young farmer at that time, but very handsome and smart. I met him at the Riceville dance for the first time. He must have been quite taken with my looks, for the next night he drove clear over from Four Corners to call on me, which was no small distance in those days. He had danced only one dance with me, and I felt extremely flattered to think that out of all the girls he met that night he had singled me out, and so I encouraged him and allowed him to come again and again.

"One evening when I knew that he was coming, I strolled out into the garden where the roses were in full bloom, and on down to the gate to meet him. I had seen him disappear into the jeweler's shop the day before, and, my dear, I had a faint hope in my heart that soon there would be a diamond gleaming on the third finger of my left hand. After he had hitched his horse, I started towards the house, but he drew me gently into the garden, and, taking my hand in his, slipped something cool and round on my third finger, and I looked down to see—not a gleaming diamond, but a plain gold band ring. I must have been out of my head, and I was at least very vain and frivolous, for I tore the ring from my finger, handed it to him without a word, and walked into the house. I do not know now what made me do it, but I think that it must have been bitter disappointment, for, you see, I had been expecting a diamond. I did not know then that John had to struggle hard to make both ends meet, and had been saving for months to buy this ring.

"The next day I heard at the Post Office that John had joined a party and gone west in hopes of discovering a gold vein, and that was the last I heard of him for three hopelessly long years.

Not one word or line did I receive from him. It was during this time that I realized that I cared more for John than for his ring. I haunted the Post Office morning, noon, and night. Every evening in those three long years I never failed to be dressed in my best muslin if it happened to be summer, and my rose silk if it happened to be winter, hoping against hope that he would return. Do you wonder that at the end of those years my hair had turned slightly gray, though I was only twenty-two?

"I had been feeling particularly blue one day. As I was combing my hair I had discovered a few more gray hairs, and I was beginning to realize that youth does not last forever. Then, that my dress might be in accordance with my mood, I had put on my pale blue dimity. I stole into the garden to cut the rosiest rose I could find. As I bent over to cut the flower, I heard father come galloping on horseback from town; I looked up to wave my flower to him and saw John quietly alighting from his horse. Unconsciously I dropped the rose and stood, too overpowered to utter a word, and watched him coming towards me.

"'Ellen,' he said. 'John,' I breathed, and I found myself in his arms. Half an hour later he took a huge diamond ring from a little white velvet case, and slipped it on my finger. I took it off again, this time very gently, and said, 'John, dear, I prefer the plain gold band.' Yes, I did prefer the plain gold band, after all," said Grandmother, dreamily. I knew that Grandmother had forgotten that I existed, so I crept quietly out, leaving her in the midst of her dreams.

SUSANNA RODIER.

CAMPING OUT

If you would seek to gain a rest,
Far off from noise and heat,
There's nothing like a camping trip
To put you on your feet.

Your camp is in a "lovely spot,"
Ten miles from any farm,
And thus of prying visitors
 You're freed from all alarm.
First, to begin, you buy a tent
 And slave a day or two,
To put it up as per the rules,
 And then it's all askew.
And when you're settled down at last,
 With all the things you'd need
To stay six months instead of two,
 It augurs fine, indeed!
But soon canned goods have lost their charm,
 You'd like a change of fare—
Your time of rest has run its course,
 To work you now prepare.
You start out bright and early,
 By getting up at dawn,
And, finishing your morning dip,
 You walk five miles for corn,
And then you wash the dishes,
 And then the beds you spread;
In vain, without a cook book,
 You try to make some bread.
Off to the Center, miles away,
 You trudge for groceries,
And, when the day is o'er by now,
 You shell ten pecks of peas.
This restful life you live at camp,
 A whole long summer slow,
Until, when autumn comes around,
 You're nothing loath to go.
But, as the frost comes, and the snows,
 And winter fades to spring,
The summer days don't seem so bad,
 With all the toil they bring.

LAURA PEARSON.

THE STORY OF THE SPANISH CROSS.

"Come, Marion, believe me, it is just like a dozen missions you have already seen. Besides, I am hot and tired, and know you must be."

"But, Dan, it looks so cool and inviting,—and just see that funny old man! He looks so interesting and good-natured, I really must speak to him."

"Will you show me through your mission?" Marion accosted the little, bent Padre, who had been pacing up and down the tiny cloister.

"Si, Senora."

Marion and her still protesting husband followed him through the dim, cool cloister, into the dimmer, cooler chapel, and on from station to station, admiring, examining and praising each picture and statue till at last they reached a small door at the end of the altar. Through this they passed into the sunlit garden. In the midst of this bower of roses and tall, swaying palmettos, was a babbling fountain, dancing and sparkling in the light. Here the party stopped to drink.

As Marion leaned over the fountain, a small silver cross swung out like a pendulum, and was reflected in the clear water.

"The cross! Senora, how came you to have it? It is so peculiar, there cannot be many like it."

"Yes, it is odd. I have never seen another like it. My uncle brought it to me after the war. I believe it was taken from a Spanish prisoner."

"Would you care to see another like it?" asked the Padre.

So saying, he drew from the ample folds of his gown the exact duplicate of the tiny cross. "You would like to hear how I got this?

"It was in '97. I was even then an old man, Mariqua was just eighteen and Juan had not yet seen twenty." The Padre was speaking more to the hazy purple hills than to Marion and Dan.

"I blessed their mothers when they were born, I christened them both here at this fountain, I married them here, and I buried her there in the rose garden."

The Padre stopped a moment, lost in thought, and Marion roused him by a gentle "Yes, and then?"

"Si, Senora, I watched them grow; he, tall and strong like the palmetto; she, fair and graceful as our lilies. Each day they sat at my knee and learned their lessons from the same book. 'They will marry,' some whispered. 'Her father will never consent,' said others. Then came the call to arms; he was a soldier, he must answer that call."

"One still, clear night I stood at the barred window of my little cell, watching the road, a broad, white ribbon of moonlight, stretching away to the south,—the road that was to lead my boy—to what? As I watched, a speck appeared against the moon; as it came nearer it grew into a horse, and, was it one rider or were there two? Could I be mistaken? But here the chapel hid them from view. Then came a pounding at the great gates. No, I had not been mistaken, it was Juan and Mariqua.

"Yes! I married them and gave them my blessing here by the fountain. She hung the cross you now hold about his neck, and this he placed on her forehead. It is our custom. At sunrise, he left her, never to return. I went to her father, but he was a hard man and would not call her daughter. So here she lived, the comfort of my old age. But when the troops came back Juan did not come with them. And she went to him soon after."

A little hysterical sob broke the hush that followed.

"And that is the end?" asked Marion. "That is why you keep the cross always with you?"

"No, not the end, time only will tell what the end is to be."

"Juan, boy, open the gates for our friends; it grows late," he called.

As Marion passed out she pressed a tiny silver cross into the hand of the young boy, straight and strong like the palmetto, fair and graceful as the lily, who swung the gates closed behind them.

"Why did you do that?" asked Dan.

"It was his, I could not keep it—" and they passed down the long, broad road to the south. DOROTHY SCOTT.

A TRIP TO THE CITY.

One warm June evening I was dozing on the veranda, when footsteps on the porch disturbed me, and, half asleep, I rose from my comfortable chair to find out who my unexpected guest might be. Just then my next door neighbor came in sight. After informing me she could only stay a second, she dragged a chair half way across the veranda, and sat down, as if to spend the whole evening. At once she began to talk.

"I've just received the grandest invitation from Miss Bailey. You know the one I told you about,—yes, and she never got married, after all. Well, as I was saying, she wants me to come up to the lake and spend next Sunday with her. I haven't got a thing to wear, especially a dress-up hat. Now, if tomorrow's pleasant, will you go into town with me? Mind you, I'm inviting you to go and I want it understood that I am to get the tickets, the luncheon, and everything. Now, Miss Ives, I do hope you won't refuse me. Albert sent me over to ask you, because he thinks you have such elegant taste."

While she was raving on, I was turning it over in my mind, and finally came to the conclusion that I should be foolish to let a chance like that slip past. So I gave my consent, and toward eleven o'clock she left me, after a short call of two hours' duration.

The next morning I was up bright and early. The sun rose like a ball of fire, predicting a scorching day. I tried to console myself by thinking that was a mere detail, and dressed with care in a thin white frock for the journey; then I sat down on the porch to wait. At half past ten the carriage came and we started for the eleven o'clock train. As we rode along, the sun fairly beat down upon us, and I felt that I had made a stupid blunder. A few minutes before train time, we found ourselves at the junction, which consisted of a station surrounded by a wooden platform, a signal tower, a tangled network of tracks, and a cemetery. We stepped inside to buy our tickets and escape the terrific heat rising from the tracks.

"Hello! hello!" piped a saucy voice from behind us. I turned around and saw, perched on the back of one of the dusty benches, a red parrot, jabbering and ruffling his feathers. At the ticket office we caught sight of the dear old bald-headed station master fast asleep in his big chair, his feet upon the desk, his pipe fallen from his mouth into his lap, and, dangling from one ear, a huge pair of steel-rimmed spectacles. A shaggy, blind, old dog lay stretched out beside him. Just then our train pulled in and we had no time to spend waking up a sleepy man and waiting half an hour while he counted out our change on his tanned fingers. We made a mad dash for the last car, and, almost melting, dropped into a seat, surrounded by hot, tired passengers.

As twelve o'clock drew near, every woman who was accompanied by half a dozen children, large and small, began her luncheon. Some eagerly sucked oranges, others ate sandwiches over the hideous picture section of a journal spread out on their laps, and a few gnawed at bananas, while candy and popcorn were much in evidence. There was a constant succession of small feet pattering to the water tank, and a spilling of the over-filled cups all the way back to the seats.

At one o'clock we drew into the big terminal station, and a scrambling for suitcases, bags, and straying children ensued. We followed the pushing, rushing throng through the gates out into the street, my companion jabbing me every now and then with the umbrella which she carried, rain or shine. But don't think for a minute that Mrs. Peck had been silent during this journey, for you will be much mistaken. She poured a steady flow of words into my ear, every bit of the way. Can you imagine any greater agony than, on a hot July day, to help a loquacious friend select a hat?—and Saturday above all other days to go into town to shop! I was a true martyr to the cause. We decided it was too hot to have a hearty luncheon and that some ice cream would serve our purpose, consequently off we went to a drug store. Here we sat down to a table under a buzzing electric fan, where a boy dressed in cool white waited upon us. I ordered a strawberry sundae. Mrs. Peck, after changing her mind for the fiftieth time, said, "I'll have a sundae, too."

"Strawberry or vanilla?" questioned the youth.

"Yes," replied my friend.

"I say, will you have strawberry or vanilla cream?"

"Yes, yes," came the same absent-minded reply. Then I came to the rescue of the poor clerk.

"Mrs. Peck, which do you prefer, strawberry or vanilla cream?"

"Oh, vanilla, vanilla, by all means. Yes, vanilla, vanilla."

Very much refreshed, we started on our expedition. The first place we entered was a large department store. Here we struggled through aisles of bargaining women, to the millinery department. I dragged along after my hostess until I was ready to drop with fatigue. When I saw that she was occupied with a clerk, I sneaked off, and, seizing a large palm-leaf fan, dropped into a chair in the corner. But let me give you a bit of conversation which nearly bought a hat.

"Good morning, Madam. Can I show you something in the summer hats?" inquired one of the bright-looking little clerks.

"Well, you may, but I prefer looking around myself." Mrs. Peck, supposing I was close behind her, turned around and and remarked, "There's nothing so boring as to have a snippy little girl at your heels all the time." Then, turning back to the clerk, and accidentally treading on her feet, she continued, "But, as I say, I want something in a pure white hat; can't you show me something instead of standing there gaping around? I do want some kind of a white hat. Mind you, a pure white hat, not a bit of color on it. My husband informed me he would not be seen with me on the street if I got anything loud or conspicuous. He thinks I look so genteel in quiet colors. Not expensive, either, just a little simple hat. There, something on this order, only different. Oh, dear, I hate to go hat hunting; it's enough to try the patience of a saint. Yes, that's real pretty. Now, have you one with a little more character, as just a suggestion of red or green? Look, see that one in the very back of the case? No, the other corner. Yes, that one. Oh, it's yellow,—I thought it was brown. Well, no matter, I don't like it, anyway. A bonnet, did you say? No, no, they make me look too old. This white one is a darling, but so unbecoming. The styles are too queer this

year. Well, let me see, here are some I have collected. This lavender one I'm afraid is too plain. No, I don't want that, nor any of those untrimmed ones. But I rather like this red one, and the combination of that blue and gold on that other hat is certainly handsome. Now, I wonder which will go best with my suit,—if I only had a sample of it. (The suit was pure white.) Well, the only way to do is to have the two sent home. Then it's such a nuisance to get the other back. What, the white one? No, I don't want that; white never was becoming to me, and, what's more, never will be. For once in my life, I'll please myself. But you will surely have these two go out this afternoon? What! you don't send hats out of town on approval? Why, who ever heard of such a thing? Well, I declare!" This last exclamation was followed by a long, distressed sigh. Then she snapped, "Just for that, I refuse to take either of the hats. I had no intention of taking them, anyway," and, after a laborious hunt for her umbrella, we hurried from the store, leaving behind us a thoroughly exhausted clerk, buried in a heap of hats.

The day had slipped by so fast that we had only time to do a few small errands and then start for the station. Here we sat in a suffocating room for a whole hour, due to Mrs. Peck's miscalculation about the trains. We finally boarded an accommodation and slowly joggled home. As we were nearing the beach I thought it time to mention the motive of our trip and thank my hostess.

"Evidently you had good luck selecting a hat, as my elegant taste was not required," I ventured to say.

"Good luck nothing," replied my shopworn friend. "I wouldn't give that ugly little clerk the benefit of a sale, hat or no hat." I soon saw that it was no subject to dwell upon, so I immediately changed the conversation, and the rest of the trip passed off pleasantly.

When we arrived at the beach the cool, refreshing, salt air revived us both, and upon reaching our inviting verandas we parted in good spirits, never thinking of the hat we had not bought.

MARION R. BILLINGS.

SKETCHES.

A SONNET.

(With apologies to Mr. Wordsworth.)

Exams are too much with us; late and soon
Cramming and forgetting, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in text-books which is ours.
We have given our "pony" away, a sordid boon!
And exams that lay bare our brain come all too soon;
The questions that come howling at all hours
Will soon be written down—on our graves spring forth the flowers.
For this, for everything, we're out of tune;
We answer not.—Miss Parsons, I'd rather be
Miss Bagster inspecting closets, all outworn;
So might I, searching amidst the debris,
Have glimpses that would show my clothes forlorn,
Have sight of stockings entirely out at knee,
Than take another test to-morrow morn!

KATHRYN H. JERGER.

THE ISLAND OF MARKEN.

We stood at the rail of the little steamer as it pushed its way out of Amsterdam Harbor, quickly leaving behind us the narrow leaning and gabled houses that lined the shore.

The water sparkled and flashed in the sunlight, the sky was a deep blue, flecked here and there with fleecy clouds. It was an ideal day for our trip to the Island of Marken.

Our way led through the canals. Like blue ribbons they wound in and out among the green meadows. As far as the eye

could see, the land was level, dotted here and there with huge windmills, their giant wings lazily whirling in the gentle breeze. Groups of cows were idly grazing; those in the distance seemed mere moving dots. On the banks of the canals sturdy women knelt, washing their clothes in the stream. They glanced casually at us as we steamed by, but did not stop their labor. On the dykes peasants clumped along in their clumsy, wooden shoes. Across the shoulders of some were slung heavy, wooden yokes, from ends of which swung large pails or baskets.

The sun was so hot that the awnings were raised, and we had lunch at little tables arranged on deck.

Lunch was just finished when we anchored at the little wharf on the Island of Marken. We scrambled ashore and were immediately surrounded by an eager, jabbering crowd of Islanders. There were women in extremely full, woolen skirts, waists of bright-hued materials, woolen and calico aprons tied around their generous waists, and wooden shoes. Their hair hung in pot-hook curls around their faces, and on their heads they wore stiff lace caps, flaring at either side. The men, a rough, browned, sea-faring lot, wore short, very full woolen trousers and dark, baggy blouses. The girls were dressed like the women, and the boys like the men.

As we passed up the street, the crowd clattered ahead in their wooden shoes; soon, however, one by one, they dwindled away. Most of the dwellings looked no larger than doll houses. Nearly all of them were of one story, painted green, blue, yellow, or some other bright color, with red roofs. The air was sharp with the tang of salt-marshes and wet seaweed. As we strolled along, we came upon groups of old fishermen sprawled out in the sun, busily swapping yarns and lazily smoking their meerschaums. Their feet stretched out into the pathway, but, as they did not trouble to move them, we had to step over them.

Our cameras snapped at every turn. From some of the inhabitants broad grins of delight and acquiescence greeted our request for snapshots; from others, scowls and looks of displeasure were all we received, but those we took when they were off their guard.

On the dykes women as well as men were pitching great forks full of fragrant hay on to large, flat-bottomed boats. A little higher up the bank, a group of laughing girls were spreading their wash on the grass to dry. When they saw our cameras, they immediately placed themselves in postures as stiff as sticks, and grinned affably.

At last the time came for our departure, and we boarded our little yacht. We steamed out into the Zuyder Zee, passing the anchored fleets of fishing boats, which rose and fell on the swells. Our own boat pitched and tossed as we rushed through the water, leaving behind us a glistening, foamy wake. The Island, with its cluster of tiny, painted houses, grew smaller and smaller in the distance, until nothing was seen to mark the place but the tapering masts of the fishing fleet, looking like spectre fingers rising from the dark blue of the sea. Soon these, also, vanished, and the Island of Marken became only a pleasant memory.

ELEANOR BELL.

REFLECTIONS DURING AN EXAMINATION.

Now, where's my seat-mate's pad? Who has taken it? Oh, there it is! Now, I'm ready. Ugh! Can't write with that pen—who has mine?—"Sue, have you got my pen? Have you, Jane?"—Oh yes, to be sure, I killed a June bug with it last night.—"Please be quiet, girls, I'm taking an exam! No, I haven't got it yet, but it's coming."

Here's Miss Walters. Oh, it's a long one!—"Why, Miss Walters, you said you'd only give us a short one!"—If that isn't disgusting, but you simply can't put faith in a teacher. Give short summary of Louis XI's reign, and tell significance. Now, who was Louis XI? Oh yes, of course, he was the one that was hunchbacked—exactly so! Significance! That is just like Miss Walters—you could know every fact backwards and it wouldn't help you in one of her exams! What did Louis XI do, anyway? Hunchbacked! Well, if he was hunchbacked, he was doubtless morbid, and when French kings were

morbid, they were perfectly horrid! In that case, he must have oppressed his people dreadfully—taxed them cruelly, till they just couldn't bear it any longer. His significance was that by his tyrannical rule he undid everything that the king before him (must have been Louis X) did. There!—Maps! No, I'll skip that question and go back to it if I have time. Whew! I'm exhausted. It's cruelty, these exams. I read of a boy once that committed suicide because of them. My children certainly shall never be allowed to take them. If I don't pass, I'll have to take it over Saturday morning and I've got to do some shopping then. There, I'll put my ring on my left finger so I won't forget to buy some hair pins. Give the causes and results of the Hundred Years War. How foolish to call it the Hundred Years War,—which does she mean, anyway? That one against Charles, the Emperor of what's-its-name? No, he never lived to be a hundred. Probably its a war against England—they had them frequently in French history. The immediate causes were (doesn't look right, must spell it with one "m" and two "d's"), France hated the English. No, that was the underlying cause —was it? Hang! I'll just scratch "immediate" out. Messy! Where's a blotter? Oh, dear! Well, never mind, only ten points off for appearance of paper! Trace development of French Monarchy. Absolutely, that's awful! There sits Louise writing away—well, she grinds. Now, what I know I just sort of unconsciously absorb. I remember perfectly Miss Walters' telling us about the King who did something especial toward the Monarchy. Funny—I can remember that she had a purple waist on when she told us, and I'd just gotten a letter from home with a paper of my misspelled words enclosed—now, isn't that queer? —I can remember everything but what he did and who did it!

Here goes! The French Monarchy developed from a very small beginning, the people were not ready for it at first; that is, the nobles were not—they still had minds and pocket books of their own (good touch, I think myself), and it wasn't until the King perfectly subdued them and took their money, that the Monarchy started. Really, it's interesting, come to think of it, how they developed it,—and then the Revolutionists came along and did away with it. Such is history! Strange phenomenon,

English history; the same way, Greek, Roman. Anyway, probably Louise hasn't thought of that, in spite of all her dates. What was that Byron said on the subject? I always can think of literature when I'm taking history, and the other way 'round—"And History with all her volumes vast, hath but one page—"

The bell! The period can't be over. Yes, it is! And I've only written half a page. Well, if all the histories only take up one whole page, I guess a half a page is sufficient for French history!

KATHRYN H. JERGER.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

JUNE.

June, dear June, is here once more,
With flowers sweet and rare;
The roses blooming o'er the door
With fragrance fill the air.

The rustling trees all fresh and fair
Are June's sweet shady bowers.
The birds are singing—free from care,
And swiftly pass the hours.

The little brook which slipped so still
'Neath Winter's soft white cover
Makes merry now, o'er rock and rill,
As round it birds do hover.

The shiny fishes swim around
And have a glorious time;
The fairies, who were once snowbound,
Have made me write this rhyme.

ELLEN CROSBY BURKE.

THE MISHAPS OF AN EARLY RISER.

"Whir-r-r! O—ma—wurd! There goes that alarm clock already. Half past five, indeed! Well, I guess Peg will have to wait a while. Boo, it's colder than I thought it would be. How can girls get up so early? There goes that alarm again. I must have forgotten to turn it off. Soon everybody will be up here, blessing me for my negligence. Where is that gym shoe? I'm sure I left it under the bed. Oh, well, never mind, I'll wear sneakers."

A knock sounds at the door. "Come in, by all means. Why, Peg! What are you doing over here at this early hour? I said I'd come over for you."

"Early hour! It is now half past six, and you said you'd be over at five-thirty. The courts are probably taken by now, and a fine game of tennis we'll have."

"Half past six! Why, it can't be. I got up at half past five, and it seems but a minute ago. Well, after I get this shoe on, I'll be ready."

"Where's your racquet?"

"Under the bed. Why, no it isn't. Where could I have put it? Oh, yes! Over there on my desk. This room certainly is a mess after this scramble."

"My dear, you haven't any tie on, and you had better put a ribbon around your head, or you won't be fit to be seen by breakfast time. Oh, by the way, have you some balls?"

"No, I loaned mine to Betty, but I imagine there'll be plenty down there."

"Now, you see! both courts full and in the middle of sets."

That's what comes of high ambitions, which don't turn out as well as you expect. MARJORIE ELLEN ADAMS.

HE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED.

At the foot of a large oak tree, there crouched, one day, a sleepy, contented grasshopper. He was large, round, and fat, and dozed lazily in the sun. It was a hot, sultry day, and only an occasional bird sang in the trees, and once in a while the sharp "sz-z-z-z" of a cicada might be heard, rising higher and higher.

As evening approached, one or two faint thuds on the ground near him announced to Jimmy Grasshopper that others of his race were out enjoying the afternoon. Accepting this as a good example, he gave a leap, and found himself several feet from where he had been reposing. Another leap brought him up to one of his friends; having exchanged greetings, each went his way.

In the distance, a smooth, brown, ball-like object attracted Jimmy's attention; and, thinking to land on that, and thence view the surrounding countryside, he made a mighty jump toward it. He landed heavily, for, as I said before, he was very fat.

Pf-f-f-f! The astounded Jimmy fell backwards as from a shock. Half suffocated, and completely overcome, he lay, panting, where he had fallen.

"What has happened?" he cried, in wonderment.

What had happened was this: In the spring, a tiny puffball had started from the ground, and, at the time of this story, had grown and ripened so that the sack held a quantity of the finest powder. Jimmy Grasshopper had seen this very puffball, and, not knowing what it was, had jumped on it—thus causing it to explode, geyser-like, and shower him with its thousands and millions of tiny spores.

He now lifted himself up carefully, and slowly and thoughtfully cleaned away the powder. He then crawled dejectedly homewards—resolving never again to go near small, round objects. And so it happened that he did not know it was loaded.

HARRIET STEVENS.

SCHOOL NEWS.

"PEG O' MY HEART."

April 15th—

As the girls of the drama class had attended a reading of "Peg o' My Heart" before Christmas, they were very much delighted to be able to see the play itself at the Opera House. Although it was not given by the original company the cast was very good. Marion Dentler, as Peg, won everyone's heart. She was so fascinating in her various moods that one quite overlooked the rather improbable plot of the play. Harold Hendee, as Alaric, lent a comic element to the play that was quite irresistible. Ethel Chichester, in her stiff English way, was very good, and also Jerry, Peg's one true friend on all occasions. But it was happy-go-lucky Peg, with her ragged dog and quaint little sayings, such as "Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream," that lent enchantment to the play.

DOROTHY DECKER.

"NICOLAS NICKLEBY."

April 22nd—

Mr. Frank Speaight gave a very interesting reading of "Nicolás Nickleby." Mr. Speaight is not only an admirable elocutionist and a master of facial expression, but he has a personality that is in itself admirably fitted to portray Dickens' characters. Dickens, to be really appreciated, must be read aloud, and those of us who have been studying his novels this winter felt that we had been given a more sympathetic understanding of the great English writer.

EQUAL SUFFRAGE.

April 24th—

During the winter, we have had several talks on subjects of the day, and the speakers on the Consumers' League, Social Service, and other similar subjects, have always met with an enthusiastic reception, but none have been more eagerly listened to than Miss Margaret Hatfield of Boston, who spoke to us on the subject of Woman Suffrage.

We had heard much about her, and of course we were more than anxious to see her. I think she surprised some of us, for she proved to be a most attractive, womanly little person with great charm and personality.

She began her talk with a little story. It went something like this:—"Once upon a time, there was a small, insignificant man who was recognized only as being the husband of his well-known wife. There was to be a large suffrage parade, and his wife desired that he should carry a banner and march. He acquiesced readily enough, and thought no more about it. The great day arrived, and the little man was given the banner. Then all who were standing near saw a look of rage come over his usually meek face, and he held the banner up so all could read. It said:

"Men can vote—Why can't I?"

After this little story, Miss Hatfield went on to deeper things, occasionally illustrating her points with an anecdote or story. However, her great plea was for the factory girl and for the girls who have to fight against odds for a living. She told us of the wonderful advantages that the vote would bring to these girls, and she made us feel that we were selfish if we did not take some interest in the welfare of our sisters who are not so fortunate as we. Then she gave us many astonishing statistics and told us how quickly the women of the Suffrage states in the west can get a bill passed. She informed us that it took fifty years for the women in one state to influence their husbands and brothers enough to get one important bill passed; yet, when these same women used direct influence (the vote), it took them six months

to get a bill of the same sort through. She also told us that seventy per cent. of the women in the United States are spinsters,—how could they use influence on their husbands?

After her talk was over, she asked us to question her about anything we wished to know. We all gathered around, and listened while she answered many questions. The girls were very enthusiastic, and quite a few of us tried to memorize statistics, so that if we became entangled with some prejudiced person, we could completely overwhelm him.

One of our teachers asked Miss Hatfield what she thought about the English Suffragettes. Then she told us that she knew a "militant" personally, and that she would act just like an English woman if the American men were as stubborn and unreasonable as the English men.

THELMA BERGER.

LOWELL ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

April 26th—

It was pouring as we went down to Colonial Hall, and we were all rather dreary on such a day, but after we had heard the first selection by the orchestra our spirits rose. The Lowell Symphony was excellent, and we enjoyed every piece. When Mrs. Sundelius appeared she was enthusiastically received; it is always a treat to hear her voice. She gave some of her most charming songs, including "Jamie Dear," and one of her Norwegian pieces which we love so well, and ended with "The Fairy Pipers." Mr. Arthur Spaulding accompanied her, and we were much pleased, when it was over, to be able to go behind the scenes and congratulate them both.

KATHERINE KIDDER.

THE "SPLINTERS" PLAY.

May 6th—

We selected for the SPLINTERS Play this year, "The Scrap of Paper," by Sardou, which has been very popular with amateurs ever since its first presentation years ago by the Kendals. It

is well constructed, the characters are amusing, but the first act especially is burdened with too much mere "talk," and the situation is so involved, that close attention is demanded of the audience. As a play it can not compare with the easy, ever fresh "She Stoops to Conquer," that was given last year.

Some of the difficulties of "The Scrap of Paper" were very well handled, the make-up and costuming was uniformly good, the make-up of the Baron de la Glacier, excellent. The staging, especially the scene in Prosper Couramont's room, "that mighty traveller who had collected curiosities from all quarters of the globe," was the best piece of staging that has ever been done at Rogers Hall, and reflects no little credit upon a most faithful and tireless stage committee.

The lion's share of work in the play fell to Kathryn Jerger, who acted Prosper, the whimsical globe trotter, and a most delightful hero she made. She was attractive to look upon, had much ease of manner, was sufficiently ardent in her love-making, and had a charming voice. Constance Miller made a deliciously sentimental boy. Polly Piper, as Brisemouch, was undeniably the hit of the play. Her mannerisms, gestures, and voice had the true comic flavor.

Ruth Bill, Suzanne de Ruseville, was most attractive, had a good stage presence, and no one could blame the hero for his change of heart. The other parts were all well taken. Especially good was Gertrude Lowell, who did one of the cleverest pieces of acting in the play, as Madame Dupont, housekeeper of the chateau. At no time did the audience think of her as less than fifty, and never did they forget that she had false teeth. Thelma Berger played the silly wife of the Baron with much true appreciation of the part.

Altogether, the play went smoothly, the business was well handled; there was, however, a lack of "snap," of "go" that made last year's play our greatest success. This defect was, undoubtedly, somewhat inherent in the play; it was partially due to the fact that some of the actors did not speak with sufficient clearness, but perhaps most of all to the fact that this year we had no Tony Lumpkin.

DAVID WARFIELD.

May 11th—

David Warfield presented his first great success, "The Auctioneer," at the Lowell Opera House. Revivals are often disappointments, but even those of us who loved "The Music Master" and "Peter Grimm" were not disappointed in this new David Warfield. No one can fail to take a very genuine pleasure in the sweetness and whole-heartedness of Mr. Warfield's art.

May 16th—

The Harvard Musical Clubs gave their annual Lowell Concert this evening in the Rogers Hall gymnasium. The Concert, which was well attended by the Alumni of the University and their friends, proved interesting; the dance which followed was well managed and the music excellent, so that everyone had a good time.

A LECTURE ON JAPAN.

May 17th—

On Sunday, Miss Parsons told us that Miss Stevens was to give us a stereopticon lecture in the evening on "Japan." After a dainty supper on the porch and a cool walk in the park, we settled ourselves in the gymnasium, eager to enjoy a picture visit to that far away country.

The pictures themselves were beautifully colored by a Japanese artist, and the little talks on each one were very interesting. We soon became acquainted with the people of that quaint land, with their customs, dress, and mode of living. Beautiful land-

scapes flitted across the screen, and once we caught a glimpse of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain, hiding its snow-capped summit in the clouds.

The lecture drew to a close all too quickly, and it was quite a jump to come back to America, Lowell, and finally the gymnasium, after such a delightful trip. ROSAMOND NORRIS.

May 19th—

On Tuesday Miss Von Beyersdorf's "History of Art" classes went to Boston to visit the Art Museum, where they spent a very strenuous but very profitable day among the works of the early Italian School which they have been studying this year.

"PETER PAN."

May 21st—

Do you believe in fairies? How could any one help it who has once seen "Peter Pan"? We were fortunate enough to have this opportunity when Maude Adams came to the Opera House on May 21st. As "Peter Pan" himself, Miss Adams is charming. She carries her audience with her into the Never-Never Land, and entirely away from the thoughts of daily cares. Hardly ever before has there been a play so universally enjoyed. To children it is real, and to grown people, pure delight. The success of the play has also been due in great measure to the personal magnetism of Miss Adams, which holds the audience from the very first.

HELEN SMITH.

NEW GIRLS' PARTY.

May 22nd—

On Friday night the new girls gave a party for the old, and it proved to be a very novel affair—a swimming party.

At eight o'clock we all gathered around the swimming pool, some girls dressed in bloomers and middies, some in kimonas, and several in the notorious green swimming suits. As soon as Miss Macfarlane could get the spectators seated at the tiny tables around the pool, the events were run off.

The first race was the length of the tank, and then came the relay race. Next we tried to have a tub race, but the tubs were too small and the girls were too large. This caused great excitement, everyone telling everyone else how it should be done, but failing when it came to the practical demonstration. Dorothy Johnson knew just how to do it. She started out bravely, but both Dorothy and the tub were soon upside down on the bottom of the tank. The idea struck Marian Billings that if she could get her feet into the tub she could make it go, and she got them in, but as they went in, Marian went out. After many trials this race had to be given up, and the diving commenced. Each girl did the straight, back, swordfish, and sailor dives for form, and then there were some "specialties." Marian Billings' jackknife dive and Polly Piper's dives through the hoop were received with wild applause.

After this the lights went out, and white figures carrying lighted candles appeared from all parts of the room. They slid very carefully into the water, waited for "one, two, three, go," and then tiny flames advanced the length of the pool. This was entitled "the nightgown race," and proved to be the prettiest and most effective event of the evening. Last, but not least, was the costume race, which only two were brave enough to enter.

Refreshments were served and the various prizes were awarded. "Mary Elizabeth Piper, awarded first place in the diving contest!" Polly stepped forward and received a beautiful tin measuring cup. Constance Miller, winner of the costume race, was presented with a toy fish, which was very appropriate,

considering the fact that Constance kept a bowl of fish all winter. Aida Hulbert was the proud possessor of a large lemon, because she successfully carried her candle the length of the pool.

The old girls voted the party a great success, and about half past nine they said good-night to their hostesses and went home to talk it over and to dry their hair.

DOROTHY SCOTT.

A SPRINGTIME WALK.

May 23rd—

"We must go—go—go away from here!
On the other side the world we're overdue!
'Send the road is clear before you when the old
spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!"—*Kipling*.

With happy hearts, and an orange in our pockets, we boarded an open car at the Square. The cool breeze blew in our faces, and signs of spring were everywhere. Lilacs in bloom in the gardens, and apple trees in blossom along the roadside greeted us most of the way to Tyngsboro. There, we jumped off the car, and started our walk. We crossed the long bridge over the river and followed a road which led through the woods. Now and then, we stopped to pick a few violets and anemones. After coming out of the wood, we went along country roads bordered by stone walls. Here and there, were comfortable old farm-houses with orchards in blossom, behind them flowers growing all around.

On through lanes bordered by trees and wild flowers we went, until we came to a hill. Everybody scrambled over the stone wall at the foot of it. Some of the girls caught their hair in the trees, but they didn't mind a little thing like that.

The further up the hill we climbed, the denser the under-brush became. The girls ahead kept calling back to the others,

so that they might keep in the right direction. At last we found an old logging road, which we followed a short distance. It had not been used for a long time, and we went in the wrong direction, had to climb stone walls, and scramble under fences. The flowers in the underbrush were wonderful. Then we discovered another unused road, and we followed it until we came to a deserted house.

It was very quaint and evidently very old, for it had a fireplace in every room downstairs. On one side of the grates of two of the fireplaces were brick ovens. In one of the rooms, the floor had fallen in, and the other floors looked as if they were ready to drop. We decided that it must have been built during Revolutionary times.

As we were intending to go to a village some four miles off, and have "hot dogs" for supper, we had to leave the deserted house, and hurry down the road until we came in sight of a lake bordered by evergreens. At first sight we thought it Tyngs Pond, but on coming nearer, discovered it to be Long Lake, some three miles out of our way. We had gotten mixed coming through the underbrush on the hill. Nothing daunted, we started to take a short cut back by the lake. We tramped bravely on through underbrush and swamps, over rocks, and small streams, only to bring up short before an impassable swamp.

It was discouraging. We turned back again to the road, gave up all idea of our destination and the "hot dogs," and made for the nearest car line. There we found that the next car would not be along for an hour. It was then seven, and we were starving. The mistress of the big white farm house, where we had asked for information concerning the car, must have seen by our despondent faces that something was the matter, and asked if she could give us anything.

"Oh, yes, bread and butter!" we begged, and she brought us out a heaping plate full of the best bread I have ever eaten, and to top it off, another of delicious marble cake. We forgot all about the "hot dogs," and after the last crumb had been disposed of, we forgot all about being tired, and walked into the nearest town (two miles), to get our car and finally arrived at Page's, where we had a regular meal. DOROTHY BURNS.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

BASKET BALL GAME—SCHOOL VS. SMITH ALUMNÆ.

April 25th was a day of excitement, for the Varsity was to play a basket ball game with a team of Smith Alumnae, captained by Miss Harrison. For weeks the great question had been, who would make the Varsity, for there was keen rivalry among the three teams of the Day, Hall and House, with favorites from each, and not until the last practice two days before was the final line-up selected by the coach. The Smith girls came out for luncheon on Miss Parsons' invitation, and this gave them a chance to practice together. Promptly at three o'clock the game was called, and from the moment the ball left the referee's hands the playing was fast and furious. Within a very few minutes, Smith scored a basket and a second one, and then Marjorie Wilder came to the rescue with a beautiful throw, and started the score that was finally to spell victory by one basket. The game was divided into three periods of ten minutes each, and some idea of the excellent playing and the close rivalry of the two teams can be gained from the fact that once during each period the score was a tie. Besides being closely matched, both teams were noticeable for their clean playing, so that it was a treat for those of us who love basket ball to watch from the side lines. The passing was particularly excellent on both sides, so that the score represents not only the skill of the forwards but the efforts of the centers as well, while the efficiency of the guards saved more than one ball from reaching the basket. Following the game, the players enjoyed a swim, and the guests were loud in their praises of our pool and of the good time we had given them, and very positive that they would play us again as soon as they were invited!

| SMITH ALUMNÆ. | | ROGERS HALL. |
|----------------------|----------|--------------|
| M. Donohoe ('05) | Centers | M. Aley |
| N. Donohoe (Ex. '09) | | M. Holden |
| F. Harrison ('06) | | G. Whitmore |
| R. Elliott ('13) | Guards | A. Hulbert |
| D. Whitley ('13) | | R. Allen |
| M. Nickerson ('12) | Forwards | T. Berger |
| B. Darling ('13) | | M. Wilder |

Final Score—Rogers Hall, 20; Smith, 18.

FIELD DAY, MAY 7th.

For some time we had quite despaired of having Field Day at the appointed time, as the weather had been miserable. Much to our delight, however, we awoke Thursday morning to find that the prospects of having a beautiful day were much in evidence.

At nine o'clock the girls, including a few of the Alumnae, gathered in the schoolroom and Miss Parsons gave us a short account of Miss Rogers' life, telling us how Field Day had been instituted to commemorate her birthday.

We then all adjourned to the field, where the following program was given:

- I. Fifty yard dash.
- II. Putting the shot.
- III. Three legged race.
- IV. Throwing the baseball.
- V. Junior fifty yard dash.
- VI. Running high jump.
- VII. Potato race.
- VIII. Junior potato race.
- IX. Hurdles.
- X. Junior sack race.
- XI. Hop, step and jump.
- XII. Sack race.

- XIII. Seventy-five yard dash.
- XIV. Running broad jump.
- XV. Catch the train race.
- XVI. Throwing the basket ball.
- XVII. Obstacle race.

On this Field Day no records were made, which was quite remarkable as we have first-rate athletic material in school. A great many people took part, but they were all very evenly matched, and there were no especially brilliant events, except for the running and jumping which were excellent. This was hardly surprising, though, inasmuch as the girls had had little practice in the gymnasium. Katherine Nesmith had the most points in the various events, winning four "first places," which is quite unusual. Katherine has been a faithful adherent in athletics all the year, and, indeed, deserves the honor which she gained. Marjorie Wilder, who took second place, is a new girl this year, and one of our best athletes. Ruth Allen, whose aptness for athletics we have already recognized, won third in spite of the fact that she was handicapped by a lame wrist, which prevented her from competing for any of the points except in running and jumping.

After the obstacle race we returned to the Hall, where the traditional Field Day luncheon of lobster salad and strawberries was served. A great many of the "oldest" girls were here, and seemed to enjoy renewing old times. Some of them brought their children, who, some day, as their mothers said, would attend Rogers Hall.

After luncheon, we again returned to the field, where the annual Varsity-Alumnæ baseball game was to be played. Every one of us had heard of "Mink" Moses' pitching, and it was with "fear and trembling" that we, one by one, took our places at the bat—to be struck out.

At the end of the third inning, the score stood 10 to 0, in favor of the Alumnæ. Only nine girls had been to bat, and not one had reached first base. We began to be afraid that none of us would make a hit when Genevra Whitmore lined out a two bagger. That broke the ice, and the girls scored two runs in

that inning. In the fifth inning, the school got one more run, the final score being 13—3.

The line up was as follows:

| SCHOOL. | RUNS. | ALUMNÆ. | RUNS. |
|-----------------|-------|----------------|-------|
| Lowell, P. | 0 | Nesmith, 3rd | 3 |
| Whitmore, S. S. | 1 | Benton, 1st | 2 |
| Holden, C. | 1 | Moses, P. | 3 |
| Clark, 2 B. | 0 | Burke, C. | 1 |
| Wilder, R. F. | 0 | Orcutt, 2nd | 1 |
| Aley, 3 B. | 0 | White, S. S. | 1 |
| Whittier, L. F. | 0 | Eastman, R. F. | 1 |
| Hulbert, 1 B. | 1 | Nesmith, L. F. | 1 |
| Stover, C. F. | 0 | | |
| Score: | 3 | | 13 |

THE HOUSE-DAY BASKET BALL GAME.

The House-Day basket ball game was played on a very hot day, and only a few faithful adherents of each side were there to cheer their respective teams. The Day people had a very successful cheer-leader—it was "Spider," Laura Pearson's Boston Terrier, and he, with his big blue bow, was a very ardent supporter of the team. Three eight-minute periods were played. At the end of the first period, the score was 7—5, in favor of the Day. In the second third, the House team played with more vim and succeeded in ending it with a score of 9—9. The last period they played in the same way, but the Day put up a good fight, and kept the final score down to House 17, Day 14. The most notable work was done by the two captains,—Hilda Smith of the House, and Mary Holden of the Day.

Edith Whittier, the Day forward, played an exceedingly accurate game, and scored with almost every opportunity. Marjorie Wilder, the star House forward, played her usual brilliant game. Owing to the heat, the game was slow, and, at times, listless, but we were all the more anxious to get down to the swimming pool.

KATHRYN REDWAY.

The line up was as follows:

| HOUSE. | DAY. |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| Smith, Helen, F. | Whittier, F. |
| Wilder, F. | Greene, F. |
| Dowley, G. | Stevens, G. |
| Scott, G. | Pearson, G. |
| Clarke, J. C. | Holden, J. C., Captain |
| Smith, Hilda C., Captain | Hylan, C. |

THE HALL-HOUSE BASKET BALL GAME.

In the game played between the victorious House team and the Hall team, we all expected to see an exceedingly one-sided game, as the Hall girls, with the exception of one or two, had been on the Varsity team, and we were greatly surprised at the good stand made by the House. The playing was more lively than in the previous practice games, and at the end of the first third, the score was 7 to 5 in favor of the Hall. As Margaret Clarke was unable to play, on account of a strained knee, Marjorie Wilder took her place as jumping center, and made several remarkable goals from the center. Thelma Berger and Kathryn Jerger played in good form, while the center was well balanced between M. Aley and G. Whitmore on the Hall side, and M. Wilder and Hilda Smith on the House side. The final score was 25—9, in favor of the Hall, who has now won the championship for the year. After the game we all made a rush for the ice cream Miss Harrison had ordered, and the game was soon forgotten in the delights of the "Chocolate" and the "Strawberry."

L. PEARSON.

The line up was as follows:

| HALL. | HOUSE. |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| Berger, F., Captain | Smith, Helen F. |
| Jerger, F. | Mason, F. |
| Hulbert, G. | Dowley, G. |
| Allen, G. | Scott, G. |
| Aley, J. C. | Wilder, J. C. |
| Whitmore, C. | Smith, Hilda C., Captain |

HOUSE-DAY BASEBALL GAME.

May 27th—

It was a sizzling hot day, regular baseball weather, when the umpire, Miss Macfarlane, called "Play ball," and the House-Day game was on.

This has been a most discouraging season, as the weather has favored us with all its varieties except the proper kind, and baseball practice has been extremely limited. The House team was, with the exception of two places, entirely made up of new material, and the Day team was in a nearly similar position, with the result that none of us knew what to expect.

In the first inning it looked as if the Day girls were going to have everything their own way, the House fielding was wretched, and their batting even worse. At the end, the score was 6—1 for the Day team. But, by the third inning, the spectators had forgotten the mosquitoes and brown-tailed moths, and became very excited as the House overtook the Day lead and evened the score 9 to 9. The fourth inning was the best exhibit of baseball that either team has furnished this year. Both sides were struck out in one, two, three, order. The fifth and last inning saw the Day girls again in the lead, winning the game with a score of 14 to 12.

The steady pitching of Gertrude Lowell, in spite of most erratic support, and the catching of Mary Holden were the brightest spots in the game.

The line up was as follows:

| HOUSE. | RUNS. | DAY. | RUNS. |
|----------------------|-------|---------------------|-------|
| Dowley, 2nd | 2 | Holden, C. | 3 |
| Lowell, P. | 2 | Eveleth, 2nd | 1 |
| Wilder, C., Captain | 2 | Stover, S. S. | 3 |
| Smith, Helen, 3rd | 1 | Green, R. F. | 1 |
| Adams, L. F. | 0 | Hylan, 3rd, Captain | 2 |
| Smith, Hilda, 1st B. | 1 | Pearson, C. F. | 1 |
| Huston, S. S. | 1 | Nesmith, L. F. | 0 |
| Baker, R. F. | 1 | Whittier, P. | 2 |
| Mason, C. F. | 2 | Stevens, 1st | 1 |
| | — | | — |
| | 12 | | 14 |

THE HALL-DAY BASEBALL GAME.

The Hall completed its successful season by beating the Day team in a most convincing fashion (16—3).

Ruth Allen, who, after the first two innings, pitched very good ball for the Hall, also carried off the batting laurels of the year, getting good clean hits for extra bases every time she came to bat. In both hitting and fielding the Hall team showed far more finish than the other teams have displayed this year. The double play from pitcher to third and home was the feature of the game.

While the superiority of the Hall in athletics was obvious from the beginning of the year, the House and Day teams have made them work for their three championships, and they are to be congratulated on their well-deserved victories.

The line up of to-day's game was as follows:

| HALL. | DAY. |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| Whitmore, 3rd B. | Eveleth, R. F. |
| Berger, R. F. | Pearson, L. F. |
| Allen, P. | Holden, C. |
| Aley, C. | Stover, 2nd B. |
| Miller, 2nd B. | Hylan, Captain, 3rd B. |
| Steen, C. F. | Stevens, 1st B. |
| Hulbert, 1st B. | Nesmith, S. S. |
| Jerger, S. S. | Whittier, P. |
| Huffman, Captain, L. F. | |

SENIOR WEEK.

SENIOR DINNER AND BOX PARTY.

May 27th—

We felt extremely important as we marched into the dining room, our class president, Mary Holden, escorting Miss Parsons, our vice-president, Helen Smith, Miss Mary Parsons, our secretary, Aida Hulbert, Miss McMillan, the rest of the dignified Seniors following, while the other girls waited.

Our dinner party was at the first three tables. We found our seats by means of dainty little pen and ink place cards, the handi-work of Miss Müller. The tables looked most attractive with the candles and our class flower, red roses. Everyone was in an exceedingly gay mood and for the most part talked and laughed about the past, present and future of our large-sized class.

After dinner we gathered out on the porch and drank a toast to "The Class of 1914" and Miss Parsons. We just had time to hurry over to the gymnasium for a few dances before the arrival of our "special," which we boarded, feeling ourselves the cynosure of many longing eyes.

We do not go down to the Opera House sufficiently often to become bored in feeling or manner and we certainly were anything but that this evening. And then we occupied four boxes—that was untold delight.

The play, "The Daughter of To-day," was for the benefit of the Wellesley fire fund. First some pictures were thrown on the screen of Wellesley, before and after the terrible fire, and then the play began. It was strictly a modern play, the theme being equal suffrage. Most of the speeches were very convincing arguments for suffrage, though for a while the happiness of the characters was nearly wrecked by the "Ozone Equal Suffrage Club." It came out all right in the end,—"they lived happily ever after."

Coming back in the car we tried to convince Miss Parsons that it was just the night and time for a fire drill, that the alarm had better be given when we got back so that we might judge the fire drill, but to our disappointment Miss Parsons was too kind-hearted to do so mean a trick.

Our first Senior festivity certainly had been enjoyable but we realized, when we said good-night to Miss Parsons and thanked her for the good time she had given us, that besides the fun of Senior week, there is the pain of our farewell days at Rogers Hall.

MRS. HOLDEN'S TEA.

May 29th—

One more delightful event was added to the Senior festivities when Mrs. Holden and Mary gave a tea for the Class of 1914 and the faculty.

It was a lovely warm afternoon and we all went in high spirits. We had delicious things to eat and spent a jolly informal time with our hostesses. Our Senior rings had just come and I think, perhaps, we talked more about "our wonderful rings" than anything else.

SENIOR LUNCHEON AT THE CLUB.

June 2nd—

For a few minutes it seemed as though our hitherto faithful friend, the weather man, had gone back on us. We were all down at Merrimack Square waiting for a Tyngsborough car when it began to rain, so we went into Page's and had an ice cream soda water, and then as suddenly as it had started to rain it stopped and the sun came out brightly and we boarded a car for the Vesper Country Club.

When we finally got off we found a long freight train between us and our destination. We had a long debate as to whether we would sit calmly and wait for it to go by, or climb over; but the freight train decided the matter for us by pulling out, and we hurried across the bridge. On reaching the Club, our party dispersed, some of us played tennis, others strolled around, or acted as referees, the rest gathered around the piano and sang.

We found our places at the attractively decorated tables by means of place cards which were little hits on the girls, making the initials the beginning letters in words. We had a great deal of fun over them. Everything seemed to amuse us, for we were in a very happy frame of mind. We joked, laughed, danced between courses, and practised our class songs.

After dinner we again dispersed to do whatever we preferred. Before we realized it, some one called, "five minutes to catch the car." There was a frantic grab for hats and coats, and still more hurry in donning them. We were very lively on our ride back but nevertheless were happy, for we were in that happy, tired frame of mind, and just wanted to think of the good time we had had.

CLASS SUPPER.

June 5th—

Ever since our class has been formed we have looked forward to the Senior supper as the event of the Senior Week, next to graduation.

The House is always given over to the Seniors on that eventful occasion. No one dared as much as look in the domestic science kitchen where we dignified Seniors were dressing the salad and fixing the table in a very undignified way.

As there wasn't room for all of us at the table we had to line our chairs around the sides of the room, and hold our plates in our laps. As a result, several glasses of punch upset and even one plate of salad, onto the unsuspecting lap of one of the girls. But it only added to the hilarious spirits of all. Never before had we all been in such a jovial frame of mind. Our president gave us a very nice address, in response to cries of "speech, speech."

Hilda Smith read the class history, which was very amusing and clever. Next we learned from Kathryn Jerger what the future holds in store for us. Katherine Steen read the class poem, a very good one indeed.

Next each girl was requested to do a "stunt"—some told jokes which left us weak with laughter, a number gave us a very edifying "Faculty Meeting," then we all drank toasts, and afterwards joining hands we danced around the table. We sang our class song, and last but by no means least we sang our good old school song. And the feeling we put into the last stanza came right from the heart.

"Rogers Hall, you are always the best."

ELOCUTION RECITAL.

June 5th—

Mary Lucas opened the program of Mrs. Corwin's second elocution recital with a very sweet little story, "Genevieve Maude's Mission." Mary took the part of little Genevieve exceedingly well, and the way in which she told of the child's effort to comfort her little friend's Mother in her desire to "do good deeds" was very pathetic and realistic. The next number, Longfellow's "Legend Beautiful" was very well recited by Marjorie Wilder. Ellen Lombard then told us a story called "The Second Trial." It

was about a boy, who, on his graduation morning, forgets his speech, much to the mortification of his little sister, who was in the audience. That plucky child, entirely forgetting everything but her brother's feelings, marches up on the platform, and pleads with the trustees that a second trial be given her brother. The request is granted, and the boy, inspired by his sister's interest and love, recites his speech perfectly, and wins all the flowers intended for the valedictorian. Ellen made this story very vivid and interesting. "The Courtin'," from the Bigelow Papers was the next selection, and was very well done by Gladys Mason, whose voice is particularly adapted to a poem of that sort. The next number was humorous. Katherine Kidder gave an imitation of a woman in a department store trying to exchange some goods. This was exceptionally good, but we hope all women shoppers are not just like the one depicted. Gertrude Lowell's selection was from "The Imp," and told of how continual practice in fire drills saved the lives of the pupils and teacher at the time of real fire. "The Same Old Story" by Leslie Hylan followed this selection. As this was a very realistic love story and done with true appreciation of the situation, it appealed strongly to the audience. The last number on the program was an A-B number from Kipling by Dorothy Scott. The manner in which Dorothy recited "Mandalay" and "L'Envoi" showed that she delighted in the author. Her whole heart and soul was put into her recitation, and she held the interest of her audience from the very first.

At Miss Parsons' request, Mrs. Corwin read a very pretty little love story to us. This was a very delightful conclusion to a very entertaining program.

HELEN W. SMITH.

THE SENIOR DANCE.

June 6th—

The night of the Senior Dance was beautiful, and that is a very necessary detail, for when it is pleasant this dance at Rogers Hall is something one can never forget. The grounds were a

veritable fairyland, with many-colored Japanese lanterns hung among the trees—the wonderful trees which are in their glory at this time of year. A brilliant full moon completed the beauty of the night.

The Seniors, with Miss Parsons, Miss Mary Parsons, and Miss McMillan, received the guests in the drawing-room, and then we all went to the gymnasium to dance. The music was excellent, and we enjoyed every minute. Between dances we refreshed ourselves by a stroll in the wonderland outdoors.

When it came time for supper we went back to the Hall and had our ice cream, cake, and punch at little tables in the schoolroom (it was divested of desks), or on the veranda where rugs, sofa cushions, and easy chairs spelled comfort. The last part of the evening went only too quickly. Just after the last dance we all sang our school song—sang it with hearts full of love and loyalty to Rogers Hall. I'm sure every Senior felt that the Undergraduates had given the Class of 1914 an evening they would always remember.

MONDAY.

RIDE TO ANDOVER.

June 8th—

There wasn't a Senior who didn't fairly bless Leslie Hylan for the delightful ride. She took us all in three huge machines Monday morning to Andover. It was a wonderful ride. The treat came as a blessing, not only for the Seniors, but the Faculty and undergraduates as well. For, with the festivities of the past week, the heat and the packing, our tempers were anything but sweet. That refreshing ride did us worlds of good, and we returned very—but, being modest Seniors, we will only say that our dispositions were very much improved.

June 8th—

On Monday afternoon we had a Muscale given by the pupils of Miss Thomas and Miss Ruggles, which proved very delightful.

Supper on the veranda followed, at which we had the Day girls, some parents, and some of the Trustees. After supper we danced a while, and then the school sang several songs to the Seniors and cheered them. The Seniors, too, sang to the school. Hardly ever at Rogers Hall has there been more spirit and enthusiasm than all the girls showed that night.

Finally we went up on the hill where the Seniors gathered on an enormous rock, while the school formed a line about them. More singing and cheering followed, which stirred the very depths of our loyalty to our school. But the greatest event of all was the singing of our new school song—we sang it time after time, with an enthusiasm that must have fired old girls and new, graduates and even parents!

SCHOOL SONG BY GLADYS MASON AND MARJORIE ADAMS.

Oh, Rogers Hall, our school we love,
 For you we'll always stand,
 Though parted far in future years
 In many a happy land.

CHORUS.

Classmates wherever we are,
 Hearts beating e'er so true,
 We will be thinking of thee,
 And of our school days too.
 Though they're gone forever, the goal of our lives no less
 Now we will cheer for to-day we are here,
 Rogers Hall, you are always the best.

Joyous and true our hearts' we pledge
 To Rogers Hall so dear,
 Our gleeful spirit we will keep,
 Thinking of thee so near.—CHORUS.

When we return once more to thee
 Happy we'll always be;
 Together we will clasp our hands
 In good old loyalty.—CHORUS.

COMMENCEMENT.

The morning was a little cold, but clear, as I descended the broad colonial stairs and entered the drawing room. The Seniors, feeling very responsible and dignified, were forming the line which stretched the length of the drawing room, so that we could see and admire our friends before the guests arrived. The girls carried great armfuls of American Beauty roses, the class flower, and many tall vases were filled and placed in different parts of the Hall.

Soon our guests began to arrive and the ushers' work began. Miss Parsons and her sister, with Miss McMillan, received the

guests, who were then introduced to the wives of the trustees and the members of "the largest and most beautiful class in years."

When the ushers informed us that "everyone was here," we all walked over to the gymnasium. Miss Miller started a march and the ushers led in the girls of the school, the Faculty, and the Alumnae. Miss Parsons came in before the long line of Seniors, led by Mary Holden, the president of the class. Each usher carried a long-stemmed American Beauty rose and the desk on the stage held a huge vase of them. The window at the back was covered with a lattice of green and the front of the stage was banked with green and syringa.

When the Seniors were seated on the stage with the Trustees, Mr. Lincoln opened the exercises with a short prayer. Mr. Ferrin introduced Professor Tupper of Vermont University, who talked to us of "Stock Types in Literature." In warning us against stock types, he told us that the women had been the ones to first give us a more unusual type, without the perfect hero, the beautiful heroine, and the fascinating villain. This was a very apt subject and gave us a deeper realization of what women can do. Mr. Ferrin gave a short address to the graduating class, as they clustered around the desk. He spoke of loyalty to the school and their teachers, lauding their motto, "Think well; do well" and urging them to follow it. His few words served to deepen that loyalty to Rogers Hall which every girl experienced. The diplomas, tied with true R. H. green ribbon, were distributed before the girls returned to their seats.

In a very graceful speech Mary Holden presented the gift to the school from the graduating class. She began by comparing Rogers Hall to a growing child with whose growth came greater needs. She spoke of the gymnasium which stands where Miss Rogers' barn, our old "gym," so recently stood, telling also of the new cottage which has taken the place of the old one. She then reminded us of the proposed recitation building which is so much needed by the school and presented a sum of money to be used to furnish a Senior study in the new building to show their "love and loyalty for Rogers Hall." After accepting the gift Mr. Grannis surprised our guests by announcing the singing of the new school song. So with full hearts we sang our song,

pledging ourselves to Rogers Hall. Mr. Grannis then pronounced the benediction which closed the exercises.

Luncheon was, as usual, served on the lawn and everyone sat under the trees or on the steps enjoying the salad and ice cream as though it were a hot August day. Rogers Hall is never so beautiful as at commencement time and it was hard to say "good-bye" to all our friends. But we all felt in our hearts that, though our school days were "gone forever," we would return often to Rogers Hall and Miss Parsons and

"Clasp our hands
In good old Loyalty."

KATHRYN REDWAY.

CLASS OF 1914.

Mary Anne Aley, Wichita, Kansas

Alice Beal Baker, Amherst

Carolyn Bell Baxter, Lima, Ohio

Eleanor Bell, Lowell

Thelma Berger, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Mary Ruth Bill, Lowell

Lorena May De Vere, Canton, Ohio

Mary Young Holden, Lowell

Aida Hulbert, Everett, Washington

Florence Leslie Hylan, Lowell

Kathryn Hannah Jerger, New York, N. Y.

Kathrine Winchester Kidder, Woodstock, Vermont

Agnes Jean Kile, Akron, Ohio

Ellen Lombard, Colebrook, New Hampshire

Laura Hildreth Pearson, Lowell

Susanna Rodier, Cleveland, Ohio

Sara Dorothy Scott, Brooklyn, New York

Helen Winchester Smith, Swampscott

Hilda Blanchard Smith, Concord

Ethel Bailey Stark, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Katherine Steen, Allegan, Michigan

Elizabeth Ernestine Suenderhauf, Lowell

Helen May Towle, Bangor, Maine

Edith Lincoln Whittier, Lowell

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

April 18th, Annis Kendall, '06, was married to Mr. Malcolm Stearns. The wedding was a very quiet home one as Annis had very recently lost her grandmother.

At Easter time, Leslie Brown, '11, announced her engagement to Mr. Dwight Johnson Stump of Chicago.

April 22nd, Ethel Osgood announced her engagement to Lawrence Watts at a small luncheon in Washington. Leslie Brown was visiting Ethel at the time and boasts that she is the sponsor of the engagement as she first introduced Ethel to Mr. Watts.

During April, Grace Coleman, '13, visited Margaret Sherman in Toledo. Margaret is too busy with house parties to get back for a visit at school this year.

Evelyn Pike, '11, was in Washington for a month this spring and saw Leslie Brown and Ethel Osgood. Evelyn is to spend the summer in Europe with some friends and is looking forward to a delightful trip.

Geraldine Simonds Angus, '08, is "keeping house in a dear little flat at 238 College St., Burlington, Vt., and finds the work just like playing house." Cornelia Cook, '08, visited her for a few days while she was East.

Ruth Lowell has been studying this winter at the Beal School of Shorthand in Bangor, and her address is now 50 Blackstone St., Bangor, Me.

Mary Kellogg, '00, wrote and presented "Vacation Dreams" at the Grand Central Palace in New York early in May for the benefit of Miss Morgan's Vacation Savings Fund. The girls in the masque were all drawn from the working girls for whose benefit the Fund is used, and entered most enthusiastically into the spirit of the dances. Mary's executive ability can be realized from the fact that she staged and managed two distinct performances at the same time for the audience of twelve thousand. The masque netted \$5,000 for the Fund.

Nan Newhall was back with Mildred Moses, '09, for the SPLINTERS play and Field Day, and is sure that she will never again stay away for so long a time.

Annie Dewey Mann, '95, brought her daughter, Elizabeth, for her first visit to Rogers Hall at Field Day, coming the night

before for the play. Elizabeth is a most enthusiastic sub-sub-Freshman, and is counting the years until she can come to school. Julia Stevens entertained them Friday and Saturday, so Elizabeth came to school and visited classes most faithfully, though she enjoyed a swimming lesson most of all.

Una Libby Kaufman arrived for the play for her first visit in years, and was delighted with all the changes. She thinks one of the nicest incidents of her visit was that Miss Parsons remembered her old room and gave it to her, so that she could not fail to feel at home. (Take notice, ye other long-absent Alumnæ! for the same treat will be yours when you come.)

The other girls back for Field Day, many of whom were also here for the play, were: Madeleine White, Estelle Irish Pillsbury, Louie Ellingwood Swan, '00, and her twin daughters, who were as much a center of interest as last year, Julia Stevens, '97, Lucy Stott Stover and three of her children, Bernice Frisbie, Eva French, Sally Hobson, '10, Marjorie Wadleigh, '11, Betty Eastman, '13, Meta Jefferson, Sally Hodgkins, Helen Fox, Dorothy Benton, '12, Frances Redway, Frances Billings Woodman, '09, Dorothy Wright, '06, Caroline Wright, '03, Isabel Nesmith, '05, Elizabeth Wilder, Helen Nesmith, '10, Polly Farrington Wilder, '05, Eugenia Meigs, Pearl Burns, Hilda Nesmith Thompson, Julia Burke, '11, Olive Eveleth, Ruth Newton, Hazel Chadwick.

Harriet Jacobs has been visiting in Washington, Philadelphia and Princeton, so could not come back for Commencement.

Frances Dana has had a beautiful trip in Italy since she recovered from her operation, and sailed for home the latter part of May.

Millicent Painter, '11, has been teaching in the second grade of the Kittanning schools this year, and proudly writes that she has been reelected for another year. Helen Munroe, '11, is to visit her on her way home from Wellesley.

Blanche Ames, '94, has taken a very prominent part in the work of equal suffrage, and has had suffrage teas at her home, besides offering prizes to school children who write the best essays on this subject. She marched in the Boston suffrage parade in May.

Jessie Ames Marshall, '99, is Secretary-Treasurer of the Lowell Equal Suffrage League, and is an active local worker in the cause. She also marched in the parade.

Carlotta Heath, '11, was in the hospital for a slight operation in May, so was unable to get back for Field Day, the first one that she has missed.

Josephine Morse, '07, and Lillis Towle, '13, are most loyal Alumnae, for, although they could not come, they sent SPLINTERS cheques for their tickets.

Amy Condit has been visiting in Vermont during May.

Molly Beach, '07, and Josephine Morse, '07, had a three weeks' trip South to Augusta, Washington and New York, and saw Helen Porter and Clara Francis Hobson, '03.

Gertrude Lane Shields, '09, has removed with her family to Annisquam.

While she was visiting Leslie Brown, Kitty Hobson came out to school one day, and later in the month Rachel Jones, '11, brought Helen Brown.

Gertrude Hawxhurst, '13, was graduated from the Finch School in New York this June, and expects to enter the University of Chicago this fall.

Elizabeth Talbot, '12, was graduated in the advanced academic course at Miss Madeira's School in Washington.

Betty Bennett, '96, is to be a councillor in a girls' camp this summer.

Early in June a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery (Ilma Meyer).

After Commencement, Dorothy Kessinger is to visit Beatrice Walker for a month. Next January, Dorothy and Katharine, R. H. '10, are going on a trip around the world with their family.

Tracy L'Engle, '11, is to motor home from college with her sister to Atlanta, through the valleys of Virginia and mountains of North Carolina. Tracy writes that this term has been a hard one, living and working under such crowded conditions since the fire at Wellesley.

Grace Coleman, '13, was back for the Senior Dance and the last Sunday at school, but had to leave early on Monday for Commencement at Vassar.

This year an important change was made in the Commencement procession, for the old girls had seats reserved behind the School and Faculty, and marched in directly behind them, Kathryn Redway, '13, leading as usher. The girls in line with last year's

class having the place of honor at the head were: Barbara Brown, Betty Eastman, Harriet Hasty, Gertrude Hawxhurst, Dorothy Kessinger, Emilie Ordway, Lillis Towle, Beatrice Walker; Dorothy Benton and Elizabeth Talbot, '12; Hilda Baxter Thompson, Alice Billings, Julia Burke, Rachel Jones and Marjorie Wadleigh, '11; Margaret Brown, Sally Hobson, Alice McEvoy Goodwin and Helen Nesmith, '10; Frances Billings Woodman, Gertrude Lane Shields and Mildred Moses, '09; Natalie Conant, '08; Louise Parker Scarritt, '06; Harriet Nesmith, '05; Ruth Wilder Green, '03; Jennie Hylan Herrick, '02; Louie Ellingwood Swan, '00; Sue Simpson Hylan, '98; Julia Stevens, '97; Harriet Coburn, '95; Sue Webster, Madeleine White, Eugenia Meigs, Frances Anderson Gillette, Ruth Coburn Lindsley, Ethel Peirce Wood, Hilda Nesmith Thompson, Eva French, Frances Redway, Lucretia Walker, Ethel Dempsey, Elizabeth Wilder, Edna Krause, Alice Davis Coppins, Nellie Pickering Trull, Bernice Frisbie, Ruth Newton, Pearl Burns.

June 9th, a daughter, Barbara, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hadley (Alice Faulkner, '02). The news came just before Commencement, so that there was high rejoicing among Alice's friends, as the news was rapidly spread from one to another. The Alumnæ, one and all, join in love and congratulations to our former president, and hope that she will bring Barbara for our reunion next June.

Of the Class of 1914, these girls are going on to college: Marian Aley, Alice Baker, Edith Whittier with Kathryn Redway, '13, to Smith; Laura Pearson to Bryn Mawr; Elizabeth Suenderhauf to Radcliffe, and Harriet Hasty, '13, either to Vassar or Chicago University.

Laura Pearson, who won the Underhill Honor for scholarship, passed her final points for Bryn Mawr, with two Credits and two High Credits.

June 13th, a son, John Ames, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Moor Kiplinger (Margaret McJimsey).

June 19th, a letter to Miss Parsons from the Secretary of Bryn Mawr College announces the award of the Bryn Mawr Competitive Matriculation Scholarship for the New England States to Laura Hildreth Pearson, Rogers Hall, 1914. This is a high honor, since Bryn Mawr awards but four Competitive Matriculation Scholarships.

